

PETER PINDAR Esq.r

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THE WORKS OF PETER PINDAR, ESQ.R

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

CONTAINING

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ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

READER.

THE number of Spurious Editions that have *ſtolen* into the World, loaded too with errors, and *wilful* ones, of every deſcription, beſides matter that never iſſued from my brain, renders it neceſſary for me to ſay ſomewhat of this Octavo Edition, which is not now *my* Property, but the purchaſed Copy right of Meſſieurs GOULDING, ROBINSONS, and WALKER. Some Alterations which have been made by me in this Edition, I hope, are for the better; many more may, probably, be thought neceſſary by my indulgent Friend the Public, whoſe favourable Opinion forms the ſummit of my Ambition; whoſe Patronage I have found infinitely ſuperior to that of Princes; and to whoſe Tribunal the preſent Volumes are moſt reſpectfully ſubmitted.

P. PINDAR.

July 22, 1794.

A

POETICAL, SUPPLICATING, MODEST, AND AFFECTING

EPISTLE

TO THOSE

LITERARY COLOSSUSES,

THE

REVIEWERS.

Carmine, Dî Superi placantur; Carmine, Manes.

Vaſt are the pow'rs of Verſe—indeed ſo ſtrong,
Angels and Devils can be ſooth'd by Song.

TO THE

REVIEWERS.



FATHERS of Wiſdom, a poor wight befriend;
  Oh, hear my ſimple prayer in ſimple lays:
In *formâ pauperis* behold I bend,
  And of your Worſhips aſk a little praiſe.

I am no cormorant for fame, d'ye ſee;
  I aſk not all the laurel, but a ſprig!
Then hear me, Guardians of the ſacred Tree,
  And ſtick a leaf or two about my wig.

In ſonnet, ode, and legendary tale,
  Soon will the preſs my tuneful ſoul diſplay;
Then do not damn 'em, and prevent the ſale;
  And your petitioner ſhall ever pray.

My works condemn'd, the Muſe with grief will groan—
  The cenſure dire my lantern jaws will rue!
Know, I have teeth and ſtomach like your own,
  And that I wiſh to eat as well as you.

I never faid, like murderers in their dens,
Ye fecret met in cloud-capp'd garret high,
With hatchets, fcalping-knives in fhape of pens,
To bid, like Mohocks, haplefs authors die:

Nor faid, (in your Reviews, together ftrung)
The limbs of butcher'd writers, cheek by jowl,
Look'd like the legs of flies on cobwebs hung
Before the hungry fpider's dreary hole.

I ne'er declar'd, that, frightful as the Blacks,
In greafy flannel caps ye met together,
With fcarce a rag of fhirt about your backs,
Or coat or breeches to keep out the weather.

Heav'n knows I'm innocent of all tranfgreffion
Againft your Honours, men of claffic fame!
I ne'er abus'd your critical profeffion,
Whofe *dictum* faves at once or damns a name.

I never queftion'd your profound of head,
Nor vulgar, call'd your wit, your manners coarfe;
Nor fwore [illegible] butcher'd authors that ye fed,
Like carrion crows upon a poor dead horfe.

I never

I never ſaid, that, pedlar like, ye ſold
  Praiſe by the ounce, or pound, like ſnuff or cheeſe;
Too well I knew, ye ſilver ſcorn'd, and gold—
  Such droſs, a ſage Reviewer never ſees!

I never hinted, that with half a crown
  Books have been ſent you by the ſcribbling tribe;
Which fee hath purchas'd pages of renown:
  No—for I knew you'd ſpurn the paltry bribe.

I ne'er averr'd, ye critics to a man,
  For pence, would ſwear an owl excell'd the lark;
Nor call'd a coward gang, your grave Divan,
  That ſtabb'd, like baſe aſſaſſins, in the dark.

I never prais'd, or blam'd, an author's book,
  Until your wiſe opinions came abroad;
On theſe with holy rev'rence did I look:
  With you I prais'd, or blam'd, ſo help me G—d!

The fam'd LONGINUS all the world muſt know:
  The gape of wonder ARISTARCHUS drew,
As well as ALEXANDER'S * Tutor, lo!
  All! all great critics, gentlemen, like *you.*

* Ariſtotle.

Did any aſk me, “ Pray, Sir, your opinion
“ Of thoſe Reviewers, who ſo bold beſtride
“ The world of learning, and, with proud dominion,
“ High on the backs of crouching authors ride?”

Quick have I anſwer'd, in a rage, “ 'Od's-blood!
“ No works like theirs ſuch criticiſm convey:
“ Not all the timber of Dodona's wood
“ E'er pour'd more ſterling oracle than *they*.”

Did others cry, “ Whate'er their brains indite,
“ Be ſure, is excellent—a partial crew!
“ With Iö Pæans uſher'd to the light,
“ And prais'd to folly in the next Review:”

This was my anſwer to each ſnarling elf,
(My eyeballs fill'd with fire, my mouth with foam)
“ Zounds! is not juſtice due to one's dear ſelf?
“ And ſhould not charity begin at home?”

Full often I've been queſtioned with a ſneer—
“ Think you one could not bribe em?” “ Not a nation.”—
“ A beef-ſteak, with a pot or two of beer,
“ Might ſave a little volume from damnation.”

Furious

Furious I've anſwer'd, "Lo! my Lord CARLISLE
"Implores, in vain, a ſeat in FAME's old temple;
"Though *you* applaud, *their* wiſdoms will not ſmile;
"And what they diſapprove is ſurely ſimple.

"Could gold ſucceed, enough the Peer might raiſe,
"To buy the ſhirtleſs critics o'er and o'er:
"'Tis merit only can command their praiſe,
"Witneſs the volumes of Miſs HANNAH MORE*.

"The *Search for Happineſs*, that beauteous ſong,
"Which all of us would give our ears to own;
"The *Captive*, *Percy*, both, like muſtard ſtrong,
"That, woeful, force from PITY's ſoul the groan†."

Hail Briſtol town! Bœotia now no more,
Since GARRICK's SAPPHO ſings, though rather ſlowly:
All hail Miſs HANNAH! worth at leaſt a ſcore,
Ay, twenty ſcore, of CHATTERTON and ROWLEY.

Men of prodigious parts are moſtly ſhy:
Great NEWTON's ſelf this failing did inherit;
Thus, frequent, *you* avoid the public eye,
And hide in lurking holes, a world of merit.

* A Lady talked of for her rhymes, and emphatically called, by a *certain* claſs of readers, the tenth Muſe.

† A pair of tragedies.

Yet oft your cautious modefties I fee,
  When from your bow'r with bats ye wing the dark:
And Sundays, when no catchpoles prowl for prey,
  Dining with good DUKE HUMPHRY in the Park.

Meek Sirs! in frays ye choofe not to appear,
  A circumftance moft natural to fuppofe,
And therefore hide your precious heads, for fear
  Some angry bard, abus'd, fhould pull your nofe.

The world's loud plaudit, lo! ye don't defire,
  Nor do ye haftily on books decide;
But firft at ev'ry coffee-houfe enquire,
  How, in its favour, runs the public tide.

There, WISDOM, often with a critic wig,
  The face demure, knit brows, and forehead fcowling,
I've feen o'er pamphlets, with importance big,
  Moufing for faults, or, if you'll have it, *owling*.

Herculean Gentlemen! I dread your drubs;
  Pity the lifted whites of both my eyes!
Strung with new ftrength beneath your maffy clubs,
  Alas! I fhall not an ANTÆUS rife.

Lo,

Lo, like an elephant along the ground,
Great Caliban, the giant JOHNSON ſtretch'd!
The Britiſh ROSCIUS too your clubs confound,
Whoſe fame the fartheſt of the ſtars hath reach'd.

If ſuch ſo eaſy ſink beneath your might,
Ye Gods! I may be done for in a trice:
Hurl'd by your rage to everlaſting night—
Crack'd with that eaſe a beggar cracks his lice.

If, awful Sirs, ye grant me my petition,
With brother pamphlets ſhall my pamphlet ſhine;
And ſhould it chance to paſs a firſt edition,
In capitals ſhall ſtare your praiſe divine.

Quote from my work as much as e'er you pleaſe;
For extracts, lo! I'll put no angry face on;
Nor fill a hungry lawyer's fiſt with fees,
To ſqueeze JOHN MURRAY like the furious MASON.*

Sage Sirs! if favour in your ſight I find,
If fame ye grant, I'll bleſs each gen'rous giver;
Wiſh you ſound coats, clean linen, maſters kind,†
Gallons of broth, and pounds of bullock's liver.

The

* The conteſt between Mr. Maſon and the bookſeller added not an atom to the reputation of the Poet.

† The bookſellers.

TO THE

REVIEWERS.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

'TIS hard, Meſſieurs Reviewers, 'pon my ſoul,
Ye thus ſhould lord it o'er the world of wit:
No higher court your ſentence to controul,
Ye hang, or ye reprieve, as ye think fit!

Whether, in calf, your labours of the year
Rank with immortal bards, or boxes line;
Or, torn for ſecret ſervices, oh dear!
Are offer'd up at Cloacina's ſhrine:

Whether ye look all roſy round the gills,
Or hatchet-fac'd like ſtarving cats ſo lean;
Whether your criticiſm each pocket fills
With halfpence, keeping you cloſe ſhav'd and clean;

Whether in gorgeous raiment ye appear,
Or tatters ready from your backs to fall;
Whether with pompous wigs to guard each ear,
Or whether you've no wigs or ears at all;

Whether

Whether ye look like gentlemen or thieves,
I hate uſurpers of the critic throne;
Therefore his compliments the poet gives,
And humbly hopes you'll let his lines alone.

Stay till he aſks your thoughts, ye forward ſages;
Officiouſneſs the modeſt bard abjures:
'Tis ſurely pert to meddle with *his* pages,
Who never deign'd to look in one of *yours*.

L Y R I C   O D E S

TO THE

ROYAL ACADEMICIANS,

FOR M,DCC,LXXXII.

———— *Arma viro(s)que cano.*

Paint and the Men of Canvas fire my Lays,
Who ſhow their Works for Profit and for Praiſe;
Whoſe Pockets know moſt comfortable Fillings—
Gaining Two Thouſand Pounds a Year by Shillings.

LYRIC ODES.

ODE I.

PETER giveth an account of his great RELATION—boasteth—praiseth Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS and SOMERSET-HOUSE—applaudeth Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, and sheweth deep classic learning.

MY Cousin PINDAR, in his Odes,
Applauded Horsejockeys and Gods,
Wrestlers and boxers in his verse divine!
Then shall not I, who boast his fire,
And old hereditary lyre,
To British Painters give a golden line?

Say, shall yon Dome stupendous rise,
Striking with Attic front the skies—
The nursing dame of many a Painting Ape;*

And

* *Painting Ape.*—This expression is by no means meant to convey the idea of insult.—There is great propriety, if not poetry, in it.—The reader will please to recollect, that Painting is an imitative art—Monkeys are prodigious imitators—witness my own Odes.—Besides, Pope compliments the immortal Newton b a similar allusion.

And I immortal rhyme refufe,
To tell the nations round the news,
And make pofterity with wonder gape?

Spirit of Coufin PINDAR, ho!
By all thy Odes, the world fhall know,
That CHAMBERS plann'd it—Be his name rever'd!—
Sir WILLIAM's journeymen and tools,
(No pupils of the Chinefe Schools)
With ftone, and wood, and lime, the fabric rear'd!

Thus having put the Knight in rhyme,
Stone, men, and timber, tools and lime;
Let us furvey what this rare Dome contains—
Where rival artifts for a name,
Bit by that glorious mad-dog Fame,
Have fix'd the labours of their brufh and brains.

O Mufe! Sir JOSHUA's mafter-hand
Shall firft our lyric laud command—
Lo! TARLETON dragging on his boot fo tight!
His horfes feel a [illegible]like rage,
And yearn with Yankies to engage—
I think I hear them fnorting for the fight!

Behold

Behold with fire each eye-ball glowing!
I wiſh indeed their manes ſo flowing
Were more like hair:—the brutes had been as good
If, flaming with ſuch claſſic force,
They had reſembled leſs that horſe
Call'd Trojan—and by Greeks compos'd of wood.

Now to yon trotting angel let us go—
A very fine performance too, I trow,
Who rides a cloud—indeed a heavy hack—
Which to my mind doth *certês* bring
That eaſy bum-delighting thing,
Rid by the *Chancellor—yclep'd a ſack.

Yet, REYNOLDS, let me fairly ſay,
With pride I pour the lyric lay
To moſt things by thy able hand expreſt—
Compar'd to other painting men,
Thou art an eagle to a wren!—
Now, Miſtreſs Muſe, pray wait on Miſter WEST.

* The Lord Chancellor, in the Houſe of Lords, ſits conſtantly on a woolſack.

ODE II.

Peter falleth foul on Mr. West for repreſenting our bleſſed Redeemer like an Old-Clothes-Man—and for miſrepreſenting the Apostles—Cutteth up Mr. West's angels—Attacketh another picture of Mr. West's—Weepeth over the hard fate of Prince Octavius and Augustus, children of our moſt glorious Sovereign.

West, what hath thy pencil done?
Why, painted God Almighty's ſon
Like an old-clothes-man, about London ſtreet!
Put in his hand a ruſty bag,
To hold each dainty, ruſty rag;
We then ſhall ſee the character complete.

Th' Apoſtles too, I'm much afraid,
Were not the fellows thou haſt made—
For Heav'n's ſake, rub thoſe raſcals out again—
There's not a mortal who believes
They look'd like old *Salvator's Thieves,
Although they might not look like *gentlemen*.

* Salvator Roſa, happy in his characters of banditti.

Saint Paul moſt candidly declares,
He could not give himſelf high airs
Upon his perſon—which was rather homely—
But really, as for all the reſt,
Save Judas, who was a rank beaſt,
They all were decent labourers, and comely.

Thy *Spirits* too can't boaſt the graces—
Two Indian angels by their faces—
But ſpeak—where are their wings to mount the wind?
One would ſuppoſe M'Bride* had met 'em—
If thou haſt ſpare ones, quickly get 'em,
Or elſe the lads will both be left behind.

Ghoſt of †Octavius! tell the bard,
And thou, Auguſtus, us'd ſo *hard*,
Why West hath murder'd you, my tender lambs?
Ye bring to mind vile Richard's deed,
Who bade your royal couſins bleed,
For which the world the tyrant's mem'ry damns.

* Capt. M'Bride, famous for *winging* men of war, as well as partridges.—See his letter to the Admiralty.

† A picture chriſtened the *Apotheoſis* of the young gentlemen.

To give the dev'l his due, thou doſt inherit
Some pigmy portion of the painting ſpirit;
But what is this compar'd to loftier things?
Thine is the fortune (making rivals groan)
Of wink and nod familiar from the throne,
And ſweeteſt whiſpers from the beſt of kings.

Nods, and winks-royal, ſince the world began,
Are immortalities for *little* man.

A whiſper, like the breeze that lifts the duſt,
And mounts o'er chimney-tops the giddy ſtraw,
Can raiſe a raſcal to a place of truſt,
Whoſe back has bled beneath the whips of law.

Roll on a beggar but the royal eye,
How the rogue puffs amid th' enlarging light!
Stretch'd by its blaze, the fellow's ten feet high—
Juſt as in magic-lantern ſwells the mite:

Such is the pow'r of kings to make one ſtare—
Thus are kings, conjurors, I do declare.

ODE III.

PETER administereth ſage advice to very young Painters.

PEOPLE muſt mount by ſlow degrees to glory—
'Tis ſtairs muſt lead us to the attic ſtory:
Thus thought my great old Name-ſake, PETER CZAR;
Who bound himſelf, in Holland, to a trade;
A very pretty carpenter he made;
And then went *home, and built a man of war.

The lad who would a 'pothecary ſhine,
Should powder claws of crabs, and jalap, fine;
Keep the ſhop clean, and watch it like a porter;
Learn to boil glyſters—nay, to give them too,
If blinking nurſes can't the bus'neſs do;
Write well the labels, and wipe well the mortar.

Before that boys can riſe to maſter-tanners,
Humble thoſe boys muſt be, and mind their manners;
Deſpiſing PRIDE, whoſe wiſh it is to wreck 'em;

* To Ruſſia.

And mornings, with a bucket and a ſtick,
Should never once diſdain to bend and pick,
From ſtreet to ſtreet, rich lumps of *Album Græcum.*

Thus ſhould young limning lads themſeves demean;
Learn how to keep their maſters' bruſhes clean,
And learn to ſqueeze the colours from the bladders—
Furbiſh up rags; the ſhining pallet ſet;
Keep the knives bright, and eke the eaſel neat—
Such arts, to FAME's high temple are the ladders.

Young men, ſo uſeful are the arts I mention;
(Believe me, not an atom is invention).
The inſtant that I pen this ode, I know
A jew-like, ſhock-poll'd, ſcrubby, ſhort, black man,
More like a cobler than a gentleman—
Working on canvaſs, like a dog in dough.

By heav'ns! with ſcarce more knowledges than theſe,
He earns a guinea ev'ry day with eaſe;
Attempteth heads of princes, dogs, cats, 'ſquires—
Now on a monkey vent'reth, now a ſaint;
Talks of *himſelf*, and much himſelf admires,
And ſtruts the verieſt *Bantam Cock* of *Paint.*

By

But mind me, youths, I don't conceit advife,
Becaufe 'tis fulfome to men's ears and eyes ;
Whofe tongues might cover you with ridicule ;
And pray, who loves the appellation, *Fool ?*

Yet, if, in fpite of all the Mufe can fay,
You will *infift* on going the wrong way,
And *wifh* to be of men the laughing-ftock—
Copy our little old black bantam cock ;

Whofe foul, moreover, of fuch fort is ;
With fo much acrimony overflows,
As makes him, wherefoe'er he goes,
A walking thumb-bottle of *Aqua-fortis.*

ODE IV.

The Lyric Bard commendeth Mr. GAINSBOROUGH's Pig-Recommendeth LANDSCAPE to the Artift.

AND now, O Mufe, with fong fo big,
Turn round to GAINSBOROUGH's Girl and Pig,
Or Pig and Girl I rather fhould have faid:
The pig in white, I muft allow,
Is really a well-painted fow:
I wifh to fay the fame thing of the maid.

As for poor St. Leger and Prince;
Had I their places, I fhould wince,
Thus to be gibbeted for weeks on high:
Juft like your felons after death,
On Bagfhot, or on Hounflow Heath,
That force from travellers the pitying figh.

Yet GAINSBOROUGH has merit too,
Would he his charming *fort* purfue;
To mind his landfcape have the modeft grace:
Yet there fometimes are Nature's tints defpis'd:
I wifh them more attended to, and priz'd,
Inftead of trump'ry that ufurps their place.

ODE

ODE V.

PETER quarrelleth with FAT—Proveth its fatal inconveniences —Accounteth for the leanneſs and rags of the MUSES— Diſplayeth military ſcience—Telleth a wonderful Story of a SPANISH MARQUIS—Talketh ſenſibly of a greyhound, a hawk, and a race-horſe—Pointeth out the proper ſubjects for greaſe.

PAINTERS and poets never ſhould be fat—
Sons of Apollo! liſten well to that:
Fat is foul weather, dims the fancy's ſight:
In poverty, the wits more nimbly muſter:
Thus ſtars, when pinch'd by froſt, caſt keener luſtre
On the black blanket of OLD MOTHER NIGHT.

Your heavy fat, I will maintain,
Is perfect birdlime of the brain;
And, as to goldfinches the birdlime clings,
Fat holds ideas by the legs and wings.

Fat flattens the moſt brilliant thoughts,
Like the buff-ſtop on harpſichords, or ſpinets—
Muffling their pretty little tuneful throats,
That would have chirp'd away like linnets.

Not

Not only fat is hurtful to the Arts,
But LOVE, at fat—ev'n LOVE ALMIGHTY ſtarts:—
LOVE hates large, lubberly, fat, clumſy fellows,
Panting and blowing like a blackſmith's bellows.

In parliament, amidſt the various chat,
What eloquence of NORTH's is loſt by fat!
Mute in his head-piece on his boſom hung,
How many a ſpeech hath ſlept upon his tongue!

So far Apollo's right, I needs muſt own,
To keep his ſons and daughters high in bone:
The NINE too, as from hiſtory we glean,
Are, like Don Quixote's ROSINANTE, lean;

Who likewiſe fancy all incumbrance bad,
And therefore travel very thinly clad;
Looking like damſels juſt eſcap'd from jails,
With backs *al freſco*, and with tatter'd tails.

How, with large rolls of fat, would act
A ſoldier, or a ſailor?
And 'tis a well-atteſted fact,
Apollo was as nimble as a taylor.
How could he elſe have caught that handſome flirt,
Miss DAPHNE, racing through the pools and dirt?

The Marquis of CERONA, of great parts,
Could ſcarce ſuport himſelf, he was ſo big—
He ſtarv'd—drank vinegar by pints and quarts,
And got down to a chriſtian—from a pig:
Some author ſays, his ſkin (but ſome will doubt him)
Would fold a half-a-dozen times about him.

Reader!—of lie I urge not an iöta:
His ſkin would really round his body come,
Though tight before as parchment on a drum—
Juſt like a Portugueſe Capota.—

Yes—yes—indeed I ſolemnly repeat,
Painters and bards ſhould very little eat:
No matter, verily, how ſlight their fare—
Nay, though camelion-like they fed on air—

Elſe they're like ladies much inclin'd to feeding—
Who, often when they fatten, leave off breeding;
Or, like the hen, facetious Æſop's ſtory,
So known—I ſhall not lay the tale before ye.

Ye would not load with fat, a running-horſe,
Or greyhound ye deſign'd to courſe;
Nor would ye fatten up the hawk
Ye mean to nimble birds to talk,

Then

Then pray, young bruſhmen, if ye wiſh to thrive,
And keep your genius, and the art alive,
Gobble not quantities of fleſh and fiſh up:
BEINGS who can no harm from fat receive,
May feaſt ſecurely—then for heav'n's ſake leave
Greaſe to an alderman, a hog, and biſhop.

ODE VI.

PETER flattereth Mr. MASON CHAMBERLIN; and that moſt *brilliant* landſcape-painter, Mr. LOUTHERBOURG.—PETER admireth, praiſeth, and conſoleth the Engliſh *Claude*, WILSON.

THY portraits, CHAMBERLIN, may be
A likeneſs, far as I can ſee;
But, faith! I cannot praiſe a ſingle feature:
Yet, when it ſhall ſo pleaſe the Lord,
To make his people out of board,
Thy pictures will be tolerable nature.

And LOUTHERBOURG, when Heav'n ſo wills,
To make braſs ſkies, and golden hills,
With marble bullocks in glaſs paſtures grazing;

Thy

Thy reputation too will riſe,
And people, gaping with ſurpriſe,
Cry, "Monſieur LOUTHERBOURG is moſt amazing!"

But thou muſt wait for that event—
Perhaps the change is never meant—
Till then, with me, thy pencil will not ſhine—
Till then, old red-nos'd *WILSON's art
Will hold its empire o'er my heart,
By Britain left in poverty to pine.

But, honeſt WILSON, never mind;
Immortal praiſes thou ſhalt find,
And for a dinner have no cauſe to fear.—
Thou ſtart'ſt at my prophetic rhimes!
Don't be impatient for thoſe times;
Wait till thou haſt been dead a hundred year.

ODE

* This great Artiſt was deſired by Sir W. CHAMBERS, his friend, to paint a picture for a great King: the Artiſt painted the picture for the great King; it was one of the fineſt he ever executed; the picture was ſhewn to the great King, which was laughed at, and with contempt returned. The picture is now in the author's poſſeſſion.—Why have we not a life of WILSON, whoſe eye was as perfect in the perception of aërial nature, as that of CLAUDE, and whoſe ideas were of a much ſuperior order of grandeur?

O D E VII.

PETER breaketh out into learning, and talketh Latin—Adviſeth young artiſts to do no more than they *can* do—Recommendeth to each the knowledge of his genius.—PETER talketh of Æſop's fables and Miſter STUBBS.—PETER ventureth on the ſtage—Recordeth a ſtory of an actor, and concludeth facetiouſly.

"*QUI ſit Mæcenas, ut nemo quam ſibi ſortem*"—
  Was partly written for thoſe fools
Who ſlight the very art that would ſupport 'em,
  In ſpite of Gratitude's and Wiſdom's rules.

It brings to mind old Æſop's tale ſo ſweet,
  Of a poor country-bumpkin of a ſtag,
Who us'd to curſe his clumſy legs and feet,
  But of his horns did wonderfully brag:

Unlike our London poor John-Bulls,
Who, from the wardrobe of their ſculls,
Could, with the greateſt pleaſure, piece-meal tear
Such pretty-looking ornamental geer.

But,

But, to the ſtory of the Buck,
Like many Engliſh ones, much out of luck.

The morn was freſh, the ſcent was good,
And Buck by thund'ring hounds purſu'd:
His legs ſo friendly bore him like the wind;
In ſhort, he mock'd the thund'ring ſounds—
In ſhort, he laugh'd at all the hounds—
And left them, with a *f—, behind.

And now a thicket's to be ſought:
In ruſh'd the ſtag as quick as thought—
No ſooner got among the thorns,
But Buck's entangled by the horns:

Up come the dogs, at length, with dreadful note;
In vain he ſtruggles—hound on hound
Pulls the poor priſ'ner to the ground—
Then enters Huntſman John, and cuts his throat.

Unfor-

* This is really too much in Rabelais' and Dr. Swift's vulgar manner—an arrant *lapſus linguæ*. The nice-noſed reader is therefore deſired to turn his noſe up or awry at this naſty alluſive letter.

Unfortunately for the graphic art,
Painters too often their true genius thwart;
Mad to accompliſh what can ne'er be done,
They form for criticiſm a world of fun.

The man of hiſt'ry longs to deal in *little*,
Quits laſting oil, for periſhable ſpittle:
The man of miniature to hiſt'ry ſprings,
Mounts with an ardour wild the broom-like bruſh,
Makes for ſublimity a daring puſh,
And ſhows, like Icarus, his feeble wings.

'Tis ſaid that nought ſo much the temper rubs
Of that ingenious artiſt, Miſter Stubbs,
As calling him a horſe-painter—how ſtrange,
That Stubbs the title ſhould deſire to change!

Yet doth he curſes on th' occaſion utter,
And, fooliſh, quarrel with his bread and butter:
Yet, after landſcape, gentlemen and ladies,
This very Miſter Stubbs prodigious mad is;

So quits his horſe—on which the man might ride
To Fame's fair temple, happy and unhurt;
And takes a hobby-horſe to gall his pride,
That flings him, like a lubber, in the dirt.

The

The felf-fame folly reigns, too, on the ftage—
Such for impoffibilities the rage!
The Man of Farce, to Tragedy afpires,
And, calf-like bellowing, feels heroic fires.

WESTON for *Hamlet* and *Othello* figh'd,
And thought it dev'lifh hard to be deny'd.—
The courtly ABINGTON's untoward Star
Wanted her reputation much to mar,
And fink the *Lady* to the Wafhing-tub—
So whifper'd—" Miftrefs ABINGTON, play *Scrub*."
To folly full as great, fome imp may lug her,
And bid her flink in *Filch*, and *Abel Drugger*.

An Actor, living at this time,
That now I pen my verfe fublime,
Could not, to fave his foul, find out his *fort*—
But lo! it happen'd, on a lucky night,
He on the fubject got a deal of light;
And thus doth Fame the circumftance report.

After exhibiting to Pit and Boxes,
To take a dram, the Actor ftroll'd to *Fox's—
Where foon his friend came in, fuch fine things faying,

* A Tavern near the Playhoufe.

Offering a thouſand pretty ſalutations,
With full confirming oath-ejaculations,
Unto this Son of Theſpis, on his playing.

"Damn me," quoth he, "but thou haſt wond'rous merit—
"Thou playd'ſt to-night, my friend, with matchleſs [ſpirit:
"Zounds! my dear fellow, let me go to H-ll,
"If ever part was acted half ſo well!"

The Actor bluſh'd, and bow'd, and ſilly look'd,
To hear ſuch compliments ſo nicely cook'd.—
Getting the better of his *mauvaiſe bonte*,
And ſtaring at the other's ſteady front,

Quoth he, "What part, pray, mean ye? for, in troth,
"I know of none that you ſhould ſo commend."—
"What part!" replied the other with an oath,
"The *bind-part* of a JACK-ASS*, my dear friend!"

The Player, charm'd inſtead of being hurt,
Thank'd him for the diſcovery of his *fort*—
Purſu'd his genius—ſought no higher game,
And by his JACK-ASS won *unenvied* fame.

ODE

* A part in one of the Pantomimes, which contains a large portion of kicking, braying, obſtinacy, and tail-wriggling.

ODE VIII.

PETER reprehendeth Mr. and Mrs. COSWAY, and feemeth, last, afhamed of his attack—He trimmeth Dr. JOHN jacket—and commendeth the beauty of PRAISE in unknown before.

FIE, COSWAY! I'm afham'd to fay
Thou own'ft the title of R. A.—
I fear, to damn thee 'twas the Devil's fending.
Some honeft calling quickly find,
And bid thy Wife her kitchen mind,
Or fhirts and fhifts be making, or be mending.

If Madam cannot make a fhirt,
Or mend, or from it wafh the dirt,
Better than paint, the Poet for thee feels—
Or take a ftitch up in thy ftocking,
(Which for a wife is very fhocking)
I pity the condition of thy heels.

What vanity was in your fkulls,
To make you act fo like two fools,
T'expofe your daubs, though made with wond'rous
pains out?

Could

Could RAPHAEL'S angry ghoſt ariſe,
And on the figures caſt his eyes,
He'd catch a piſtol up, and blow your brains out.

MUSE, in this criticiſm, I fear
Thou really haſt been too ſevere:
COSWAY paints Miniature with decent ſpirit,
And Mrs. COSWAY boaſts ſome merit.

Be more like courtly Horace's thy page;
And ſhun of furious Juvenal the rage,
Of whom old Scaliger aſſerts—"*qui jugulat*"—
Id eſt—not murder would he boggle at.

He was a furious fellow, to be ſure,
Like JOHNSON, whom the world could ſcarce endure;
Who, ſurly, bore his tommy-hawk about,
And glorying in a Deſpot's rude dominion,
Scalp'd, without mercy, ev'ry man's opinion
Which from his mouth ſhould dare to venture out.

Where JOHNSON ſat (which Candour ſore bewails!)
Men put forth words ſo cautious!—juſt like ſnails,
So fearful, putting forth their tender horns,
Shrinking and drawing in, and ſo afraid
Of ev'ry foe that rudely may invade—
Prickles, and nettles, and ſharp-wounding thorns.

Lo!

Lo! our opinion is a child ſo dear,
We love its prattle, though a *ſimple* note;
And, conſequently, can't with patience bear
The ruffian that would cut its little throat.

Sweet is the voice of PRAISE!—Oh, ſoft as ſilk!
I wiſh the world's rude veins could run with milk!
PRAISE is rich ſunſhine-weather—all enjoy it:
To catch it, ev'ry one is ſo alive—
Bleſt as the bees, that, humming from their hive,
So advantageouſly employ it.

But CENSURE is a cloud ſo cold, that ſcowls
And ſpits—now ſouſes us o'er head and ears,
Spoils our beſt clothes; and juſt like poor ſoak'd fowls,
Drooping, ſo fooliſh ev'ry man appears.

PRAISE is a pretty woman's ſoft white hand,
That, ſomething, tickles ſo our ſkin;
CENSURE, a currycomb we can't withſtand,
Brings blood, and puts us quite upon the grin!

MUSE, liſten to this lecture—go thy ways—
And, quitting CENSURE, ſacrifice to PRAISE.

ODE IX.

PETER exhibiteth great Biblical knowledge—Immortalizeth his Grace of QUEENSBERRY—Condemneth imitators, and maketh comparifons, of Painters and Pointers, a Laïs and a parcel of Enfigns.

SIR JOSHUA, (for I've read my Bible over)
Of whofe great brufh I own myfelf a lover,
Puts me in mind of Mathew, the firft chapter—
A genealogy I read with rapture—
Abrâm got Ifaac—Ifaac, Jacob got—
Jofeph to get, was lucky Jacob's lot,
And all Joe's brothers,
Who very nat'rally got others.

A genealogy fo full of blood,
And eke fo full of piety—fo good—
Pleafing to me, as unto QUEENSB'RRY's Grace
The genealogy of horfes,
So famous on the famous courfes,
That bring to mind the fam'd Olympic race.

Sir JOSHUA's happy pencil hath produc'd
  A hoſt of Copyiſts, much of the ſame feature;
By which the art hath greatly been abus'd:
  I own Sir JOSHUA *great*; but Nature *greater*.

But what, alas! is ten times worſe,
The progreſs of the art to curſe,
The *Copyiſts* have been *copied* too;
And that, I'm ſure, will never do.

Such Painters are like pointers ſeeking game,
Intent on pleaſure, and dog-fame.
Suppoſe a half-a-dozen dogs, or more,
Snuffing, and ſcamp'ring, croſſing the field o'er:

Lo! one dog ſcents the partridge—points—
Fix'd like a ſtatue on the fragrant gale!
How act the others? Stop their ſcamp'ring joints;
And, lo! one's *noſe* pokes forth on t'other's *tail*.

Perhaps this dog-compariſon of mine,
Though vaſtly natural and vaſtly fine,
May not be fully underſtood
By all the youngling painter brood;
Therefore, that into error they mayn't roam,
Suppoſe we keep a little more *at home*.

Suppoſe a Damſel of the Cyprian claſs,
A freſh-imported, lovely, blooming laſs,
Gay, tripping, ſmiling, ogling, in the Park—
Suppoſe thoſe charms, ſo pleaſing to the eye,
Catch the wild glance, and ſtart the am'rous ſigh,
Of ſome young roving Military Spark!

Lo! as if touch'd by bailiffs, or by thunder,
Sudden he ſtops—all-over ſtaring wonder—
A thouſand fancies his warm brain ſurround;
And nail'd, as if by magic, to the ground,
He *points* towards thoſe faſcinating charms
That rous'd the hoſt of Paſſions up in arms.

A brother Enſign ſpies the ſtock-ſtill lad,
And ſudden halts—grave pond'ring what it means:
Another Enſign, taking *this* for mad,
Upon his ſupple-jack, deep-marv'ling, leans:

Another Enſign after him, too, ſauntering,
Stops ſhort, and to his eye applies his glaſs—
To know what ſtay'd his brother Enſign's cantering,
Not dreaming of that eye-catcher, the Lass.

Thus

Thus noſing one the other's back,
Stands in a goodly row the King's red pack:
Except the *firſt*, whom NATURE's charms inflame—
His noſe is properly towards the *game*.

E'en ſo, the PRESIDENT, to NATURE true,
Doth mark her form, and all her haunts purſue;
Whilſt half the ſilly Bruſhmen of the land,
Contented take the NYMPH at *ſecond hand*;
Imps, who juſt boaſt the merit of *Tranſlators*—
Horace's *ſervum pecus*—*Imitators*.

ODE X.

PETER is witty on Meſſieurs SERRES and ZOFFANI, and praiſeth and condemneth Mr. BARRET.

SERRES and ZOFFANI! I ween,
I better works than yours have ſeen.
You'll ſay, no compliment can well be colder—
Why, as you ſcarce are in your prime,
And wait the ſtrength'ning hand of Time,
I hope that you'll improve as you grow older*.

Believe

* The firſt about 70 years of age, and the laſt 63 or 64.

Believe me, BARRET, thou haſt truth and taſte;
Yet ſometimes art thou apt to be *unchaſte*:
Too oft thy pencil, or thy genius, flags—
Too oft thy landſcapes, bonfires ſeem to be;
And in thy buſtling clouds, methinks I ſee
The reſurrection of OLD RAGS.

Ah! CATTON, our poor feelings ſpare!
Suppreſs thy traſh another year;
Nor of thy folly make us ſay a hard thing—
And lo! thoſe daubs amongſt the many,
Painted by Miſter EDWARD PENNY,
They truly are not worth one half a farthing.

O D E XI.

PETER cannonadeth FASHION—Adviſeth people to uſe their own eyes and noſes; and ordereth what is to be done with a *bad* noſe.

ONE year the Pow'rs of Faſhion rule
In favour of the Roman School—
Then hey, for drawing! Raphael and Pouſſin!

The

The following year, the Flemiſh bruſh ſhall ſtrike—
Then hey, for colouring!—Rubens and Vandyke!
And, lo! the Roman is not worth a pin.

Be not impos'd upon by FASHION's roar—
FASHION too often makes an idle noiſe;
Bids us, a fickle jade, like fools adore
The pooreſt traſh, the miſerableſt toys.

And as a gang of thieves a buſtle make,
With greater eaſe your purſe to take,
So FASHION frequently, her point to gain,
Sets up a howl enough to ſtun a ſtone,
And fairly picks the pocket of your brain,
That is, if any brain you chance to own.

Carry your eyes with you, where'er you go—
For not to truſt to them, is to abuſe 'em:
As Nature gave them t'ye, you ought to know
The wiſe old Lady meant that you ſhould *uſe* 'em;
And yet, what thouſands, to our vaſt ſurpriſe,
Of pictures judge by other people's eyes!

When Nature made a preſent of a noſe
To each man's face, we juſtly may ſuppoſe

She

She meant, that for itſelf the noſe ſhould think,
And judge in matters of perfume and ſtink;
Not meant it for a mule alone, poor hack!
To bear horn ſpectacles upon its back.—
" Suppoſe it cannot ſmell, what then?" you'll ſay—
Fling it away.



O D E XII.

The LYRIC BARD waxeth witty on Mr. PETERS's Angel and Child, and alſo Madam ANGELICA KAUFFMAN, talking unbluſhingly of a wedding night!

DEAR PETERS! who, like Luke the Saint,
A man of goſpel art, and paint,
Thy pencil flames not with poetic fury:
If Heav'n's fair angels are like thine,
Our bucks, I think, O grave Divine,
May meet in t'other world the nymphs of Drury.

The infant ſoul I do not much admire;
It boaſteth ſomewhat more of fleſh than fire:
The picture, PETERS, cannot much adorn ye—

I'm

I'm glad though, that the red-fac'd little ſinner,
Poor ſoul! hath made a hearty dinner
Before it ventur'd on ſo long a journey.

Angelica my plaudit gains—
Her art ſo ſweetly canvaſs ſtains!
Her dames, ſo Grecian, give me ſuch delight!
But, were ſhe married to ſuch gentle males
As figure in her painted tales,
I fear ſhe'd find a ſtupid wedding-night.

ODE XIII.

Peter laſheth the Ladies—He turneth Story-teller—Peter grieveth.

Although the ladies with ſuch beauty blaze,
They very frequently my paſſion raiſe;
Their charms compenſate, ſcarce, their want of taſte.
Paſſing amidſt the Exhibition crowd,
I heard ſome damſels *faſhionably* loud;
And thus I give the dialogue that paſs'd.

"Oh! the dear man! (cry'd one) look! here's a bonnet!
"He ſhall paint *me*—I am determin'd on it—
"Lord!

"Lord! coufin, fee! how beautiful the gown!
"What charming colours! here's fine lace, here's gauze!
"What pretty fprigs the fellow draws!
"Lord, coufin! he's the clevereft man in town!"

"Ay, coufin," cry'd a fecond, "very true—
"And here, here's charming green, and red, and blue—
"There's a complexion beats the rouge of WARREN!
"See thofe red lips, oh la! they feem fo nice!
"What rofy cheeks then, coufin, to entice!—
"Compar'd to this, all other heads are carrion.

"Coufin, this limner quickly will be feen
"Painting the PRINCESS ROYAL, and the QUEEN:
"Pray, don't you think as I do, *coz?*
"But we'll be painted *firft*, that's *poz.*"

Such was the very pretty converfation
That pafs'd between the pretty Miffes,
Whilft unobferv'd, the glory of our nation,
Clofe by them hung Sir JOSHUA's matchlefs pieces—
Works! that a TITIAN's hand could form alone—
Works! that CORREGIO had been proud to own.

Sorrowing, O Readers, let me lay before ye
What lately happen'd—therefore a true ftory.

A STORY

A STORY.

WALKING one afternoon along the Strand,
My wond'ring eyes did ſuddenly expand
Upon a pretty leaſh of Corniſh laſſes.—
"Heav'ns! my dear beauteous angels, how d'ye do?
"Upon my ſoul I'm monſtrous glad to ſee ye."
"Swinge! PETER, we are glad to meet with you;
"We're juſt to London come—well, pray how
be ye?

"We're juſt a going, while 'tis light,
"To ſee St. PAUL's before 'tis dark.—
"Lord! come, for once, be ſo polite,
"And condeſcend to be our ſpark."

"With all my heart, my cherubs."—On we walk'd,
And much of London—much of Cornwall talk'd:
Now did I hug myſelf to think
How much that glorious ſtructure would ſurpriſe—
How from its awful grandeur they would ſhrink
With open mouths, and marv'ling eyes!

As near to Ludgate-hill we drew,
St. PAUL's juſt opening on our view;

Behold,

Behold, my lovely ftrangers, one and all,
Gave a moft diabolic fquall,
As if they had been tumbled on the ftones,
And fome confounded cart had crufh'd their bones.

After well fright'ning people with their cries,
And fticking to a ribbon-fhop their eyes,
They all rufh'd in, and fwift to patterns ran,
And imitating Babel, thus began:

" Swinge! here are colours then to pleafe!
" Delightful things, I vow to Heav'n!
" Why, not to fee fuch things as thefe,
" We never fhould have been forgiv'n.—

" Here, here are clever things—good Lord!
" And, fifter, here, upon my word—
" Here, here!—look! here are beauties to delight:
" Why, how a body's heels might dance
" Along from Launcefton to Penzance,
" Before that one might meet with fuch a fight!"

" Come, ladies, 'twill be dark," faid I, " I fear:
" Pray let us view St. Paul's, 'tis now fo near."—
" Lord!

"Lord! PETER, (cry'd the girls) don't mind St.
PAUL!—
"Sure! you're a most incurious soul—
"Why—we can see the church another day:
"Don't be afraid—St. PAUL's can't *run away*."

READER,
If e'er thy bosom felt a thought sublime,
Drop tears of pity on the Man of Rhyme!

ODE XIV.

PETER disclaimeth flattery—Describeth the GRAND MONARQUE—and promiseth critical candour.

'TIS very true, that flattery's not my *fort*—
I cannot to stupidity pay court—
And swear a face looks sense (the picture puffing)
That boasts no more expression than a muffin.

And yet, a Frenchman can do this,
And think he doth not act amiss;

Although he tells a moſt confounded lie.—
KING LEWIS leads me into this remark,
Call'd by his people all, LE GRAND MONARQUE—
A demi-god in every Frenchman's eye.

His portrait by ſome famous hand was done,
And then, exhibited at the Salon:
At once a courtly critic criticiſes—
"Where is the brilliant eye, the charming grace,
"The ſenſe profound that marks the Royal face—
"The Soul of LEWIS, that ſo very wiſe is?"

Yet when he bawl'd for ſenſe, he bawl'd, I wot,
For furniture the head had never got.
Reader, believe me, that this gentleman
Was form'd on Nature's very homely plan.—

Clumſy in legs and ſhoulders, head and gullet,
His mouth abroad in ſeeming wonder loſt,
As if its meaning had given up the ghoſt:
His eye far duller than a leaden bullet;
Nature ſo ſlighting the poor Royal nob,
As if ſhe bargain'd for it by the job.

There-

Therefore, ſhould mighty G....., or great Lord
Both gentleſolks of high condition, [NORTH,
Think it worth while to ſend their faces forth,
To ſtare amidſt the ROYAL EXHIBITION—

If likeneſſes, I'll not condemn the pictures,
To compliment thoſe mighty people's polls:
I ſcorn to paſs unfair and cruel ſtrictures,
By aſking for the graces, or their ſouls.

ODE XV.

PETER pitifully praiſeth Mr. STUBBS, and adminiſtereth wholeſome advice—Surpriſeth Mr. HONE with a compliment—Concludeth with ſuſpecting the ingratitude of the ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.

WELL-pleas'd thy horſes, STUBBS, I view,
And eke thy dogs, to *homely* nature true:
Let modern artiſts match thee, if they can—
Such animals thy genius ſuit:
Then ſtick, I beg thee, to the brute,
And meddle not with woman, nor with man.

And now for Mifter NATHAN HONE—
In portrait thou 'rt as much alone,
As in his landfcape ftands th' unrival'd CLAUDE!
Of pictures I have feen enough,
Moft vile, moft execrable ftuff;
But none fo bad as thine, I vow to God.

Thus in the caufe of painting, loyal,
Sublime I've fung to artifts royal—
With labour-pains the Mufe hath fore been torn!
And yet each academic face,
I fear me, hath not got the grace
To fmile upon the bantling, now 'tis born.

LYRIC ODES

TO THE

ROYAL ACADEMICIANS,

FOR M,DCC,LXXXIII.

ECCE ITERUM CRISPINUS!

LYRIC ODES



ODE I.

PETER vaunteth exceedingly—displayeth great learning, and piteously complaineth of the *res angusta domi*—He praiseth the kind Reviewers—Describeth himself most pathetically—Consoleth himself—Disliketh the road to the Temple of Fame by means of shooting, poison, or hanging—Addresseth great folk—Giveth the King a broad hint—Asketh a simple question—Maketh as simple an apostrophe to GENIUS.

SONS of the Brush, I'm here again!
At times a Pindar, and Fontaine,
Casting poetic pearl (I fear) to swine!
For hang me if my last year's Odes
Paid rent for lodgings* near the gods,
Or put one sprat into this mouth divine.

For odes, my COUSIN had rump-steaks to eat!
So says Pausanias—loads of dainty meat!
And this the towns of Greece, to give, thought fit:
The best historians, one and all, declare
With the most solemn air,
The poet might have guttled till he split.

 How

* The attic story, or, according to the vulgar phrase, garret.

How different far, alas! *my* worſhip's fate!
To ſooth the horrors of an empty plate,
The grave poſſeſſors* of the critic throne
Gave me, in truth, a pretty treat—
Of flattery, mind me, not of meat;
For they, poor ſouls, like me, are ſkin and bone.

No, no! with all my lyric pow'rs,
I'm not like Miſtreſs Coſway's *Hours*,†
Red as cock-turkeys, plump as barn-door chicken:
MERIT and I are miſerably off—
We both have got a moſt conſumptive cough;
Hunger hath long our harmleſs bones been picking.

MERIT and I, ſo innocent, ſo good,
Are like the little children in the wood;
And ſoon, like them, ſhall lay us down and die!
May ſome good chriſtian bard, in pity ſtrong,
Turn redbreaſt kind, and with the ſweeteſt ſong
Bewail our hapleſs fate with wat'ry eye!

Poor

* See the Reviews for laſt.

† A ſublime picture this! the expreſſion is truly Homerical.—The fair artiſt hath, in the moſt ſurpriſing manner, communicated to canvaſs the old Bard's idea of the *brandy-faced Hours*.——See the Iliad.

Poor CHATTERTON was ſtarv'd—with all his art!
Some conſolation this to my lean heart:
Like him, in holes too, ſpider-like, I mope;
And there my Rev'rence may remain, alas!
The world will not diſcover it, the aſs!
Until I ſcrape acquaintance with a rope.

Then up your Walpoles, Bryants, mount like bees;
Then each my pow'rs with adoration fees—
Nothing their kind civilities can hinder:
When, like an Otho, I am found;
Like Jacob's ſons, they'll look one t'other round,
And cry, "Who would have thought this a young Pindar?"

Hanging's a diſmal road to fame—
Piſtols and poiſon juſt the ſame—
And what is worſe, one can't come back again:
Soon as the beauteous gem we find,
We can't diſplay it to mankind,
Though won with ſuch wry mouths and wriggling pain.

Ye Lords and Dukes ſo clever, ſay,
(For ye have much to give away,
And much your gentle patronage I lack)

Speak,

Speak, is it not a crying ſin,
That FOLLY's guts are to his chin,
Whilſt *mine* are ſlunk a mile into my back!

Oft as his ſacred Majeſty I ſee,
Ah! George, (I ſigh) thou haſt good things with thee,
Would make me ſportive as a youthful cat!
It is not that my ſoul ſo loyal
Would wiſh to wed the Princeſs Royal,
Or be Archbiſhop—no! I'm not for that.

Nor really have I got the grace
To wiſh for Laureat Whitehead's place;
Whoſe odes Cibberian—ſweet, yet very manly,
Are ſet with equal ſtrength by Miſter Stanley.

Would not one ſwear that Heav'n lov'd fools,
There's ſuch a number of them made;
Bum-proof to all the flogging of the ſchools,
No ray of knowledge could their ſkulls pervade?
Yet, gauge the pockets of thoſe fellows' breeches,
We ſtare like congers at their riches.

O GENIUS! what a wretch art thou,
Who canſt not keep a mare or cow,

With

With all thy compliment of wit so frisky!
  Whilst FOLLY, as a mill-horse blind,
  Beside his compter, gold can find,
And Sundays sport a strumpet and a whisky!

ODE II.

PETER turneth critic—Maketh handsome promises to Mr. WEST, and, like great folk, breaketh his word—Laugheth at the figure of King CHARLES—Lasheth that of OLIVER CROMWELL; and ridiculeth the pair of Apostles, Peter and John, galloping to the Sepulchre—Understandeth plain-work, and justly condemneth the shortness of the shirts of Mr. WEST's Angels—Concludeth with making that artist a handsome offer of an American immortality.

NOW for my criticism on paints,
  Where bull-dogs, heroes, sinners, saints,
Flames, thunder, lightning, in confusion meet!
  Behold the works of Mister WEST!—
  That artist first shall be addrest—
His pencil with due reverence, lo! I greet.

  Still bleeding from his last year's wound,
  Which from my doughty lance he found;

Methinks

Methinks I hear the trembling painter bawl,
"Why doſt thou perſecute me, SAUL?"

WEST, let me whiſper in thy ear—
Snug as a thief within a mill,
From me thou haſt no cauſe to fear:
To panegyric will I turn my ſkill;
And if thy *picture* I am forc'd to blame,
I'll ſay moſt handſome things about the *frame*.

Don't be caſt down—inſtead of gall,
Molaſſes from my pen ſhall fall!
And yet, I fear thy gullet it is ſuch,
That, could I pour all Niagara down,
Were Niagara praiſe, thou wouldſt not frown,
Nor think the thund'ring gulph one drop too much.

Ye gods! the portrait of the †King!
A very Saracen*! a glorious thing!
It ſhows a flaming pencil, let me tell ye—
Methinks I ſee the people ſtare,
And, anxious for his life, declare,
"King George hath got a fire-ſhip in his belly."

Thy

* Such a deſpicable performance as would diſgrace a ſign-poſt; the drawing, colouring, compoſition, ſo very, very bad. The *expreſſion* has the only merit.

Thy Charles! what muſt I ſay to that!
Each face unmeaning, and ſo flat!—
Indeed firſt couſin to a piece of board:
But, Muſe, we've promis'd in our lays,
To give our *Yankey* painter praiſe;
So, Madam, 'tis but fair to keep our word.

Well then, the Charles of Miſter Weſt,
And Oliver, I do proteſt;
And eke the witneſſes* of reſurrection,
Will ſtop a hole, keep out the wind,
And make as good a window-blind,
As great Corregio's†, plac'd for horſe protection.

They'll make good floor-cloths, taylors' meaſures;
For table coverings, be treaſures;
With butchers, form for flies moſt charming flappers;
And Monday mornings at the tub,
When queens of ſuds their linen ſcrub,
Make for the blue-nos'd nymphs delightful wrappers.

WEST,

* Peter and John.

† Corregio's beſt pictures were actually made uſe of in the royal ſtables in the North, to keep the wind from the tails of the horſes.

WEST, I forgot laſt year to ſay,
Thy Angels did my delicacy hurt;
Their linen ſo much coarſeneſs did diſplay:
What's worſe, each had not above half a ſhirt.
I tell thee, cambrick fine as webs of ſpiders
Ought to have deck'd that brace of heav'nly riders.

Could not their ſaddle-bags, pray, jump
To ſomewhat longer for each rump!
I'd buy much better at a Wapping ſhop,
By vulgar tongues baptiz'd a ſlop!
Do mind, my friend, thy hits another time,
And thou ſhalt cut a figure in my rhyme:
Sublimely tow'ring 'midſt th' Atlantic roar,
I'll waft thy praiſes to thy native * ſhore;
Where LIBERTY's brave ſons their pæans ſing,
And ev'n the convict feels himſelf a King.

ODE

* America.

ODE III.

The Poet addreſſeth Mr. GAINSBOROUGH—Exhibiteth great Scripture erudition—Condemneth Mr. GAINSBOROUGH's plagiariſm—Giveth the artiſt wholeſome advice.

NOW, GAINSBOROUGH, let me view thy ſhining labours,
Who, mounted on thy painting throne,
On other bruſhmen look'ſt contemptuous down,
Like our great admirals on a gang of ſwabbers.

My eyes broad-ſtaring wonder leads
To yon dear neſt* of royal heads!
How each the ſoul of my attention pulls!
Suppoſe, my friend, thou giv'ſt the frame
A pretty little Bible name,
And call'ſt it *Golgotha, the Place of Sculls?*

Say, didſt thou really paint 'em? (To be free):
An angel finiſh'd Luke's tranſcendent line—
Perchance that civil angel was with thee—
For let me periſh, if I think them thine.

Thy

* A frame full of heads, in moſt *humble* imitation of the Royal Family.

Thy dogs * are good !—but yet, to make thee ſtare,
The piece hath gain'd a number of deriders :
They tell thee, Genius in it had no ſhare,
But that thou foully ſtol'ſt the curs from SNYDERS.

I do not blame thy borrowing a hint ;
For, to be plain, there's nothing in't—
The man who ſcorns to do it, is a log :
An eye, an ear, a tail, a noſe,
Were modeſty, one might ſuppoſe ;
But, z—ds ! thou muſt not ſmuggle the whole dog.

O GAINSBOROUGH, Nature 'plaineth ſore,
That thou haſt kick'd her out of door,
Who in her bounteous gifts hath been ſo free,
To cull ſuch genius out for thee !
Lo ! all thy efforts without her are vain !
Go find her, kiſs her, and be friends again.

Speak, Muſe, who form'd that matchleſs head,
The Corniſh Boy,† in tin-mines bred ;
Whoſe

* A picture of boys ſetting dogs to fight.

† OPIE.

Whoſe native genius, like his diamonds, ſhone
In ſecret, till chance gave him to the ſun?
'Tis Jackson's portrait—put the laurel on it,
Whilſt to that tuneful ſwan I pour a ſonnet.

SONNET,

To JACKSON, of EXETER.

Enchanting harmoniſt! the art is thine,
Unmatch'd, to pour the ſoul-diſſolving air,
That ſeems poor weeping Virtue's hymn divine,
Soothing the wounded boſom of Despair!

O ſay, what minſtrel of the ſky hath given
To ſwell the dirge, ſo muſically lorn?
Declare, hath dove-ey'd Pity left her heaven,
And lent thy happy hand her lyre to mourn?

So ſad, thy ſounds of hopeleſs hearts complain,
Love, from his Cyprian iſle, prepares to fly;
He haſtes to liſten to thy tender ſtrain,
And learn from thee to breathe a ſweeter ſigh.

ODE V.

The great PETER, by a bold Pindaric jump, leapeth from Sonnet to Gull-catching.

READER, doſt know the mode of catching Gulls?
If not, I will inform thee—Take a board,
And place a fiſh upon it for the fools,
A ſprat, or any fiſh by Gulls ador'd:

Thoſe birds, who love a lofty flight,
And ſometimes bid the ſun good night;
Spying the glittering bait that floats below;
Sans cérémonie, down they ruſh,
(For Gulls have got no manners) on they puſh;
And what's the pretty conſequence, I trow?
They ſtrike their gentle jobbernowls of lead
Plump on the board—then lie like boobies dead.

Reader, thou need'ſt not beat thy brains about,
To make ſo plain an application out;—
There's many a painting puppy, take my word,
Who knocks his ſilly head againſt a board—
That might have help'd the State—made a good jailor,
A nightman, or a tolerable taylor.

ODE VI.

PETER discovereth more scriptural erudition—Groweth sarcastic on the Exhibition—Giveth a wonderful account of St. DENNIS—Blusheth for the honour of his country—Talketh sensibly of the DUC DE CHARTRES and the FRENCH KING.

"FIND me in Sodom out," (exclaim'd the Lord)
"Ten *gentlemen*, the place sha'n't be un*town'd*—
"That is, I will not burn it ev'ry board:"—
The dev'l a Gentleman was to be found!
But this was rather hard, since Heav'n well knew
That every fellow in it was a *Jew*.

This house is nearly in the same condition—
Scarce are good things amid those wide abodes.—
Find me ten pictures in this Exhibition,
That ought not to be d—n'd, I'll burn my Odes!
And then the world will be in fits and vapours,
Just as it was for poor Lord MANSFIELD's papers.*

* To the irreparable loss of the public, and that great law expounder, burnt! burnt in Lord George Gordon's religious conflagration.—The news-papers howled for months over their ashes. —*Obe jam satis est.*

St. Dennis, when his head was taken off,
Hugg'd it, and kifs'd it—carried it a mile:—
This was a pleafant miracle enough,
That maketh many an unbeliever fmile.

"'Sblood! 'tis a lie!" ye roar.—Pray do not fwear;
Ye may believe the wond'rous tale indeed!
Speak, hav'n't you faid that many a picture here
Was really done by folks without a head?
And hav'n't you fworn this inftant, with furprife,
That he who did *that thing*, had neither hands nor eyes?

How is it that fuch miferable ftuff
The walls of this ftupendous building ftains?
The Council's ears with pleafure I could cuff;
Mind me—I don't fay, batter out their *brains*.
What will Duke CHARTRES fay when he goes home,
And tells King LEWIS all about the room?

Why, viewing fuch a fet of red-hot heads,
Our Exhibition he will liken Hell to;
Then to the Monarch, who both writes and reads,
Give hand-bills of the wond'rous Katterfelto;
Swearing th' Academy was all fo flat,
He'd rather fee the wizard and his cat.

ODE VII.

Peter elegantly and happily depicteth his great Coufin of Thebes—Talketh of Fame—Horfewhippeth the painters for turning their own trumpeters.

A DESULTORY way of writing,
A hop and ftep and jump mode of inditing,
My great and wife relation, Pindar, boafted:
Or, (for I love the bard to flatter)
By jerks, like boar-pigs making water,
Whatever firft came in his fconce,
Bounce, out it flew, like bottled ale, at once,
A cock, a bull, a whale, a foldier roafted.

What fharks we mortals are for fame!
How poacher-like we hunt the game!
No matter, for it, how we play the fool—
And yet, 'tis pleafing our own laud to hear,
And really very natural to prefer
One grain of praife to pounds of ridicule.

I've

I've loſt all patience with the trade—
I mean the painters—who can't ſtay
To ſee their works by criticiſm diſplay'd,
And hear what others have to ſay;
But calling FAME a vile old lazy ſtrumpet,
Sound their own praiſe from their own *penny** trumpet.

Amidſt the hurly-burly of my brain,
Where the mad Lyric Muſe, with pain,
Hammering hard verſe her ſkill employs
And beats a tinman's ſhop in noiſe;

Catching wild tropes and ſimiles,
That hop about like ſwarms of fleas—
We've *loſt* Sir JOSHUA—Ah! that charming elf,
I'm griev'd to ſay, hath this year loſt *himſelf*.

Oh! RICHARD, thy *St. George*† ſo brave,
Wiſdom and Prudence could not ſave
From being foully murder'd, my good friend:
Some weep to ſee the woeful figure;
Whilſt others laugh, and many ſnigger,
As if their mirth would never have an end.

Prithee

* At the beginning of the Exhibition, the public papers ſwarmed with thoſe ſelf-adulators.

† See Mr. Coſway's picture of Prudence, Wiſdom, and Valour, arming St. George.

Prithee accept th' advice I give with ſorrow ;
Of poor St. George the uſeleſs armour borrow,
To guard thy own poor corpſe—don't be a mule—
Take it—e'en now thou'rt like a hedgehog, *quill'd*,
(Richard, I hope in God thou art not *kill'd*)
By the dire ſhafts of merc'leſs ridicule.

Pity it is ! 'tis true 'tis pity !
A Shakeſpeare lamentably ſays,
That thou, in this obſerving city,
Thus run'ſt a wh-r-ng after Praise :
With *ſtrong deſires* I really think thee fraught ;
But, Dick, the nymph, ſo coy, will not be caught.

Yet, for thy conſolation, mind !
In this thy wounded pride may refuge find—
Think of the *Sage* who wanted a fine *piece* ;
Who went, *in vain*, five hundred miles at leaſt,
On Laïs, a ſweet *fille de joie*, to feaſt—
The Miſtreſs Robinson of Greece.

Prithee give up, and ſave thy paints and oil,
And don't whole acres of good canvaſs ſpoil :
Thou'lt ſay, " Lord ! many hundreds do like *me*."
Lord ! ſo have fellows *robb'd*—nay, further,
Hundreds of villains have committed *murther* ;
But, Richard, are theſe precedents for *thee* ?

ODE VIII.

PETER groweth ironically facetious.

NATURE 's a coarſe, vile, daubing jade—
 I've ſaid it often, and repeat it—
She doth not underſtand her trade—
 Artiſts, ne'er mind *her* work, I hope you'll *beat it.*

Look now, for heav'n's ſake, at her ſkies!
 What are they?—Smoke, for certainty, I know;
From chimney-tops, behold! they riſe,
 Made by ſome ſweating cooks below.

Look at her dirt in lanes, from whence it comes—
From hogs, and ducks, and geeſe, and horſes' bums—
Then tell me, DECENCY, I muſt requeſt,
Who'd copy ſuch a dev'liſh naſty *beaſt?*

Paint by the yard—your canvaſs ſpread,
 Broad as the main-ſail of a man of war:
Your whale ſhall eat up ev'ry other head,
 Ev'n as the ſun licks up each ſneaking ſtar!

I do

I do aſſure you, bulk is no bad trick—
By bulky *things* both men and maids are taken—
Mind, too, to lay the paints like mortar thick,
And make your picture look as red as bacon.
All folks love *ſize*; believe my rhyme;
BURKE ſays, 'tis *part* of the *ſublime*.

A Dutchman, I forget his name—VAN GROUT,
VAN SLABBERCHOPS, VAN STINK, VAN SWAB—
No matter, though I cannot make it out—
At calling names I never was a dab:

This Dutchman then, a man of taſte,
Holding a cheeſe that weigh'd a hundred pound,
Thus, like a burgomaſter, ſpoke with judgment *vaſt*—
"No poet like my broder ſtep de ground:

"He be de beſteſt poet, look!
"Dat all de vorld muſt pleaſe;
"Vor he heb vrite von book,
"So *big* as all dis *cheeſe!*"

If at a *diſtance* you would paint a pig,
Make out each ſingle briſtle on his back:
Or if your meaner ſubject be a wig,
Let not the caxon a diſtinctneſs lack;

Elſe,

Elſe, all the lady critics will ſo ſtare,
And, angry, vow, " 'Tis not a bit like hair !"

Be ſmooth as glaſs—like DENNER, finiſh high ;
Then every tongue commends :—
For people judge not *only* by the eye,
But *feel* your merit by their finger ends ;
Nay ! cloſely *noſing*, o'er the picture dwell,
As if to try the *goodneſs* by the *ſmell*.

CLAUDE's diſtances are too confus'd—
One floating ſcene—nothing made out—
For which he ought to be abus'd,
Whoſe works have been ſo cry'd about.

Give me the pencil, whoſe amazing ſtyle
Makes a bird's beak appear at twenty mile ;
And to my view, eyes, legs, and claws will bring,
With ev'ry feather of his tail and wing.

Make all your trees alike ; for Nature's wild—
Fond of variety, a wayward child.—
To blame your taſte ſome blockheads may preſume,
But mind that ev'ry one be like a broom.
Of ſteel and pureſt ſilver form your waters,
And make your clouds like rocks and alligators.

When-

Whene'er you paint the moon, if you are willing
To gain applaufe—why, paint her like a fhilling.
Or SOL's bright orb—be fure to make him glow
Precifely like a guinea, or a Jo*.
In fhort, to get your pictures prais'd and fold,
Convert, like Midas, every thing to gold.

I fee, at excellence, you'll come at *laft*—
Your clouds are made of very brilliant ftuff;
The blues on China mugs are now furpafs'd,
Your fun-fets yield not to brick walls nor buff.

In ftumps of trees your art fo finely thrives,
They really look like golden-hafted knives!
Go on, my lads—leave Nature's difmal hue,
And fhe, ere long, will come and copy *you*.

ODE

* A Portugal coin, *vulgarly* called a Johannes.

ODE IX.

The ſublime PETER concludeth in a ſweat.

THUS have I finiſh'd, for this time,
My Odes, a little wild and rambling—
May people bite like gudgeons at my rhyme!
I long to ſee them ſcrambling—
Then very ſoon I'll give 'em more (God willing);
But this is full ſufficient for a *ſhilling**.
For ſuch a trifle, *ſuch a heap!*
Indeed I ſell my goods too *cheap*.

Finiſh'd! a diſappointed artiſt cries,
With open mouth and ſtraining eyes;
Gaping for praiſe, like a young crow for meat—
"Lord! why you have not mention'd me!"
Mention *thee!*
Thy impudence hath put me in a ſweat—
What rage for fame attends both great and ſmall!
Better be d—n'd, than not be nam'd at all!

LYRIC

* Now eighteen-pence, with additions.

LYRIC ODES

TO THE

ROYAL ACADEMICIANS,

FOR M,DCC,LXXXV.

—RIDENTEM DICERE VERUM
QUID VETAT?— HORAT.

LYRIC ODES.

ODE I.

The divine PETER giveth an account of a conference he held last year with SATIRE, who adviseth him to attack some of the R. A.'s, to tear Mr. WEST's works to pieces, abuse Mr. GAINSBOROUGH, fall foul of Mrs. COSWAY's Sampson, and give a gentle stroke on the back of Mr. RIGAUD.—The Poet's gentle answer to SATIRE—The Ode of Remonstrance that PETER received on account of his LYRICS—SATIRE's reply—PETER's resolution.

" NOT, not this year the lyric PETER sings—
" The great R. A.'s have wish'd my song to cease;
" I will not pluck a feather from your wings—
" So, Sons of Canvass! take your naps in peace."

Such was my last year's gracious speech,
Sweet as the King's to Commons and to Peers,
Always with sense and tropes as plum-cake rich;
A luscious banquet for his people's ears!

" Not write!" cry'd SATIRE, red as fire with rage—
" This instant glorious war with Dulness wage;
" Take,

"Take, take my ſupple-jack,
"Play St. Bartholomew with many a back!
"Flay half the Academic imps alive!
"Smoke, ſmoke the drones of that ſtupendous hive.

"Begin with GEORGE's idol, WEST;
"And then proceed in order with the reſt:
"This moment knock me down his Maſter Moſes*,
"On Sinai's Mountain, where his noſe is
"Cock'd up ſo pertly plump againſt the Lord,
"Upon my word,
"With all that eaſe to Him who rules above,
"As if that Heaven and he were hand and glove."

"Indeed," quoth I, "the piece hath points of merit,
"Though not poſſeſs'd throughout of equal ſpirit."

"What!" anſwer'd SATIRE, not knock Moſes down!
"O ſtupid PETER! what the devil mean ye?
"He looks a dapper barber of the town,
"With paper ſign-board out—'Shave for a penny.'

"Obſerve the ſaucy Iſraelite once more—
"Wears he the countenance that ſhould adore?
"No!

* Moſes receiving the Law on Mount Sinai.

" No! 'tis a ſon of lather—a rank prig;
" Who, 'ſtead of begging of the LORD the Law,
" With ſober looks, and reverential awe,
" Seems pertly tripping up to fetch his wig.

" With all her thunder bid the Muſe
" Fall furious on the groupe of Jews,
" Whoſe ſhoulders are adorn'd with *Chriſtian faces*;
" For by each phiz, (I ſpeak without a gibe)
" There's not an Iſraelite in all the tribe—
" Not that they are encumber'd by the Graces.

" Strike off the head of Jeremiah *,
" And break the bones of old Iſaiah †;
" Down with the duck-wing'd Angels ‡, that abreaſt
" Stretch from a thing call'd *cloud*, and, by their [looks,
" Wear more the viſage of young rooks
" Cawing for victuals from their neſt.

" Deal GAINSBOROUGH a laſh, for pride ſo ſtiff,
" Who robs us of ſuch pleaſure for a § miff;

* A picture by Mr. Weſt. † Another picture by Weſt.

‡ In the Apotheoſis, a picture by Weſt.

§ This extraordinary and celebrated artiſt, too petulantly inſiſting on a violation of a law of the Academy, in order to exhibit a picture in a light ſuitable to his wiſhes, ſeceded from the Royal Academy on the diſappointment.

" Whoſe pencil, when he chooſes, can be chaſte,
" Give Nature's form, and pleaſe the eye of TASTE.

" Of cuts on Sampſon* don't be ſparing,
" Between two garden-rollers ſtaring,
" Shown by the lovely Dalilah foul play!
" To atoms tear that †Frenchman's traſh;
" Then bountifully deal the laſh
" On ſuch as dar'd to dub him an R. A."

Thus SATIRE to the gentle Poet cry'd;
And *thus*, with lamb-like ſweetneſs, I reply'd:—

" Dear SATIRE! pray conſult my life and eaſe;
" Were I to write whatever you deſire,
" The fat would all be fairly in the fire—
" R. A.'s ſurround me like a ſwarm of bees,
" Or like a flock of ſmall birds round a fowl
" Of ſolemn ſpeculation, call'd an OWL."

Quoth I, " O SATIRE, I'm a ſimple youth,
" Muſt make my fortune, therefore not ſpeak truth,
" Although

* A picture by Mrs. Coſway. † Rigaud.

"Although as ſterling as the Holy Bible:
"*Truth* makes it (MANSFIELD ſays) the more a libel!
"I ſhall not ſleep in peace within my hutch;
"Like Doctor Johnſon*, I have ſaid TOO MUCH."

When Mount Veſuvius† pour'd his flames,
And frighten'd all the Naples dames,
What did the ladies of the city do?
Why, order'd a fat Cardinal to go
 With good St. Januarius's head,
And ſhake it at the Mountain 'midſt his riot,
To try to keep the bully quiet:
 The Parſon went, and ſhook the jowl, and ſped;
Snug was the word; the flames at once kept houſe;
The frighten'd Mount grew mute as any mouſe.

Thus, ſhould Lord MANSFIELD from his bench agree
To ſhake his lion mane-like wig at *me*,

 And

* The ſtory goes, that SAM, before his *political converſion*, replied to his preſent Majeſty, in the library at Buckingham-houſe, on being aſked by the Monarch, "Why he did not "write more?"—"Pleaſe your Majeſty, I have written *too* "*much*." So candid a declaration, of which the ſturdy moraliſt did not believe one ſyllable, procured him a penſion, and a muzzle.

† See Sir William Hamilton's account.

And bid his grim-look'd myrmidons aſſail;
With heads Meduſan, and with hearts of bone,
Lo! if they did not *turn* me into *ſtone*,
Yet might they turn my limbs into a *jail*.

Read, read this Ode, juſt come to hand,
Giving the Muſe to underſtand
That cruelty and ſcandal ſwell her ſong,
And that 'twere better far ſhe held her tongue.

To PETER PINDAR, Esq.

A beautiful Fable, and charmingly told; but unfortunately the roguiſh author leaves us in the dark with reſpect to his real meaning; that is, whether the compliment to the Lady be ſerious or ironical.

A Thousand frogs, upon a ſummer's day,
Were ſporting 'midſt the ſunny ray,
In a large pool, reflecting every face;
They ſhow'd their gold-lac'd clothes with pride,
In harmleſs ſallies, frequent vied,
And gambol'd through the water with a grace.

It

It happen'd that a band of boys,
Obfervant of their harmlefs joys,
Thoughtlefs, refólv'd to fpoil their happy fport:
One frenzy feiz'd both great and fmall;
On the poor frogs the rogues began to fall,
Meaning to fplafh them, not to do them hurt.

Lo, as old authors fing, ' the ftones 'gan pour,'
Indeed an *Otaheite fhow'r!
The confequence was dreädful, let me tell ye;
One's eye was beat out of his head,
This limp'd away, that lay for dead;
Here mourn'd a broken back, and there a belly.

Amongft the fmïtten, it was found,
Their beauteous Queen receiv'd a wòund;
The blow gave ev'ry heart a figh,
And drew a tear from ev'ry eye:
At length King Croak got up, and thus begun:
" My lads, you think this very pretty fun!

" Your pebbles round us fly as thick as hops;
" Have warmly complimented all our chops:

 " To

* See the Otaheite Journals.

"To *you* I gueſs that theſe are pleaſant ſtones!
"And ſo they might be to us frogs,
"You damn'd young good-for-nothing dogs,
"But that they are ſo hard, they break our bones."

PETER! thou mark'ſt the meaning of this fable—
So put thy Pegaſus into the ſtable;
Nor wanton, thus with cruel pride,
Mad, Jehu-like, o'er harmleſs people ride.

To drop the metaphor, the Fair*,
Whoſe works thy muſe forbore to ſpare,
Is bleſt with talents ENVY muſt approve;
And didſt thou know her heart, thou ſure wouldſt [ſay,
"Perdition catch the cruel lay!"
Then ſtrike thy lyre to INNOCENCE and LOVE.

"Poh, poh!" cry'd SATIRE, with a ſmile,
"Where is the glorious freedom of our Iſle,
"If not permitted to call names?"
Methought the argument had weight:
"SATIRE," quoth [illegible] "you're very right"—
So once more forth volcanic PETER flames!

ODE

* Mrs. Coſway.

ODE II.

The Poet correcteth the Muse's warmth, who beginneth with little less than calling names—Hinteth at some academic giants—And concludeth with a pair of apt and elegant similes.

"TAGRAGS and bobtails of the sacred brush!"—
For Heav'n's sake, Muse, be prudent:—Hush! hush!
The Ode with too much violence begins: [hush!
The great R. A.'s, so jealous of their fame,
Will all declare, of *them* we make a game;
And then, the Lord have mercy on our skins!
Think what a formidable phalanx, Muse,
Strengthen'd by Messieurs GARVAY and RIGAUD, and Co.
How dangerous such a body to abuse!

Then there's among the Academic crew,
A MAN* that made the President look blue;
Brandish'd his weapon with a whirlwind's forces,
Tore by the roots his flourishing discourses;
And swore his own sweet Irish howl could pour
A half a dozen such, in half an hour.

 Be

* Mr. Barry.

Be prudent, Muſe! once more I pray—
In vain I preach! th' advice is thrown away:
Ev'n now ye turn your noſe up with a ſneer,
And cry—Lord! REYNOLDS has no cauſe to fear:
When BARRY dares the Preſident to fly on,
'Tis like a mouſe, that, work'd into a rage,
Daring moſt dreadful war to wage,
Nibbles the tail of the Nemæan lion;

Or like a louſe, of mettle full,
Nurs'd in ſome giant's ſkull,
Becauſe Goliah ſcratch'd him as he fed,
Employs with vehemence his angry claws,
And gaping, grinning, formidable jaws,
To *carry off* the GIANT'S HEAD!

ODE

ODE III.

The Poet addreſſeth Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS, a gentleman of conſequence in the election of R. A.'s—He accuſeth the Knight of a partial and ridiculous diſtribution of the academic honours—Threateneth him with rhyme—Adviſeth a reformation.

ONE minute, gentle IRONY, retire—
Behold! I'm graver than a muſtard pot;
The Muſe, with bile as hot as fire,
Could call *fool*, *puppy*, *blockhead*, and "what not;"
As brother Horace has it—*tumet jecur:*
Nor in her angry progreſs will I check her.

I'm told, that Satan has been long at work
To bring th' Academy into diſgrace;
Oh! may that Member's b-ck-de feel his fork,
Who dares to violate the ſacred place!
Who dares the Devil join
In ſo nefarious a deſign?
Yet, lo! what dolts the honours claim!
I leave their WORKS to tell their name.

Th'

Th' Academy is like a microſcope—
For, by the magnifying power, are ſeen
Objects, that for attention ne'er could hope;
No more, alas! than if they ne'er had *been*.

So rare a building, and ſo grac'd
With monuments of ancient taſte,
Statues and buſts, relievos and intaglios;
For *ſuch poor things* to watch the treaſure,
Is laughable beyond all meaſure—
'Tis juſt like eunuchs put to guard ſeraglios.

Think not, Sir WILLIAM, I'm in jeſt—
By Heaven! I will not let thee reſt:
Yet thou mayſt bluſter like bull-beef ſo big;
And of thy own importance full,
Exclaim, "Great *cry*, and little *wool!*"
As Satan holla'd, when he ſhav'd the pig.

Yes, thou ſhalt feel my tomahawk of ſatire,
And find that *ſcalping* is a ſerious matter:
Shock'd at th' abuſe, how rage inflames my veins!
Who can help [illegible]aring when ſuch wights he ſees
Crept to th' Academy by ways and means,
Like mites and ſkippers in a Cheſhire cheeſe?

What

What beings will the next year's choice diſcloſe,
The Academic liſt to grace?
Some *ſkeletons of art*, I do ſuppoſe,
That ought to bluſh to ſhow their face.

Sir WILLIAM! tremble at the Muſe's tongue;
Parnaſſus boaſts a formidable throng!
All people recollect poor Marſyas' fate,
Save ſuch as are dead, drunk, or faſt aſleep:
Apollo tied the culprit to a gate,
And flay'd him as a butcher flays a ſheep.
And why!—Lord! not as hiſtory rehearſes,
Becauſe he ſcorn'd his *piping*, but his *verſes*:
In vain, like a poor pillory'd punk, he bawl'd,
And kick'd and writh'd, and ſaid his pray'rs, and ſprawl'd!
'Twas all in vain—the God purſu'd his ſport,
And pull'd his *hide* off, as you'd pull your *ſhirt*!
Then bid not rage the Muſe's ſoul inflame,
Whoſe thund'ring voice *damnation* makes, or *fame*.

You'll aſk me, p'rhaps, "Good Maſter PETER, pray
"What right have *you* to ſpeak!" then pertly ſmile.
I'll tell you, Sir—My pocket help'd to pay
For building that expenſive pile;
A pile that credit to the Nation gains,
And does *ſmall* honour to your Worſhip's brains.

It

It made a tax on candles and ſhoe-leather,
Of monſtrous uſe in dirty weather:
It alſo made a tax on butchers' ſhops,
So ſpread its influence o'er *poetic chops*;
A moſt alarming tax to ev'ry poet,
Whoſe poor lank greyhound ribs with ſorrow ſhow it.

Therefore, Sir Knight, pray mend your manners,
And don't chooſe coblers, blackſmiths, tinkers, tanners:
Some people love the converſe of low folks,
To gain broad grins for good-for-nothing jokes—
Though *thou*, 'midſt dullneſs, mayſt be pleas'd to *ſhine*,
REYNOLDS ſhall ne'er ſit cheek-by-jowl with SWINE.

ODE IV.

The Poet again payeth his respects to Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS—Complaineth of his illiberality in his choice of R.A.'s—Adviseth him to keep company with PRUDENCE; whom he describeth most naturally—He threateneth the Knight—Concludeth with a beautiful smile.

THE Muse is in the fidgets—can't sit still—
She must have t'other talk with you, Sir WILL.
Since her last Ode, with sorrow hath she heard
  You want not men with heav'nly genius blest,
But wish the title of R. A. conferr'd
  On such as catch the bugs and spiders best;
Wash of the larger statues best the faces,
And clean the dirty linen of the GRACES;
Scour best the skins of the young marble brats,
Trap mice, and clear th' Academy from rats.

You look for men whose heads are rather *tubbish*,
  Or, drum-like, better form'd for sound than sense;
  Pleas'd with the fine Arabian to dispense,
You want the *big-bon'd drayhorse* for your *rubbish*.

Raise

Raiſe not the Muſe's anger, I deſire;
High-born, ſhe's hotter than the lightning's fire,
And proud! (believe the Poet's word)
Proud as the lady of a new-made lord;
Proud as, in all her gorgeous trappings dreſt,
Fat Lady Mayoreſs at a city feaſt;
Whoſe ſpouſe makes wigs, or ſome ſuch glorious thing,
Shoes, gloves, hats, nightcaps, breeches, for the King!

PRUDENCE, Sir WILLIAM, is a jewel;
Is clothes, and meat, and drink, and fuel!
PRUDENCE! for man the very beſt of wives,
Whom BARDS have ſeldom met with in their lives;
Which *certès* doth account for, in ſome meaſure,
Their grievous want of worldly treaſure,
On which the greateſt blockheads make their brags;
And ſhoweth why we ſee, inſtead of lace,
About the Poet's back, with little grace,
Thoſe fluttering, French-like followers, call'd RAGS.

PRUDENCE! a ſweet, obliging, curtſying laſs,
Fit through this hypocritic world to paſs!
Who kept first a little peddling ſhop,
Swept her own room, twirl'd her own mop,
Waſh'd

Waſh'd her own ſmocks, caught her own fleas,
And roſe to fame and fortune by degrees;
Who, when ſhe enter'd other people's houſes,
Till ſpoke to, was as ſilent as a mouſe is;
And of opinions, though poſſeſs'd a ſtore,
She left them, with her pattens, at the door.

Sir WILLIAM, you're a hound! and hunting FAME:
Undoubtedly this LADY is fair game:
But, Nimrod, mind—my Muſe is WHIPPER-IN!
So that if ever you diſgrace,
By turning cur, your noble race,
The Lord have mercy on your curſhip's ſkin!

ODE V.

The Poet openeth his account of the Exhibitors at the Academy—Praiseth REYNOLDS—Half damneth Mr. WEST—Completely damneth Mr. WRIGHT of Derby.

MUSE, sing the wonders of the present year:
Declare that works of sterling worth appear.
REYNOLDS, his heads divine, as usual, gives,
Where Titian's and Corregio's genius lives!
Works! I'm afraid, like beauty of rare quality,
Born soon to fade! too subject to mortality!

WEST most judiciously my counsel takes,
  Paints by the acre—witness Parson PETER*:
For garbs, he very pretty blankets makes,
  Deserving praises in the sweetest metre.

The flesh of Peter's audience is not good—
Too much like ivory, and stone, and wood:
Nor of the figures dare I praise th' *expression*,
With *some folks* though a *trifle of transgression*.

WEST.

* Peter preaching, by West.

WEST, your *Laſt Supper* is a *hungry* piece:
Your Tyburn Saints will not your fame increaſe;
With looks ſo thieviſh, with ſuch ſkins of copper!
Were they for ſale, as Heaven's my judge,
To give five farthings for them I ſhould grudge,
Nay, ev'n my old tobacco-ſtopper.

Candour muſt own, that frequently thy paints
Have play'd the *Devil* with the *Saints*:
For *me!* I fancy them like doves and throſtles!
But *thou*, if we believe *thy* art,
Enough to make us pious Chriſtians ſtart,
Haſt very ſcurvy notions of Apoſtles.

What of thy *landſcape ſhall I ſay,
Holding the old white ſow, and ſucking litter?
Curs'd be the moment, curs'd the day,
Thou gav'ſt the Muſe ſuch reaſon to be bitter!
But Muſe, be ſoft towards him—only *ſigh*
"More damned ſtuff was never ſeen with eye."

* A moſt pitiable performance indeed.—It may be fairly called the *dotage* of the art.

Thou really doſt not equal Derby WRIGHT*,
The Man of Night!
O'er woollen hills, where gold and ſilver moons
Now mount like ſixpences, and now balloons;
Where ſea-reflections, nothing nat'ral tell ye,
So much like fiddle-ſtrings, or vermicelli;
Where ev'ry thing exclaimeth, how ſevere!
"What *are* we?" and "what bus'neſs have we here?"

ODE

* A painter of moon-lights.—In this new edition of the Odes, it is but juſt to acknowledge, that the author has ſeen ſome landſcapes of a late date, by this artiſt, that do him great credit.

ODE VI.

The Poet addresseth Majesty—Pleadeth the cause of poor, starving Poetry—He acknowledgeth in a former Ode the kindnesses of Fame, yet throweth out a hint to his Majesty that his finances may be approved—He relateth a marvellous story of a Jesuit—Recommendeth something similar to his Sovereign.

AN'T please your Majesty, I'm overjoy'd
To find your family so fond of Painting;
I wish her sister POETRY employ'd—
Poor, dear neglected girl! with hunger fainting.
Your Royal Grandsire, (trust me, I'm no fibber)
Was vastly fond of Mister COLLEY CIBBER.

For subjects, how his Majesty would hunt!
And if a battle grac'd the Rhine, or Weser,
He'd cry—" Mine poet sal mak Ode upon't!"
Then forth there came a flaming Ode to CÆSAR.

Dread Sire, pray recollect a bit—
Some glorious action of your life;
And then your humble poet's wit,
Sharp as a razor, or a new-ground knife,

Shall

Shall mount you on her glorious balloon Odes,
Like Rome's great CÆSAR, to th' immortal GODS.*

A Naples Jesuit, HISTORY declares,
On slips of paper scribbled prayers,
Which show'd of wisdom great profundity;
Then sold them to the country folks,
To give their turkeys, hens, and ducks,
To bring increase of fowl-fecundity:

It answer'd.—On their turkeys, ducks, and hens,
The country people all were full of brags—
Whose little bums, in barns, and mows, and fens,
Squat down, and laid like conjuration bags.

" I wish this sage experiment were try'd
" On *me*," cries MUSE, my gentle bride;
" And slips of paper giv'n me, with this pray'r"—
" *Pay to the bearer fifty pounds at sight.*"—
" My sweet prolific pow'rs 'twould so delight!
" I'd breed like a tame rabbit or a hare!"

MUSE, give thine idle supplication o'er—
And know that AVARICE is always *poor*.

ODE

* Divisum Imperium, cum Jove, Cæsar habet.

ODE VII.

The following ODE was written juſt after the great craſhes and falls at Somerſet Houſe.—PETER is charmingly ironical.

SIR WILLIAM! cover'd with Chineſe renown,
Whoſe houſes* are no ſooner *up* than *down*,
Don't heed the diſcontented Nation's cry:
Thine are *religious* houſes!—very *humble*;
Upon their *faces* much inclin'd to tumble;
So *meek*, they cannot keep their heads on *high*.

I know the fooliſh kingdom all runs riot,
Calling aloud for WYAT, WYAT, WYAT!
Who on their good opinion hourly gains.
But where lies WYAT's merit?—What his praiſe?
Abroad this roving man ſpent half his days,
Contemplating of ROME, the great remains.

This WYAT's works a *claſſic taſte* combine,
Who ſtudied thus the ANCIENTS o'er and o'er;
But, lo! the *greater reputation thine*,
To do what no man ever did *before*.

* I take it for granted, that the houſes in general built by the KNIGHT, are as much in the ſtyle of gingerbread as Somerſet Houſe.

ODE VIII.

PETER'S account of wonderful RELIQUES in FRANCE, with the devotion paid to them—The sensible application to Painters and Painting, by way of simile.

IN FRANCE, some years ago—some twenty-three,
At a fam'd church, where hundreds daily jostle,
I wisely paid a priest six sols to see
The thumb of Thomas the Apostle.

Gaping upon Tom's thumb, with *me* in wonder,
The rabble rais'd its eyes, like ducks in thunder;
Because in virtues it was vastly rich,
Had cur'd possess'd of devils, and the itch;
Work'd various wonders on a scabby pate;
Made little sucking children strait,
Though crook'd like ram's-horns by the rickets;
Made people see, though blind as moles;
And made you[illegible]d, hysteric souls,
As gay as grasshoppers and crickets;
Brought noses back again to faces,
Long stol'n by *Venus* and her *Graces*;

And

And eyes to fill their parent ſockets,
Of which ſad Love had pick'd their pockets:
Lo! had the Prieſt *permitted*, with their kiſſes
The mob had ſmack'd this holy thumb to pieces.

Though, Reader, 'twas not the Apoſtle's thumb—
But mum!
It play'd as well of miracles the trick,
Although a painted piece of rotten ſtick!

For ſix ſols more, behold! to view, was bolted
A feather of the Angel Gabriel's wing!
Whether 'twas pluck'd by force, or calmly molted,
No holy legends tell, nor poets ſing.
But *was* it Gabriel's feather, heav'nly Muſes?
It was *not* Gabriel's feather, but a Gooſe's!
But ſtay! from truth we would not wiſh to wander,
For, probably, the owner was a Gander.

Painters! you take me right:—The Muſe ſuppoſes
You make your *coup-de-maître* daſhes,
Chriſten them eyes, and cheeks, and lips, and noſes,
Beards, chins, and whiſkers, and eye-laſhes;
As like, p'rhaps, as a horſe is like a plum,
Or 'foreſaid ſtick, St. Tom th' Apoſtle's thumb.

With purer eyes the British vulgar sees;
We are no Crawthumpers, no Devotees;
So that, whene'er your figures are mere wood,
Our eyes will never deem 'em flesh and blood.

ODE IX.

The generous PETER rescueth the immortal RAPHAEL from the obloquy of MICHAEL ANGELO—The Poet moralizeth—Telleth a story not to the credit of MICHAEL ANGELO, and nobly defendeth RAPHAEL's name against his invidious attack—Concludeth with a most sage observation.

HOW difficult in artists to allow
To brother brushmen ev'n a grain of merit!
Wishing to tear the laurels from their brow,
They shew a sniv'ling, diabolic spirit.

So 'tis, however moralists may chatter!
What's worse still—nature will be always nature:
We can't brew Burgundy from sour small beer,
Nor make a silken purse of a sow's ear.

Sweet

Sweet is the voice of PRAISE!—from eve to morn,
From bluſhing morn to darkling eve again,
My Muſe the brows of MERIT could adorn,
And, lark-like, ſwell the panegyric ſtrain.

PRAISE, like the balm which evening's dewy ſtar
Sheds on the drooping herb and fainting flower,
Lifts modeſt, pining MERIT from deſpair,
And gives her clouded eye a golden hour.

P-x take me if I ever read the ſtory
Of MICHAEL ANGELO, without ſome ſwearing;
'Tis ſuch a ſlice cut off from his great glory:
He ſurely had been brandying it, or beering:
That is, in plainer Engliſh, he was drunk,
And CANDOUR from the man with horror ſhrunk.

RAPHAEL did honour to the Roman ſchool,
Yet MICHAEL ANGELO did call him *fool*;
When working in the Vatican, would ſtare,
Throw down his bruſh, and ſtamp and ſwear,
If e'er a porter let him in—he'd ſtone him;
And, if he RAPHAEL caught, moſt ſurely bone him.

He

He ſwore the world was a rank aſs,
To pay a compliment to RAPHAEL'S *ſtuff*;
For that he knew the fellow well enough,
And that his paltry metal would not paſs.

Such was the language of this falſe Italian:
One time he chriſten'd RAPHAEL a Pygmalion;
Swore that his madams were compos'd of ſtone;
Swore his expreſſions were like owls ſo tame,
His drawings, like the lameſt cripple, lame;
That, as for compoſition, he had none,

Young artiſts! theſe aſſertions I deny;
'Twas vile ill manners—not to ſay a *lie*:
RAPHAEL did *real* excellence inherit;
And if you ever chance to paint as well,
I *bonâ fide* do foretell,
You'll certainly be men of merit.

ODE X.

The goſſipping PETER telleth a ſtrange Story, and *true*, though *ſtrange*—Seemeth to entertain no very elevated opinions of the wiſdom of Kings—Hinteth at the narrow eſcape of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS—Mr. RAMSAY's riches—A recommendation of flattery as a ſpecific in fortune-making.

I'M told, and I believe the ſtory,
  That a fam'd Queen of Northern brutes,
A GENTLEWOMAN of prodigious glory,
  Whom ev'ry ſort of epithet well ſuits;
Whoſe huſband dear, juſt happening to provoke her,
Was ſhov'd to Heaven upon a red-hot poker,
Sent to a *certain* KING, not King of *France*—
  Deſiring by SIR JOSHUA's hand his PHIZ—
    What did the Royal Quiz?
Why, damn'd genteelly, ſat to Mr. DANCE!*

Then

* The true reaſon that induced his Majeſty to ſit to Mr. DANCE, was nothing leſs than *laudable Royal* economy. Mr. DANCE charged Fifty Pounds for a picture—Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS's price was ſomewhat more than a Hundred—a very great difference in the market-price of paint and canvaſs; and, let me ſay, juſtified the preference given to the man who worked *cheapeſt*.

Then ſent it to the Northern Queen—
As ſweet a bit of wood as e'er was ſeen!
And therefore moſt unlike the PRINCELY HEAD—
He might as well have ſent a pig of lead.

Down ev'ry throat the piece was cramm'd
As done by REYNOLDS, and deſerv'dly damn'd;
  For as to Maſter DANCE's art,
  It ne'er was worth a ſingle - - - - !
Reader, I BLUSH!—am delicate this time!
So let *thy* impudence ſupply the rhyme.

Thank God! that Monarchs cannot Taſte controul,
And make each ſubject's poor, ſubmiſſive ſoul
Admire the work that JUDGEMENT oft cries fie on:
  Had things been ſo, poor REYNOLDS we had ſeen
  Painting a barber's pole—an ale-houſe queen,
The cat and gridiron, or the old red-lion!
At *Plympton, p'rhaps, for ſome grave Doctor Slop,
Painting the pots and bottles of the ſhop;
Or in the Drama, to get meat to munch,
His bruſh divine had pictur'd ſcenes for PUNCH!

Whilſt

* Sir Joſhua's native ſpot, in Devonſhire.

Whilſt WEST was whelping 'midſt his paints,
Moſes and Aaron, and all ſort of Saints!
Adams and Eves, and ſnakes and apples,
And dev'ls, for beautifying *certain* CHAPELS:
But REYNOLDS is no favourite, that's the matter;
He has not learnt the noble art—to flatter.*

Thrice happy times, when MONARCHS find them hard
things
To teach us *what* to view with admiration;
And, like their heads on halfpence and braſs farthings,
Make their opinions current through the nation!

I've heard that RAMSAY,† when he died,
Left juſt nine rooms well ſtuff'd with Queens and Kings;
From whence all nations might have been ſupply'd,
That long'd for valuable things.
Viceroys, ambaſſadors, and plenipo's,
Bought them to join their raree-ſhows
In foreign parts,
And ſhew the progreſs of the Britiſh arts.

Whether

* This Ode was compoſed before Sir JOSHUA was dubbed King's Painter. Poſſibly the great artiſt dreamt of my BEAUTIFUL LYRIC, and purſued its advice.

† Late painter to his Majeſty.

Whether they purchas'd by the pound or yard,
I cannot tell, becauſe I never heard;
But *this* I know, his ſhop was like a fair,
And dealt moſt largely in this ROYAL WARE.

See what it is to gain a Monarch's ſmile!
And haſt thou miſs'd it, REYNOLDS, all this while!
How ſtupid! pr'ythee, ſeek the Courtier's School,
And learn to manufacture oil of fool.

FLATTERY's the turnpike-road to FORTUNE's door—
TRUTH is a narrow lane, all full of quags,
Leading to broken heads, abuſe, and rags,
And workhouſes—ſad refuge for the poor!
FLATTERY's a mountebank ſo ſpruce—gets riches;
TRUTH, a plain Simon Pure, a Quaker Preacher,
A moral-mender, a diſguſting teacher,
That never got a ſixpence by her ſpeeches!

ODE XI.

The lofty PETER beginneth with an original ſimile—Diſplayeth a deep knowledge of HOMER and modern Ducheſſes—Concludeth with a prophecy about his Sovereign.

PAINTERS who figure in the Exhibition,
Are pretty nearly in the ſame condition
With cocks on Shrove-tide, which the ſeaſon gathers;
Flung at by ev'ry lubber, ev'ry brat,
Poſſeſſing ſtrength enough to throw a bat,
To break their bones, and knock about their feathers.

This little difference, however, lies
Between the painter and the fowl, I find:
The artiſt for the poſt of danger *tries*—
The fowl is faſten'd much againſt his *mind*;
Who damns his ſentence, would annul it—
Sue out his *habeas corpus*, and, inſtead
Of being beat with bats about the head,
Make handſome love to a ſmart pullet.

And yet the painter like a booby groans,
Who courts the very bats which break his bones.

But

But *who* from ſcandal is exempt?
Who does not meet, at times, contempt?

Great JOVE, the God of Gods, in figures rich,
Oft call'd the Queen of Heav'n a ſaucy bitch;
Achilles* call'd great Agamemnon hog,
An impudent, deceitful, dirty dog!

Behold our lofty *Ducheſſes* pull caps,
And give each other's reputations raps,
As freely as the drabs of Drury's ſchool;
And who, pray, knows that GEORGE our gracious King
(Said by his courtiers to know *every* thing)
May not, by future times, be call'd a FOOL?

* Vide HOMER.

ODE XII.

The Bard fenfibly reproveth the young artifts for their propenfity to abufe—Moft wittily compareth them to horfe-leeches, game-cocks, and curs.

THE mean, the ranc'rous jealoufies that fwell
 In fome fad artifts' fouls, I do defpife;
Inftead of nobly ftriving to *excel*,
 You ftrive to pick out one the other's eyes.
To be a PAINTER, was CORREGIO's glory:
His fpeech fhould flame in gold—"SONO PITTORE."

But what, if truth were fpoke, would be *your* fpeeches?
This—" We're a fet of fame-fucking horfe-leeches;
" Without a blufh, the pooreft fcandal fpeaking—
" Like cocks, for ever at each other beaking;
" As if the globe we dwell on were fo fmall,
" There really was not room enough for all."

Young men!—
I do prefume that one of you in ten
Has kept a dog or two, and has remark'd,
 That when you have been comfortably feeding,
 The curs, without an atom of court breeding,
With watery jaws, have whin'd, and paw'd, and bark'd;

Show'd anxiouſneſs about the mutton bone,
And, 'ſtead of *your* mouth, wiſh'd it in their *own*;
And if you gave this bone to one or t'other,
Heav'ns, what a ſnarling, quarrelling, and pother!
This, probably, has touch'd you to the quick,
And made you teach good manners by a kick;
And if the tumult was beyond all bearing,
You treated them with ſweet emphatic ſwearing,
An eloquence of wond'rous uſe in wars,
Amongſt ſea-captains and the brave jack-tars.

Now tell me honeſtly—pray don't ye find
Somewhat in Chriſtians juſt of the ſame kind
That ye experienc'd in the curs,
Cauſing your anger and demurs?
As, for example, when your miſtreſs, FAME,
Wiſhing to celebrate a worthy name,
Takes up her trump to give the juſt applauſe;
How have you, puppy-like, paw'd, wiſh'd, and whin'd,
And growl'd, and curs'd, and ſwore, and pin'd,
And long'd to tear the trumpet from her jaws!
The dogs deſerv'd *their* kicking, to be ſure;
But *you!* O fie, boys! go and ſin no more.

ODE

ODE XIII.

The compaffionate PETER lamenteth the death of Mr. HONE, an R. A.—Recommendeth him to OBLIVION, the great Patron of a number of *geniuses*.

THERE's one R. A. more dead! ftiff is poor
HONE!
His works be with him under the fame ftone:
I think the facred art will not bemoan 'em;
But, Mufe!—*De mortuis nil nifi bonum*,
As to his hoft a trav'ller, with a fneer,
Said of his dead fmall beer.

Go then, poor HONE! and join a numerous train
Sunk in OBLIVION's wide pacific ocean;
And may its whale-like ftomach feel no motion
To caft thee, like a JONAH, up again!

ODE XIV.

The Poet exhibiteth the inconſtancy of the world, by a moſt elegant compariſon of a flock of ſtarlings.

YOUNG artiſts, it may ſo fall out,
That folks ſhall make a grievous rout;
Follow you—praiſe your painting to the ſkies;
When, probably, a ribband, (fie upon it!)
A feather, or a tawdry bonnet,
Caught, by its *glare*, their wonder-ſpying eyes.

Therefore, don't *thence* ſuppoſe that ye inherit
Mountains of unexampled merit;
That *always* ye ſhall be purſu'd,
And like a wond'rous beauty woo'd.

Great is the world's inconſtancy, God knows!—
Fame, like the ocean, *ebbs*, as well as *flows*;
Next year the million pitches on a ruff,
A balloon cap, a ſhawl, a muff;

For

For *you*, no longer cares a ſingle ruſh,
Following *ſome other* brother of the bruſh.

To raiſe to nobler flights the Muſe's wing,
A *ſimile*'s a very pretty thing;
To whoſe ſweet aid I'm oft a humble debtor,
T'illuſtrate with more force the thing I mean;
And if the *ſimile* be neat and clean;
Tant mieux—that is—*ſo much the better*.

Therefore, young folks, as there's a great deal in't,
Accept one juſt imported from the mint.

You've ſeen a flock of ſtarlings, to be ſure,
A hundred thouſand in a meſs or more;
Who fortunately having found
A lump of horſe-litter upon the ground,
Down drops the chattering cloud upon the dung;
Then, Lord, what doings! Heav'ns, what admiration!
What joy, what tranſport 'midſt the ſpeckled nation!
How buſy ev'ry beak, and ev'ry tongue!
All talking, gabbling, but none liſt'ning,
Juſt like a group of goſſips at a chriſt'ning!
Let but a *cowdab* ſhow its graſs-green face,
They're *up*, without ſo much as ſaying grace;

 And

And lo! the buſy flock around it pitches;
Juſt as upon the lump before,
They gabble, wonder, and adore!
And equal *brother* MARTYN's* ſpeeches.
Theſe ſtarlings ſhow the world, with great propriety,
Mad as March hares, or curlews for VARIETY.

ODE XV.

The Great PETER deſpiſeth Frenchmen.

I BEG it as a favour, my young folks,
Ye will not copy, monkey-like, the French,
Whoſe pictures, juſtly, are all ſtanding jokes,
Whether they repreſent a man or wench.
If Monſieur paints a man of faſhion,
Making an *obeiſance* well bred,
The gentleman's a *ram-cat* in a paſſion,
His back all crumpled o'er his head;
Or, if he paints a wretch upon the wheel,
And bone-breaking's no *trifling thing*, G-d knows!
Amidſt his pain the fellow's ſo *genteel!*
He feels with ſuch *decorum* all the blows!
Or if a culprit's going to the devil,
Which ſome folks alſo deem a ſerious evil,

So

* A *much-admired* ſpeaker in the Houſe of Common, who *in. con.* was baptized the *Starling* MARTYN.

So *dégagé* you fee the man advance!
His arms, hands, fhoulders, turn'd-out toes,
Madona-lifted eyes, and cock'd-up nofe,
Proclaim the pretty puppy in a dance.
I've feen a fleeping VENUS, I declare,
With hands and legs ftretch'd out with *fuch* an air!
Her neck and head *fo* twifted on one fhoulder,
With *fuch* a *heav'nly* fmile, that each beholder
Would fwear (difdaining DANCING'S *vulgar* track)
The Dame was walking minuets on her *back!*
E'en an old woman yielding up her breath
By means of cholic, ftone, or gravel,
How fmirkingly fhe feels the pangs of death!
With what a *grace* her foul prepares to travel!

A Frenchman's angel is an OPERA PUNK;
His Virgin Marys, milliners half drunk;
Our bleft Redeemer, a rank *petit-maître*,
In every attitude and feature;
The humble Jofeph, fo *genteelly* made,
Poor gentleman—as if above his trade,
And only fit to *compliment* his wife—
So *delicate!* as if he fcarcely knew
Oak from deal board—a gimlet from a fcrew,
And never made a MOUSE-TRAP in his life.

Think not I wantonly the French attack—
I never will put MERIT on the rack:
No!—yet, I own, I hate the ſhrugging dogs—
I've liv'd amongſt them, eat their frogs,
And vomited them up, thank God, again;
So that I'm able now to ſay,
I carried nought of *theirs* away,
Which otherwiſe had made the puppies *vain*.

ODE XVI.

The conceited PETER turneth an arrant egotiſt—Mentioneth a number of fine folks—This minute condemneth WILL WHITEHEAD's verſes; and the next, exculpateth the Laureat, by clapping the right ſaddle on the right horſe.

NO giant more rejoiceth in his courſe,
Not Count O'KELLY in a winning horſe;
Not Miſtreſs HOBART* to preſerve a box,
Not GEORGE the THIRD to triumph o'er CHARLES FOX;
Not Spain's *wiſe* Monarch to bombard Algiers—
Not pillories, obeying LAW's ſtern voice,
Can more rejoice
To hold KITT ATKINSON's two ears;

Not

* The conteſt between Mrs. Hobart and Lady Saliſbury, with their *ſeconds*, about a box at the Opera, is a SUBJECT for the moſt *ſublime* Epic!

Not more rejoiceth patriotic PITT,
  By patriotic grocers to be fed;
Not Mother WINDSOR* in a nice young Tit,
  Nor gaping Deans, to catch a Bishop dead;
Not more *reform'd* JOHN WILKES, to *court* the Crown,
Nor SKINNER in his Aldermanic gown,
  Nor Common-Councilmen on turtle feeding;
Not more rejoice old envious maids, so stale,
To hear of weeping Beauty a sad tale,
And tell the world a reigning toast is *breeding*—
Than I, the Poet, in a lucky Ode,
  That catches at a hop the Cynic face,
  Kills by a laugh its grave bubonic grace,
And tears, in spite of him, his jaws abroad.

And are there such grave Dons that read my rhymes?
All gracious Heav'n forgive their crimes!
Oh! be their lot to have *wise-talking* wives;
  And if in *reading* they delight,
  To read, ye Gods! from morn to night,
WILL WHITEHEAD's† Birth-day Sonnets all their lives.

P'rhaps

* A priestess of the Cyprian Goddess.

† This Ode was written before a late Laureat resigned his earthly crown for a heavenly one. May Mr. TOM WARTON be more successful in his *courtly* adulations, and not verify the Latin adage—*Ex nihilo nihil fit*; which is thus *elegantly* translated, 'There is no making a velvet purse of a sow's ear.'

P'rhaps, reader, thou'rt a tinker, or a tanner,
And mendeſt kettles in a pretty manner;
Or tanneſt hides of bulls, and cows, and calves:
But if the ſaucepan or the kettle
Originally be bad metal,
Thou'lt ſay, "It only can be done by *halves*;"
Or if by nature bad the bullocks' ſkins,
"They'll make vile ſhoes and boots for people's ſhins."

Then wherefore do I thus abuſe
WILL WHITEHEAD's hard-driv'n Muſe?
Who merits rather PITY's tend'reſt ſigh:
For what the Devil can he do,
When forc'd to praiſe—*the Lord knows who!*
Verſe *muſt* be dull on ſubjects ſo damn'd *dry*.

ODE XVII.

The claſſic PETER adviſeth Painters to cultivate taſte—Laſheth ſome of the ignorant—Accuſeth Painters of an affection for vulgarity, whom he horſewhippeth—Recommendeth a charming ſubject—Telleth the ſecret of his love, and giveth a *die-away* ſonnet of former days—Perſecuteth TENIER's devils, but applaudeth the execution.

PAINTERS, improve your education;
That ſurely ſtands in need of reformation.
I've heard that ſome can neither write nor read,
Which does no honour to the hand or head.

Many, I know, would rather paint a bear,
  Or monkey playing his quaint tricks,
Than ſome ſweet damſel, whom all hearts revere,
  Whoſe charms the eye of admiration fix—
Would rather ſee a ſtump with ſtrength expreſt,
Than all the ſnowy fulneſs of her breaſt;
Or lip, that Innocence ſo ſweetly moves;
Or ſmile, the fond Elyſium of the LOVES.
This brings thoſe days to mem'ry, when my tongue
To CYNTHIA's beauty pour'd my ſoul in ſong;

When,

When, on the margin of the murm'ring ſtream,
My fancy frequent form'd the golden dream
Of CYNTHIA's grace—of CYNTHIA's ſmiles divine,
And made thoſe ſmiles and peerleſs beauty *mine*.

It brings to mem'ry, too, thoſe diſmal times,
When nought my ſighs avail'd, and nought my rhymes;
When at the ſilent, ſolemn cloſe of day,
My penſive ſteps would court the darkling grove,
To hear, in Philomela's lonely lay,
The fainting echoes of my luckleſs love;
Till night's increaſing ſhades around me ſtole,
And mingled with the gloom that wrapp'd my ſoul.

Reader—Doſt chooſe a ſonnet of thoſe days?
Take it; and ſay not I'm a foe to PRAISE.

TO CYNTHIA.

O thou! whoſe love-inſpiring air
Delights, yet gives a thouſand woes;
My day declines in dark deſpair,
And night hath loſt her ſweet repoſe.

Yet who, alas! like me was bleſt,
  To *others* e'er thy charms were known;
When Fancy told my raptur'd breaſt,
  That Cynthia ſmil'd on *me* alone?

Nymph of my ſoul! forgive my ſighs:
  Forgive the jealous fires I feel;
Nor blame the trembling wretch, who dies,
  When others to thy beauties kneel.

Lo! theirs is every winning art,
  With Fortune's gifts, unknown to *me*;
I only boaſt a ſimple heart,
  In love with INNOCENCE and THEE.

Build not, alas! your popularity
On that beaſt's back yclep'd *Vulgarity*;
A beaſt that many a booby takes a pride in;
A beaſt beneath the noble PETER's riding.

How ſhould the man with appetite unchaſte,
  Stuffing on carrion dread, his hound-like paunch,
Judge of an ortolan's delicious taſte,
  Or feel the flavour of a dainty haunch?

Or,

Or, wont with bitter purl to wet his clay,
How should *he* judge of Claret or Tokay?

Tenier's devils, witches, monkeys, toads,
That make me shudder whilst I pen these Odes,
  Most *truly painted*, to be sure you'll find:
How greater far the excellence to paint
With heaven-directed eye, the charming Saint,
  And mark th' emotions of her angel-mind!
Envy not *such* as have in *dirt* surpast ye;
'Tis very, very easy to be *nasty!*

ODE XVIII.

The moralizing Bard exposeth the unfairness of mankind in the article of laughing—Descanteth upon wit—Disclaimeth pretension to it—Maketh love to Candour, and *modestly* concludeth.

How dearly mortals love to laugh and grin!
Just as they love to stuff themselves to *chin*
With other people's meat—good saving sense!
Because at other folks' expence;
But turn to laugh on *them*—how chang'd their notes!
"O damn 'em! this is *serious*—cut their throats!"

WIT, ſays an author that I do not know,
Is like TIME's ſcythe—cuts down both friend and foe;
Ready each object, tyger-like, to leap on!
  "Lord! what a butcher this ſame WIT! thank God!
  "(A critic cries) in Maſter PINDAR's Ode,
"We ſpy th' effect of no ſuch dangerous weapon."

No, Sir—'tis dove-ey'd CANDOUR's charms
I woo to theſe deſiring arms;
She is my GODDESS; to her ſhrine I bend:
  NYMPH of the voice that beats the morning lark,
  Sweet as the dulcet note of either PARK*,
Be thou my ſoft companion and my friend.

Thy lovely hand my Pegaſus ſhall guide,
And teach thy modeſt pupil how to ride:
Thus ſhall I hurt not any group compoſers,
From SARAH BENWELL's bruſh, to MARY MOZER's†.

ODE

* Two brothers of diſtinguiſhed merit on the Oboe.

† The laſt of thoſe Ladies, an R. A. by means of a *ſublime* picture of a plate of GOOSEBERRIES—the other in *hopes* of Academic honours, through an *equal* degree of merit.

ODE XIX.

The judicious PETER giveth moſt wholeſome advice to landſcape painters.

WHATE'ER your wiſh, in landſcape to excel,
London's the very place to mar it;
Believe the oracles I tell,
There's very little landſcape in a *garret*.
Whate'er the flocks of fleas you keep,
'Tis badly copying *them* for goats and ſheep;
And if you'll take the Poet's honeſt word,
A bug muſt make a miſerable bird.

A ruſh-light in a bottle's neck, or ſtick,
Ill repreſents the glorious ORB of MORN;
Nay, though it were a candle with a *wick*,
'Twould be a repreſentative forlorn.

I think, too, that a man would be a fool,
For trees, to copy legs of a joint ſtool;
Or ev'n by *them* to repreſent a ſtump:
Alſo by broomſticks—which though well he rig
Each with an old fox-colour'd wig,
Muſt make a very poor autumnal clump.

You'll

You'll ſay, " Yet *ſuch ones* oft a perſon ſees
In many an artiſt's trees;
And, in ſome paintings, we have all beheld,
Green bays hath ſurely ſat for a green field;
Bolſters for mountains, hills, and wheaten mows;
Cats, for ram-goats; and curs, for bulls and cows."

All this, my lads, I freely grant;
But better things from YOU, I want.
As SHAKSPEARE ſays, (a Bard I much *approve)*
" Liſt, liſt, Oh! liſt," if thou doſt PAINTING love.

CLAUDE painted in the open air!
Therefore to Wales at once repair,
Where ſcenes of true magnificence you'll find:
Beſides this great advantage—if in debt,
You'll have with creditors no *tête-à-tête:*
So leave the bull-dog bailiffs all behind;
Who, hunt you with what noiſe they may,
Muſt hunt for needles in a ſtack of hay.

ODE XX.

The Poet hinteth to Artifts the value of Time.

THE man condemn'd on Tyburn-tree to fwing,
Deems fuch a fhow, a very dullifh thing;
He'd rather a *fpectator* be, I ween,
Than the fad *actor* in the fcene.

He blames the LAW's too rigid refolution:
If with a beef-fteak ftomach—in his prime,
Lord, with what reverence he looks on Time!
And, moft of all—the hour of execution!
And as the cart doth to the tree advance,
How wond'rous willing to poftpone the *Dance!*

Believe me, Time's of monftrous ufe;
But, ah! how fubject to abufe!
It feems that with him, folks were often* *cloy'd:*
I do pronounce it, Time's a public good,
Juft like a youthful Beauty—to be *woo'd,*
Made *much* of, and be *properly* enjoy'd.

Time's ſand is wonderfully ſmall;
It ſlips between the fingers in a hurry:
Therefore, on each young artiſt let me call,
To prize it as an Indian does his *Curry*;*
Whether his next rare *Exhibition* be
Amidſt the great R. A.'s—or on a *Tree*.

ODE XXI.

The unfortunate PETER lamenteth the loſs of an important Ode, by rats—He prayeth devoutly for the rats.

HIATUS maxime deflendus!
I've loſt an ODE of charming praiſe;
From like misfortune, Heav'n defend us!
The ſweeteſt of my Lyric lays!
Where many a youthful artiſt ſhone with fame,
Like his own pictures in a fine gilt frame.

Perdition catch the roguiſh rats!
Their trembling limbs ſhall fill the maws of cats,

 Were

* An univerſal food in the Eaſt-Indies.

Were I to be their ſole adviſer:
  Vermin! like trunk-makers, kings, paſtry-cooks,
  Dealing in legions of delightful books,
Yet, with the learning, not a whit the wiſer.
Thank G—d! the Ode unto MYSELF they ſpar'd:
And, lo! the labour of the lucky Bard.

ODE XXII.

To MYSELF.

The exalted PETER wiſheth to make the gaping world acquainted with the place of his nativity; but before he can get an anſwer from *himſelf*, he moſt *ſublimely* burſteth forth into an addreſs to *Mevagizzy* and *Mouſehole*, two fiſhing-towns in Cornwall—The firſt celebrated for pilchards, the laſt for giving birth to DOLLY PENTREATH—The Poet praiſeth the Honourable DAINES BARRINGTON, and pilchards—Forgetteth the place of his nativity; and, like his great anceſtor of *Thebes*, leaveth his readers in the *dark*.

O THOU! whoſe daring works ſublime
Defy the rudeſt rage of TIME,
Say!—for the world is with conjecture dizzy,
Did *Mouſehole* give thee birth, or *Mevagizzy*?

HAIL,

HAIL, *Mevagizzy!* with ſuch wonders fraught!
Where boats, and men, and ſtinks, and trade, are ſtirring;
Where pilchards come in myriads to be caught;
Pilchard! a thouſand times as good as herring.

Pilchard! the idol of the Popiſh nation!
Hail, little inſtrument of vaſt ſalvation!
Pilchard, I ween, a moſt ſoul-ſaving fiſh,
On which the Catholics in Lent are cramm'd;
Who, had they not, poor ſouls, this lucky diſh,
Would feed on fleſh, and therefore all be damn'd.

Pilchards! whoſe bodies yield the fragrant oil,
And make the London lamps at midnight ſmile;
Which lamps, wide ſpreading ſalutary light,
Beam on the wandering BEAUTIES of the night,
And ſhow each gentle youth their cheeks' deep roſes,
And tell him whether they have eyes and noſes.

Hail, *Mouſehole!* birth-place of old DOLL PENTREATH,*
The *laſt* who jabber'd Corniſh—ſo ſays DAINES,
Who, bat-like, haunted ruins, lane, and heath,
With Will-o'-Wiſp, to brighten up his brains.
DAINES!

* A very old woman of Mouſehole, ſuppoſed (*falſely* however) to have been the *laſt* who ſpoke the Corniſh language. The honour-

DAINES! who a thouſand miles, unwearied, trots
For bones, braſs farthings, aſhes, and old pots:

Ranſacks the mouldy manſions of the dead,
To prove that men in days of *yore*,
Eyes, ears, and noſes, like *us Moderns*, wore;
And travell'd juſt like *us* too, with a *head!*

ODE

honourable antiquarian, DAINES BARRINGTON, Eſq. journeyed, ſome years ſince, from London to the Land's-end, to converſe with this wrinkled, yet delicious *morceau*. He entered Mouſe-hole in a kind of triumph; and, peeping into her hut, exclaimed, with all the fire of an enraptured lover, in the language of the famous Greek Philoſopher—"EUREKA!" The couple kiſſed; DOLL ſoon after *gabbled*; DAINES liſtened with admiration; committed her ſpeeches to paper, not venturing to truſt his memory with *ſo much treaſure*. The tranſaction was announced to the Society; the Journals were *enriched* with their dialogues; the old Lady's picture was ordered to be taken by the moſt eminent artiſt, and the Honourable Member to be publicly thanked for the DISCOVERY!

ODE XXIII.

PETER concludeth his Odes—Seemeth hungry—Expostulateth with the Reader.

TOM Southern to John Dryden went one day,
To buy a head and tail piece for his play:
"Thomas," quoth John, "I've sold my goods too cheap;
"So, if you please, my price shall take a leap."

O Reader, look me gravely in the face;
Speak, is not that with *me* and *thee* the case?
For this Year's Odes I charge thee half-a-crown;
So, without grumbling, put thy money down:
For things are desperately ris'n, good Lord!
Fish, flesh, coals, candles, window-lights, and board,
Why should not charming Poetry then rise,
That comes so dev'lish far too—from the *skies*?
And lo! the verses that adorn *this* page,
Beam, comet-like, alas! but once an age,

FAREWELL ODES,

FOR

THE YEAR M,DCC,LXXXVI.

——RIDENTEM DICERE VERUM
QUID VETAT?—— HORAT.

FAREWELL ODES.

ODE I.

PETER talketh of resigning the Laureatship—He prophesieth the triumph of the Artists on his resignation—The Artists also prophecy to PETER's disadvantage—PETER's last comforts, should their prophecy be fulfilled.

PETER, like fam'd Christina, Queen of Sweden,
Who thought a wicked court was not an Eden,
This year, resigns the laurel crown for ever!
What all the fam'd ACADEMICIANS wish;
No more on painted fowl, and flesh, and fish,
He shows the world his carving skill so clever:
Brass, iron, woodwork, stone, in peace shall rest—
" Thank God!" exclaim the works of Mister WEST,

" Thank God!" the works of LOUTHERBOURG exclaim—
For guns of critics, no ignoble game—
" No longer now afraid of rhyming praters,
" Shall we be christen'd tea-boards, varnish'd waiters:
" No verse shall swear that ours are paste-board rocks,
" Our trees, brass wigs; and mops, our fleecy flocks."
" Thank

"Thank Heav'n!" exclaims RIGAUD, with ſparkling
"Then ſhall my pictures in importance riſe, [eyes,
"And fill each gaping mouth and eye with wonder."
Monſieur Rigaud,
It may be ſo,
To think thy ſtars have made ſo ſtrange a blunder,
That bred to *paint*, the genius of a glazier;
That ſpoil'd, to make a *dauber*, a good brazier.
None but thy partial tongue (believe my lays)
Can dare ſtand forth the herald of thy praiſe:
Could FAME applaud, whoſe voice my verſe reveres,
JUSTICE ſhould break her trump about her ears.

"Thank Heav'n!" cries Miſter GARVY; and "Thank
God!"
Cries Miſter COPLEY, "that this Man of Ode
"No more, Barbarian-like, ſhall o'er us ride:
"No more like beads, in naſty order ſtrung,
"And round the waiſt of this vile Mohawk hung,
"Shall academic ſcalps indulge his pride.

"No more hung up in this dread fellow's rhyme,
"Which he moſt impudently calls *ſublime*,
"Shall we, poor, inoffenſive ſouls,
"Appear juſt like ſo many moles,

Trapp'd

"Trapp'd in an orchard, garden, or a field;
"Which mole-catchers suspend on trees,
"To shew their titles to their fees,
"Like doctors, paid too often for the *kill'd*."

Pleas'd that no more my verses shall annoy;
Glad that my blister Odes shall cease their stinging;
Each wooden figure's mouth expands with joy;
Hark! how they all break forth in singing!

In boastful sounds the grinning ARTISTS cry,
"Lo! PETER's hour of insolence is o'er:
"His Muse is dead—his lyric pump is dry—
"His Odes, like stinking fish, not worth a groat a score:
"Art thou, then, weak, like us, thou snarling shiv'ler?
"Art thou like one of us, thou lyric driv'ler?

"Our Kings and Queens in glory now shall lie,
"Each unmolested, sleeping in his frame;
"Our ponds, our lakes, our oceans, earth, and sky,
"No longer, scouted, shall be put to shame:
"No poet's rage shall root our stumps and stumplings,
"And swear our clouds are flying apple-dumplings:

"Fame

" Fame ſhall proclaim how well our plum-trees bud,
" And found the merits of our marle and mud.

" Our oaks, our bruſhwood, and our lofty elms,
" No jingling tyrant's wicked rage o'erwhelms,
" Now this vile FELLER is laid low:
" In peace ſhall our ſtone hedges ſleep,
" Our huts, our barns, our pigs, and ſheep,
" And wild fowl, from the eagle to the crow."

" They who ſhall ſee this PETER in the ſtreet,
" With fearleſs eye his front ſhall meet,
" And cry, " Is this the man of keen remark?
" Is this the blade," ſhall be their taunting ſpeech—
" A dog! who dar'd to ſnap each artiſt's breech,
" Nay, bite Academicians like a ſhark?

" *He* whoſe broad cleaver chopp'd the ſons of paint,
" Cruſh'd like a marrowbone each lovely ſaint;
" Spar'd not the very clothes about their backs;
" The little dark-wing'd cherubims abus'd,
" That could not more inhumanly be us'd,
" Poor lambkins! had they fall'n among the BLACKS;
" *He*, once ſo furious, ſoon ſhall want relief,
" Stak'd through the body, like a paltry thief.

"How art thou fall'n, O Cherokee!" they cry;
"How art thou fall'n! the joyful roofs refound;
"Hell ſhall thy body, for a rogue, ſurround;
"And there, for ever roaſting, mayſt thou lie!
"Like Dives, mayſt thou ſtretch in fires along,
"Refus'd one drop of beer to cool thy tongue!"

Ye godly gentlemen, repreſs your yell,
Your hearty wiſhes for my ſoul reſtrain;
For if our *works* can put us into h-ll,
Kind Sirs! we certainly ſhall meet again.

ODE II.

A most pleasant history of the Academic Dinner—PETER pitieth the PRINCE of WALES, Duke of ORLEANS, Duke FITZ-JAMES, Count LAUZUN, Lords CAERMARTHEN and BESBOROUGH, &c. and praises Mr. WELTJIE—Exculpateth the PRESIDENT—Condemneth Sir W. CHAMBERS and the COMMITTEE for their bad management—PETER talketh of visiting the French KING and the Duke of ORLEANS.

WHENE'ER ACADEMICIANS run astray,
Such should the moral PETER's song reclaim:
Of paint, this Ode shall nothing sing or say;
My eagle satire darts at *diff'rent* game;
Against *decorum*, I abhor a sinner;
And therefore lash the Academic dinner.

Th' ACADEMY, though marvellously poor,
Can once a year afford to *eat*:
By means of kind donations at the door,
The members make a comfortable treat;
Like gipsies in a barn, around their king,
That annual meet, to eat, and dance, and sing.

A feast

A feaſt was made of fleſh, fiſh, tarts, creams, jellies,
To ſuit the various qualities of bellies:
Mine grumbled to be aſk'd, and be delighted;
But *wicked* PETER's paunch was not invited.

Yet though no meſſage waited on the BARD,
With compliments from Academic names,
The PRINCE of WALES receiv'd a civil card,
His Grace of ORLEANS too, and Duke FITZJAMES;
Count de LAUZUN, and Count CONFLAN,
A near relation to the man
In whoſe poor ſides old HAWKE once fix'd his claws,
Were welcom'd by the ACADEMIC LORDS,
Either by writing or by words,
To come and try the vigour of their jaws.

Unfortunately for the modeſt DUKES,
The nimble artiſts, all with greyhound looks,
Fell on the meat, with teeth prodigious able;
Seiz'd, of the Synagogue, the higheſt places,
And left the poor forlorn, their GALLIC GRACES,
To nibble at the *bottom* of the table!

There ſat, too, the ſweet ſimpering Lord CARMARTHEN,
As one of the *Canaille*, not worth a farthing!

But what can titles, virtues, at a feaſt,
Where glory waits upon the greateſt beaſt?

To ſee a ſtone-cutter and maſon
High mounted o'er fine men of quality,
By no means can our annals blazon
For feats of courtly hoſpitality.
I've heard, however, one or two were *tanners:*
Granted—it doth not much improve their manners.

They probably, in anſwer, may declare,
They thought the feaſt juſt like a hunt;
In which, as ſoon as ever ſtarts the hare,
Each Nimrod tries to be the firſt upon't:
As he's the greateſt, 'midſt the howling fuſs,
Who firſt can triumph o'er poor dying Puss.

PETERS* moſt juſtly rais'd his eyes of wonder,
And wanted decently to give them grace;
But bent on ven'ſon and on turbot-plunder,
A clattering peal of knives and forks took place:
Spoons, plates, and diſhes, rattling round the table,
Produc'd a new edition of old Babel.

They

* A clergyman, and one of the Academicians.

They had no ſtomach, o'er a grace, to nod,
Nor time enough to offer thanks to God:
That might be done, they wiſely knew,
When they had nothing elſe to *do*.

His Highness entering ſomewhat rather late,
Could ſcarcely find a knife, or fork, or plate:
But not one ſingle *maiden* diſh,
Poor gentleman! of fleſh or fiſh.

Moſt woefully the paſtry had been paw'd,
And trembling jellies barbarouſly claw'd:
In ſhort, my gentle readers to amaze,
His Highness pick'd the bones of the R. A.'s.

O Weltjie*, had thy lofty form been there,
And ſeen thy Prince ſo ſerv'd with ſcrap and ſlop,
Thou ſurely wouldſt have brought him better fare—
A warm beef-ſteak, perchance, or mutton chop.

Thou wouldſt have ſaid, "*De* Prince of Wales, *by* [*Got,*
"*Do too muſh honour to be to der feaſt*;
"*Vere he can't heb von beet of meat dat's hot*;
"*But treated vid de bones ſhuſt like a beaſt.*

* The Prince's German cook.

" *De* PRENCE, *he vas too great to ſheet and eat*
" *De bones and leaſings of de meat*;
" *And munſh vat dirty low-lif'd rogues refuſe*,
" *By Got! not ſit to vipe de* PRENCE'S *ſhoes*."

Great BESBOROUGH'S Earl, too, came off ſecond beſt;
His murmuring ſtomach had not half a feaſt;
  And therefore it was natural to mutter:
To rectify the fault, with joyleſs looks,
His Lordſhip bore his belly off to BROOKES,
  To fill the grumbler up with bread and butter.

Sirs! thoſe manœuvres were extremely coarſe;
  This really was the eſſence of ill breeding:
Not for your ſouls could you have treated worſe,
  Bum-bailiffs, by this dog-like mode of feeding.

Grant, you eclips'd a pack of hounds, with glee
  Purſuing, in full cry, the fainting game;
Surpaſs'd them, too, in gobbling down the prey;
  Still, great R. A.'s, I tell you, 'twas a ſhame:

Grant, each of you the wond'rous man excell'd,
  Who beat a butcher's dog in eating tripe;
And that each paunch with guttling was ſo ſwell'd,
  Not one bit more could paſs your ſwallow-pipe:

Grant,

Grant, that you dar'd ſuch ſtuffing feats diſplay,
That not a ſoul of you could walk away:
Still, 'midſt the triumphs of your gobbling fame,
I tell you, great R. A.'s, it was a ſhame.

Grant, you were greas'd up to the noſe and eyes,
Your cheeks all ſhining like a lantern's horn,
With tearing hams, and fowls, and gibblet pies,
And ducks, and geeſe, and pigeons newly born:
Though great, in your opinion, be your fame,
I tell you, great R. A.'s, it was a ſhame.

This, let me own—the candour-loving Muſe
Moſt willingly Sir JOSHUA can excuſe,
Who tries the nation's glory to increaſe;
Whoſe genius rare is very ſeldom nodding,
But deep on painting ſubjects plodding,
To rival Italy and Greece.

But pray, Sir WILLIAM *, what have *you* to ſay?
No ſuch impediment is in *your* way;
Genius can't hurt *your etiquette* attention;

* Sir W. Chambers.

And Meſſieurs TYLER, WILTON, and RIGAUD,
Have *you* a genius to impede you?—No!
Nor many a one beſides that I could mention.

This year (God willing) I ſhall viſit France,
And taſte of LOUIS, Grand Monarque! the prog:
His Grace of ORLEANS, ſo kind, perchance,
May aſk me to his houſe to pick a frog:
And yet, what right have *I* to viſit *there*?
Who ſee a Prince ſo vilely treated *here*.

Ye Royal Artiſts, at your future feaſts,
I fear you'll make their GRACES downright Daniels:
And as the PROPHET din'd amongſt wild beaſts,
The DUKES may join your pointers and your ſpaniels.

ODE III.

PETER giveth ſage advice to mercenary artiſts, and telleth a moſt delectable ſtory of a country bumpkin and a peripatetic razor-ſeller.

FORBEAR, my friends, to ſacrifice your fame
To ſordid gain, unleſs that you are ſtarving:
I own that hunger will indulgence claim
For hard ſtone heads and landſcape carving,

In order to make haſte to ſell and eat;
For there is certainly a charm in meat:
And in rebellious tones will ſtomachs ſpeak,
That have not taſted victuals for a week.

But yet there are a mercenary crew,
Who value fame no more than an old ſhoe;
Provided for their daubs they get a ſale;
Juſt like the man—but ſtay—I'll tell the tale.

A fellow in a market town,
Moſt muſical, cry'd razors up and down,

And offer'd twelve for eighteen-pence;
Which certainly feem'd wond'rous cheap,
And for the money, quite a heap,
As ev'ry man would buy, with cafh and fenfe.

A country Bumpkin the great offer heard:
Poor Hodge, who fuffer'd by a broad black beard,
That feem'd a fhoe-brufh ftuck beneath his nofe:
With cheerfulnefs the eighteen-pence he paid,
And proudly to himfelf, in whifpers, faid,
" This rafcal ftole the razors, I fuppofe."

" No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,
" Provided that the razors *fhave*;
" It certainly will be a monftrous prize."
So home the clown, with his good fortune, went,
Smiling in heart and foul content,
And quickly foap'd himfelf to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a difh or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
Juft like a hedger cutting furze:
'Twas a vile razor!—then the reft he try'd—
All were impoftors—" Ah!" Hodge figh'd,
" I wifh my eighteen-pence within my purfe."

In

In vain to chafe his beard, and bring the Graces,
He cut, and dug, and winc'd, and ftamp'd, and fwore;
Brought blood, and danc'd, blafphem'd, and made
wry faces,
And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er.

His muzzle, form'd of *oppofition* ftuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not lofe its ruff;
So kept it—laughing at the fteel and fuds:
Hodge, in a paffion, ftretch'd his angry jaws,
Vowing the direft vengeance, with clench'd claws,
On the vile CHEAT that fold the goods.
"Razors! a damn'd, confounded dog,
"Not fit to fcrape a hog!"

Hodge fought the fellow—found him, and begun:
"P'rhaps, Mafter Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,
"That people flay themfelves out of their lives:
"You rafcal! for an hour have I been grubbing,
"Giving my crying whifkers here a fcrubbing,
"With razors juft like oyfter-knives.
"Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,
"To cry up razors that can't *fhave*."

"Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I'm not a knave:
"As for the razors you have bought,
"Upon my ſoul I never thought
"That they would *ſhave*."

"Not think they'd *ſhave!*" quoth Hodge, with won-d'ring eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
"What were they made for then, you dog?" he cries.
"Made!" quoth the fellow, with a ſmile—"to *ſell*."

ODE IV.

PETER obſerveth the *Lex Talionis*.

WEST tells the world that PETER cannot *rhime:*
PETER declares point blank that WEST can't *paint*.
WEST ſwears I've not an atom of *ſublime:*
I ſwear he hath no notion of a *ſaint*;

And that his croſs-wing'd cherubims are fowls,
Baptiz'd by naturaliſts, *owls*;
Half of the meek apoſtles, gangs of robbers;
His angels, ſets of brazen-headed lubbers.

The

The Holy Scripture ſays, " All fleſh is graſs;"—
With Miſter West, all fleſh is brick and braſs,
Except his horſe-fleſh, that, I fairly own,
Is chiefly of the choiceſt Portland ſtone.

I've ſaid, too, that this artiſt's faces
Ne'er paid a viſit to the Graces:
  That on *Expreſſion*, he can never brag:
Yet for this article hath he been ſtudying;
But in it, never could ſurpaſs a pudding—
  No, gentle reader, nor a pudding *bag*.

I dare not ſay that Miſter West
  Cannot ſound criticiſm impart:
I'm told the man with *technicals* is bleſt,
  That he can talk a deal upon the art:
Yes, he can talk, I do not doubt it—
" About it, goddeſs, and about it!"

Thus, then, is Miſter West deſerving praiſe;
  And let my juſtice the fair laud afford;
For, lo! this far-fam'd artiſt cuts both ways,
  Exactly like the Angel Gabriel's ſword:

The

The beauties of the art, his *converſe* ſhows;
  His *canvas*, almoſt ev'ry thing that's bad!
Thus [illegible] th' Academy, we muſt ſuppoſe,
  A man more uſeful never could be had;
Who in himſelf, a hoſt, ſo much can do;
Who is both precept and example too.

O D E V.

Great advice is given to *gentlemen* authors—To Mr. WEBB and Mr. H. WALPOLE particularly—PETER ſhoweth wonderful knowledge in the art of painting—Animadverteth on the SQUIRE of STRAWBERRY HILL.

ASTRONOMERS ſhould treat of ſtars and comets;
Doctors, of *aſſafœtida* and vomits,
And apoplexies, thoſe light troops of Death,
That uſe no ceremony with our breath;
Ague and dropſy, jaundice and catarrh,
The grim-look tyrant's heavy horſe of war.

Farriers ſhould write on farcys and the glanders;
  Bug-doctors, only upon bed-diſorders;
Farmers, on land, ploughs, pigs, ducks, geeſe and ganders;
  Nightmen alone, on aromatic ordures:—

The

The artiſts ſhould on painting ſolely write;
Like David, then they may "good things indite."
But when the mob of *gentlemen*
Deſert their province, and take up the pen,
The Lord have mercy on the art!
Their crow-quills can no light impart.
This verſe be thine, Squire Webb*—it is thy due:
And Miſter HORACE WALPOLE†, what think *you*?

HORACE.

* Author of a Treatiſe on Painting, who ſeems to diſplay a greater parade of erudition than real knowledge in the art.

† A gentleman *once* reſpected in the literary world; an *amateur*, but by no means a *connoiſſeur* in painting, and a wholeſale dealer in flummery to PEOPLE OF WORSHIP. When Mr. H. Walpole penned his flattering advertiſement‡, he ſhould have conſidered that the province of an hiſtorian is impartial truth. Let us ſee how he has acquitted himſelf.—"Poſterity (writeth Mr. W.) appre-"ciates impartially the works of the dead. To poſterity he leaves "the continuation of theſe volumes; and recommends to the lovers "of arts the induſtry of Mr. Vertue, who preſerved notices of all "his contemporaries, as he had collected of paſt ages, and thence "gave birth to this work. In that ſupplement will not be for-"gotten the wonderful progreſs, in miniature, of Lady Lucan, "who has arrived at copying the moſt exquiſite works of Iſaac "and Peter Oliver, Hoſkins and Cooper, with a genius that "almoſt depreciates thoſe maſters, when we conſider that they "ſpent their lives in attaining perfection; and who, ſoaring "above their modeſt timidity, has transferred the vigour of "Raphael to her copies in water-colours. There will be re-"corded

‡ *Vide* Anecdotes of Painting, Vol. IV. Page xi.

HORACE, thou haſt ſome trifling taſte and ſenſe;
Then don't, of folly, be at ſuch expence;

Do

" corded the living etchings of Mr. H. Bunbury, the ſecond " Hogarth, the firſt imitator who ever fully equalled his origi- " nal; and who, like Hogarth, has more humour when he " invents, than when he illuſtrates—probably becauſe genius " can draw from the ſources of nature with more ſpirit than " from the ideas of another. Has any painter ever executed a " ſcene, a character of Shakeſpeare, that approached to the " prototype ſo near as Shakeſpeare himſelf attained to nature? " Yet is there a pencil in a living hand as capable of pronoun- " cing the paſſions as our unequalled poet; a pencil not only " inſpired by his inſight into nature, but by the graces and taſte " of Grecian artiſts. But it is not fair to excite the curioſity of " the public, when both the rank and baſhful merit of the poſ- " ſeſſor, and a too rare exertion of ſuperior talents, confine " the proofs to a narrow circle. Whoever has ſeen the draw- " ings, and bas-reliefs, deſigned and executed by Lady Diana " Beauclerc, is ſenſible that theſe imperfect encomiums are far " ſhort of the excellence of her works. Her portrait of the " Ducheſs of Devonſhire, in ſeveral hands, confirms the truth " of part of theſe aſſertions. The nymph-like ſimplicity of " the figure is equal to what a Grecian ſtatuary would have " formed for a dryad or goddeſs of a river. Bartolozzi's print " of her two daughters after the drawing of the ſame lady, is " another ſpecimen of her ſingular genius and taſte. The gay " and ſportive innocence of the younger daughter, and the " demure application of the elder, are as characteriſtically con- " traſted as Milton's Allegro and Penſeroſo. A third female " genius is Mrs. Damer, daughter of General Conway, in a " walk more difficult and far more uncommon than painting. " The annals of ſtatuary record few artiſts of the fair ſex, and " not one that I recollect of any celebrity. Mrs. Damer's buſts

" from

Do not to Lady LUCAN * pay ſuch court;
Her better knowledge will not thank thee for't.

Ah!

" from the life are not inferior to the antique; and theirs, we are " ſure, were not more like. Her ſhock dog, large as life, and " only not alive, has a looſeneſs and ſoftneſs in the curls that " ſeemed impoſſible to terra-cotta: it rivals the marble one of " Bernini in the royal collection. As the ancients have left us " but five animals of equal merit with their human figures, " namely, the Barberini goat, the Tuſcan boar, the Mattei " eagle, the eagle of Strawberry Hill, and Mr. Jenning's, now " Mr. Duncombe's, dog, the talent of Mrs. Damer muſt appear " in the moſt diſtinguiſhed light. Aided by ſome inſtructions " from that maſterly ſtatuary Mr. Bacon, ſhe has attempted and " executed a buſt in marble. Ceracchi, from whom firſt ſhe " received four or five leſſons, has given a whole figure of her " as the Muſe of ſculpture, in which he has happily preſerved " the graceful lightneſs of her form and air."—*Such* is the praiſe! and *ſuch* the *objects* of it!

But we have another crow to pull with Mr. W. (I beg his pardon, the EARL OF ORFORD) before we part. Speaking of VANDYKE's marriage to a daughter of LORD GOWRY, he thus expreſſes himſelf: " Towards the end of his (VANDYKE's) life, " the King beſtowed on him for a wife, MARY, the daughter " of the unfortunate Lord GOWRY, which, if meaned as a " ſignal honour, might be calculated too to *depreſs* the diſgraced " family, by *connecting them with the blood of a painter.*"

Such is the liberal ſpirit of the hiſtorian of Strawberry Hill! *ſuch* is the reflection from the pen of a man who *pretends* to almoſt an adoration for the Michael Angelos, the Raphaelles, the Corregios, the Titians, the Reynoldſes: a reflection that dares mention the *vanity* of *title*, and the DIVINITY of GENIUS, in the ſame ſentence; the trumpery preſent of *Kings*, and the greateſt gift of the ALMIGHTY!

* A lady of ſome ingenuity in the miniature department.

Ah! don't endeavour thus to dupe her,
By ſwearing that ſhe equals COOPER.*

So groſs the flattery, faith! it ſeems to ſhow
That verily thou doſt not know
The pow'rs requir'd for copying a *picture*,
And thoſe for copying *Dame Nature*,
Alas! a much more arduous matter!
So don't expoſe thyſelf, but mind my ſtricture.

Thou'lt ſay it was mere compliment;
That nothing elſe was thy intent,
Although it might diſgrace a boy at ſchool:
I grant the fact, and think that no man
Says or writes ſillier things to woman;
But ſtill 'tis making each of you a fool.

Yet, HORACE, think not that I write
Through ſpite;
Think not I read thy works with jealous pain;
Lord, no! although no favourite with *me*,
Thou mayſt be *ſomething* of a *bel eſprit*:
Let me not *damn* the windmill of thy brain;
It is a pretty and ingenious mill,
Juſt fit to grind for *folk* round Strawb'rry Hill!

ODE

* A famous miniature-painter in the time of Cromwell.

ODE VI.

PETER ſtill continueth to give great advice, and to exhibit deep reflection.—He telleth a miraculous ſtory.

THERE is a *knack* in doing many a thing,
Which *labour* cannot to perfection bring:
Thereſore, however great in your own eyes,
Pray do not hints from other ſolks, deſpiſe:

A *fool* on ſomething great, at times, may ſtumble,
And conſequently be a good adviſer;
On which, for ever, your *wiſe men* may fumble,
And never be a whit the wiſer.

Yes! I adviſe you, for there's wiſdom in't,
Never to riſe ſuperior to a hint:
The genius of each man, with keenneſs view;
A *ſpark*, from this or that man, caught,
May kindle, quick as thought,
A glorious *bonfire* up, in *you*.

A queſtion of you, let me beg—
Of fam'd Columbus and his egg,
Pray, have you heard?—" Yes."—Oh, then if you *pleaſe*,
I'll give you the two Pilgrims and the Peas.

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

A TRUE STORY.

A BRACE of ſinners, for no *good*,
Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's ſhrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt in wax, ſtone, wood,
And, in a curl'd white wig, look'd wond'rous fine.

Fifty long miles had thoſe ſad rogues to travel,
With ſomething in their ſhoes much worſe than gravel;
In ſhort, their toes, ſo gentle, to amuſe,
The prieſt had order'd peas into their ſhoes:

A *noſtrum* famous in old Popiſh times
For purifying ſouls that ſtunk with crimes;
A ſort of apoſtolic ſalt,
That Popiſh parſons for its powers exalt
For keeping ſouls of ſinners ſweet,
Juſt as our kitchen ſalt keeps meat.

The

The knaves ſet off on the ſame day,
Peas in their ſhoes, to go and pray;
But very diff'rent was their ſpeed, I wot:
One of the ſinners gallop'd on,
Light as a bullet from a gun;
The other limp'd as if he had been ſhot.

One ſaw the Virgin ſoon—*peccavi* cry'd—
Had his ſoul whitewaſh'd all ſo clever;
Then home again he nimbly hied;
Made fit, with ſaints above, to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me ſay,
He met his brother rogue, about half way;
Hobbling with outſtretch'd bum and bending knees;
Damning the ſouls and bodies of the peas;
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in ſweat,
Deep ſympathizing with his groaning feet.

"How now!" the light-toed, whitewaſh'd pilgrim
"You lazy lubber!"— [broke—
"Ods curſe it!" cried the other, "'tis no *joke*—
"My feet, once hard as any rock,
"Are now as ſoft as *blubber*.

"Excuſe me, Virgin Mary, that I ſwear;
"As for Loretto, I ſhall not get there:
"No! to the Dev'l my ſinful ſoul muſt go;
"For damme if I ha'n't loſt ev'ry toe.

"But, brother ſinner, do explain
"How 'tis that you are not in pain;
"What Pow'r hath work'd a wonder for *your* toes:
"Whilſt *I*, juſt like a ſnail, am crawling,
"Now ſwearing, now on Saints devoutly bawling,
"Whilſt not a raſcal comes to eaſe my woes?

"How is't that *you* can like a greyhound *go*,
"Merry, as if that nought had happen'd, burn ye!"
"Why," cry'd the other, grinning, "you muſt know,
"That juſt before I ventur'd on my journey,
"To walk a little more at eaſe,
"I took the liberty to boil *my* peas."

ODE

ODE VII.

PETER grinneth delicioufly at the blind idolatry of the prefent age for the ancient mafters; and alfo at the illiberality of artifts of the prefent day, towards each other.

YOUNG men, be cautious of each critic word
That, blafphemous, may much offence afford;
I mean, that wounds an *ancient* mafter's fame:
At Titian, Guido, Julio, Veronefe,
Your length'ning phiz let admiration feize,
And throw up both your eyes at Raphael's name.

Ev'n by a print-fhop fhould you chance to pafs,
Adore their effigy infide the glafs:
Juft as, with Papifts, the religious care is,
In churches, lanes, to bend their marrowbones
To bees-wax faints, bons-dieux of ftones,
And beech, or deal, or wainfcot Virgin Marys.

Whate'er their errors, they no more remain;
For TIME, like fullers' earth, takes out each ftain;
Nay more—on faults that *modern works* would *tarnifh*,
TIME fpreads a facred coat of varnifh.

Spare not on brother artifts' backs, the lafh;
Put a good wire in't—let it *flafh*;
  Since ev'ry ftroke with int'reft is repaid:
For, though ye cannot kill the *man* outright,
Yet, by this effort of your rival fpite,
  Fifty to one if ye don't fpoil his *trade*.
His ruins may be feathers for your neft:—
The maxim's not amifs—*probatum eft*.

ODE VIII.

The Poet inquireth into the ftate of the EXHIBITION—Lafheth Father TIME for *making* great geniuses, and *deftroying* them—Praifeth REYNOLDS—Fancieth a very curious dialogue between King ALEXANDER and the Deer, the fubject of Mr. WEST's picture—Turneth to Mr. WEST's Refurrection.

WELL, Mufe! what is there in the Exhibition?
  How thrive the beauties of the graphic art?
Whofe racing genius feems in beft condition
  For GLORY's plate to ftart?

Say

Say what ſly rogues old Fame cajole?
Speak, who hath brib'd her trumpet, or who ſtole?
For much is prais'd that ought in fires to mourn;
Nay, what would ev'n diſgrace a fire to *burn*.

What artiſt boaſts a work ſublime,
That mocks the teeth of raging TIME?
Old fool! who, after he hath form'd with pains
A genius rare,
To make folks ſtare,
Knocks out his brains:
Like children, dolls creating with high brags;
Then tearing all their handy-works to rags.

LO! REYNOLDS ſhines with undiminiſh'd ray!
Keeps, like the bird of Jove, his diſtant way:
Yet, ſimple portrait ſtrikes too oft our eyes;
Whilſt HIST'RY, anxious for his pencil, ſighs.

We don't deſire to ſee on canvas live,
The *copy* of a jowl of lead;
When for th' *original* we would not give
A ſmall pin's head.

This year, of picture, Miſter West
  Is quite a Patagonian maker:
He knows that *bulk* is not a *jeſt*;
  So gives us painting by the *acre*.

But ah! this Artist's bruſh can never brag
Upon King Alexander and the Stag;
  For, as they play'd at loggerheads a rubber,
We ſurely ought to ſee a handſome battle
Between the Monarch and the Piece of Cattle;
  Whereas each keeps his diſtance, like a lubber.

His Majesty, upon his breech laid low,
Seems *preaching* to his horned foe;
Obſerving what a very wicked thing,
To hurt the ſacred perſon of a King:

And ſeems, about his buſineſs, to intreat him
To *march*, for fear the hounds ſhould *eat him*.
The Stag appears to ſay, in plaintive note,
  "I own, King Alexander, my offence:
  "True! I've not ſhew'd my loyalty, nor ſenſe;
"So bid your huntſman come and cut my throat."

The

The cavalry, adorn'd with fair ſtone bodies,
Seem on the dialogue with wonder ſtaring;
And on their flinty backs, a ſet of noddies,
Not one braſs farthing for their MASTER caring.

Behold! *one* fellow lifts his mighty ſpear
To ſave the owner of the Scottiſh crown;
Which, harmleſs hanging o'er the gaping deer,
Seems in no mighty hurry to come down.

Another, on a pegaſus, comes flying!
His phiz, his errand much belying;
For if he means to *baſte* the beaſt ſo cruel,
God knows, 'tis with a face of water-gruel.

So then, ſweet Muſe, the picture boaſts no merit—
As flat as diſh-water, or dead ſmall-beer—
Or, what the mark is tolerably near,
As heads of aldermen, devoid of ſpirit.

Well then! turn round—view t'other ſide the room,
And ſee his SAVIOUR mounting from the tomb:
Is *this* piece, too, with painting ſins ſo cramm'd,
Born to increaſe the number of the *damn'd?*

My

My ſentiments by no means I refuſe—
  Was our REDEEMER like that *wretched thing?*
I do not wonder that the cunning JEWS
  Scorn'd to acknowledge him for KING!

ODE IX.

PETER moraliſeth, and giveth good advice.

ENVY and JEALOUSY, that pair of devils,
Stuff'd like PANDORA's box with wond'rous evils,
I hate, abhor, abominate, deteſt:
Like CIRCE, turning man into a beaſt.

Beneath their cankering breath no bud can blow;
  Their black'ning pow'r reſembles ſmut in corn,
  Which kills the riſing ears that ſhould *adorn*,
And bid the vales with golden plenty glow.

Yet, fierce in yonder dome each demon reigns;
Their poiſon-ſwells too many an artiſt's veins;
Draws from each labouring heart the fearful ſigh,
And caſts a ſullen gloom on ev'ry eye.

BRUSHMEN! accept the counſel PETER ſends,
Who ſcorns th' acquaintance of this brace of fiends:
  Should any, with uncommon talents, tow'r;
To any, is ſuperior ſcience given;
  Oh, let the weaker feel their happier pow'r,
Like plants that triumph in the dews of Heav'n!

Be pleas'd, like REYNOLDS, to direct the blind;
  Who aids the feeble fault'ring feet of youth;
Unfolds the ample volume of his mind,
  With genius ſtor'd, and NATURE's ſimple truth:

Who, though a SUN, reſembles not his *brother*;
  Whoſe beams ſo full of jealouſy conſpire,
Whene'er admitted to the room, to ſmother
  The humble kitchen, or the parlour fire.

ODE X.

Peter ſpeaketh *figuratively*—Accommodateth himſelf to *vulgar* readers—Laſheth *pretenders* to fame—Concludeth merrily.

A *MODEST* love of praiſe I do not blame;
But I abhor a *rape* on Miſtreſs Fame.
Although the Lady is exceeding chaſte,
Young forward bullies ſeize her round the waiſt;

Swear, *nolens volens*, that ſhe ſhall be kiſs'd;
And though ſhe vows ſhe does not like 'em,
Nay, threatens, for their impudence, to ſtrike' em,
The ſaucy raſcals ſtill perſiſt.

Reader! of images, here's no confuſion;
Thou therefore underſtand'ſt the Bard's alluſion:
But poſſibly thou haſt a thickiſh head;
And therefore no vaſt quantity of brain:
Why then, my precious Pig of Lead,
'Tis neceſſary to explain.

Some artiſts, if I ſo may call 'em,
So ignorant (the foul fiend maul 'em!)

Mere driv'lers in the charming art,
Are vaſtly fond of being prais'd;
Wiſh to the ſtars, like Blanchard, to be rais'd:
And rais'd they ſhould be, reader—from a *cart*.

If diſappointed in ſome STENTOR's tongue,
Upon *themſelves* they pour forth proſe or ſong;
Or *buy* it in ſome venal paper,
And then heroically vapour.

What prigs to immortality aſpire,
Who ſtick their traſh around the room!
Traſh meriting a very diff'rent doom—
I mean the warmer regions of the fire!

Heav'n knows, that I am anger'd to the ſoul,
To find ſome blockheads of their works ſo vain;
So proud to ſee them hanging cheek by jowl
With *his*,* whoſe pow'rs the Art's high fame ſuſtain.

To wond'rous merit their pretenſion,
On ſuch *vicinity ſuſpenſion*,
Brings to my mind a not unpleaſant ſtory,
Which, gentle readers, let me lay before ye:

A ſhabby

* The Preſident.

A ſhabby fellow chanc'd, one day, to meet
The Britiſh Roscius in the ſtreet,
GARRICK, on whom our nation juſtly brags;
The fellow hugg'd him with a kind embrace:
"Good Sir, I do not recollect your face,"
Quoth Garrick—"No!" replied the man of rags.—

"The boards of Drury you and I have trod
"Full many a time together, I am ſure."—
"When?" with an oath, cry'd GARRICK—"for by G—
"I never ſaw that face of yours before!
"What characters, I pray,
"Did *you* and *I* together play?"

"Lord!" quoth the fellow, "think not that I mock:
"When *you* play'd HAMLET, Sir, *I* play'd the COCK.*"

ODE

* In the Ghoſt Scene.

ODE XI.

PETER talketh *fenfibly* and *knowingly*—Recommendeth it to ARTISTS to prefer pictures for their MERIT. Difcovereth mufical knowledge, and fhoweth, that he not only hath kept company with Fid-*lers*, but Fiddle-*makers*—He fatirizeth the *Pfeudo*-Cognofcenti—Praifeth his ingenious neighbour, Sir JOSHUA.

BE not impos'd on by a name;
 But bid your eye the picture's *merit* trace:
POUSSIN at times in outline may be lame,
 And GUIDO's angels deftitute of grace.

Yet lo! a picture of fome famous fchool:
 A warranted old daub of reputation,
Where charming PAINTING's almoft ev'ry rule
 Hath fuffer'd almoft ev'ry violation,
Oft hath been gaz'd at, by devouring eyes,
Where NATURE, banifh'd from the picture, fighs:

So fome old DUCHESS, as a badger gray,
Her fnags by TIME, fure DENTIST, fnatch'd away,
 With long, lank, flannel cheeks;
Where AGE, in ev'ry wrinkled feature,
Unto the poor, weak, fhaking creature,
 Of death, unwelcome tidings fpeaks;

Draws

Draws from the gaping mob the envying look,
Becaufe her hufband chanc'd to be a DUKE.

How many pafteboard rocks, and iron feas;
  How many torrents wild, of ftill ftone water;
How many brooms, and broomfticks meant for trees,
  Becaufe the fancy'd labours of SALVATOR,*
Whofe pencil, too, moft grofsly may have blunder'd;
Have brought the bleft poffeffor many a hundred?

Thus prove a *crowd*, a STAINER,† or AMATI;‡
  No matter for the fiddle's *found*;
The fortunate POSSESSOR fhall not bate ye
  A doit, of fifty, nay a hundred pound:
And though what's vulgarly baptiz'd a *rep*,
Shall in a hundred pounds be deem'd dog cheap.

It tickles one exceffively to hear
  Wife prating pedants the old mafters praife;
Damning by wholefale, with farcaftic fneer,
  The *wretched* works of modern days;
Making at *living* wights fuch fatal pufhes,
As though not good enough to wipe their brufhes.

And

* Salvator Rofa.   † A German Fiddle-maker.

‡ A maker of fiddles, called Cremonas.

And yet on each wiſe *cognoſcenté* aſs,
Who ſhall for hours on paint and ſculpture din ye,
A perſon, with facility, may paſs
RIGAUD for RAPHAEL—BACON for BERNINI;
Or, *little* as an OVEN to VESUVIUS,
WILL TYLER for PALLADIO or VITRUVIUS!

One would imagine, by the madd'ning fools
Who talk of nothing but the *ancient* ſchools,
And vilify the works of *modern* brains,
They think poor Mother NATURE's art is fled,
That now ſhe cannot make a head,
Who took with old Italian nobs ſuch pains;
Nay, turn'd a *driv'ler*, that her pow'r ſo ſunk is,
Tame ſoul! ſhe nothing now can make but *monkeys*.

" Look at your fav'rite REYNOLDS," is their ſtrain;
" Allow'd by all, the *firſt* in EUROPE's eye;
" One atom of repute can REYNOLDS gain,
" When TITIAN, RUBENS, and VANDYKE, are nigh?
" Say, what can REYNOLDS near CORREGIO's line?"
Blinckards, permit me to inform ye—*ſhine!*

ODE XII.

PETER increaseth in wisdom, and adviseth wisely—Seemeth angry at the illiberality of Nature in the affair of his good acquaintance the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR of ENGLAND, and Mr. PEPPER ARDEN—PETER treateth his readers with love-verses of past times.

COPY not NATURE's form *too closely*,
Whene'er she treats th' *original* too grossly:
For when she gives deformity for *grace*,
Pray have a little mercy on the face.
Indeed 'twould be but charity to flatter
Some dreadful works of seeming drunken Nature.

As for example: Let us now suppose
THURLOW's black scowl, and PEPPER ARDEN's nose:
But when your pencil's powers are bid to trace
The smiles of DEVONSHIRE—DUNCANNON's grace;
To bid the blush of beauteous *CAMPBELL rise,
And wake the radiance of AUGUSTA's† eyes,
(Gad! Muse, thou art beginning to grow *loyal*)
And paint the graces of the PRINCESS ROYAL;

Try

* Lady Charlotte.

† Second daughter of the King.

Try all your art—and when your toils are done,
You ſhow a flimſy meteor for a Sun.

Or ſhould your ſkill attempt *her* face and air,
  Who fir'd my heart, and fix'd my roving eye,
The LOVES, who robb'd a world to make her fair,
  Would quickly triumph, and your art defy.

Sweet NYMPH!—but, reader, take the ſong
  Which CYNTHIA's charms alone, inſpir'd;
That left of yore the poet's tongue,
  When LOVE his raptur'd fancy fir'd.

SONG.

FROM *her*, alas! whoſe ſmile was love,
  I wander to ſome lonely cell:
My ſighs too weak the maid to move,
  I bid the flatterer HOPE, farewell.

Be all her Siren arts forgot,
  That fill'd my boſom with alarms:
Ah! let her crime, a little ſpot,
  Be loſt amidſt a *world* of charms.

As on I wander ſlow, my ſighs
  At ev'ry ſtep for CYNTHIA mourn:
My anxious heart within me dies,
  And ſinking, whiſpers, "Oh! return."

Deluded heart! thy folly know,
  Nor fondly nurſe the fatal flame:
By *abſence* thou ſhall loſe thy woe;
  And only *flutter* at her name.

Readers! I own the ſong of love is ſweet;
  Moſt pleaſing to the ſoul of gentle PETER:
Your eyes, then, with *another* let me treat,
  Yes, gentle Sirs, and in the ſame ſweet metre.

SONG TO DELIA.

SAY, lonely MAID, with down-caſt eye,
  O DELIA! ſay, with cheeks ſo pale,
What gives thy heart the lengthen'd ſigh,
  That tells the world a mournful tale?

Thy

Thy tears that thus each other chafe,
  Befpeak a bofom fwell'd with woe;
Thy fighs, a ftorm that wrecks thy peace,
  Which fouls like thine fhould never know.

O tell me, doth fome favour'd youth,
  With virtue tir'd, thy beauty flight;
And leave thofe thrones of love and truth,
  That lip, and bofom of delight?

Perhaps to nymphs of other fhades,
  He feigns the foft, im affion'd tear;
With fighs their eafy faith invades,
  That treach'rous won *thy* witlefs ear.

Let not *thofe* MAIDS thy envy move,
  For whom his heart may feem to pine;
That HEART will ne'er be bleft by love,
  Whofe guilt could force a pang from *thine*.

ODE XIII.

Pious PETER acknowledgeth great obligations to the Reverend Mifter MARTIN LUTHER—Yet lamenteth the effects of this PARSON's reformation on Painting.

WE PROTESTANTS owe much to MARTIN LUTHER,
Who found to Heav'n a fhorter way and fmoother;
And fhall not foon repay the obligation:
MARTIN againft the Papifts got the laugh;
WHO, as the butchers bleed and bang a calf
To whitenefs—bled and bang'd unto *falvation:*

As if fuch drubbings could expel their fins;
As if that POW'R, whofe works with awe we view,
Grac'd all our backs with fets of comely fkins,
Then order'd us to beat them black and blue.

Well then! we muft confefs for certain,
That much we owe to brother MARTIN,
Who alter'd, for the better, our religion:
Yet, by it, glorious PAINTING much did lofe;
Was pluck'd, poor GODDESS! like a goofe;
Or, for the rhyme-fake, like a pigeon.

Ma

Mad at the Whore of Babylon, and Bull,
Down from the churches men began to pull
Pictures, that long had held a lofty ſtation;
Pictures of Saints, of pious reputation,
For curing, by a miracle, the ills
That now ſo ſtubborn yield not to devotions,
But unto bliſters, boluſes, and potions,
That make ſuch handſome 'pothecaries bills.

Down tumbled Anthony who preach'd to Sprats;
And He * who held diſcourſes with a Hog,
That, grunting, after him ſo us'd to jog,
Came down by favour of long ſticks and bats.

The Saints who grinn'd on ſpits, like ven'ſon roaſting;
Broiling on gridir'ns; baking in an oven;
Or on a fork, like cheeſe of Cheſhire, toaſting;
Or kick'd to death, by Satan's hoof ſo cloven;
All humbled to the ground were forc'd to fall,
Spits, forks, and gridir'ns, ovens, dev'l and all.

Ev'n Saints of poor Old England's breeding,
In wonders, many foreign ones, exceeding,

* Commonly known by the name of Pig Anthony.

Our hot REFORMERS did as roughly handle:
In troth, poor harmleſs ſouls! they met no quarter,
But down were tumbled, MIRACLE and MARTYR;
Put up in lots, and ſold by inch of candle.

Had we been Papiſts—Lord! we ſtill had ſeen
Devils and Devils mates, young pimping liars
Tempting the bluſhing NUNS of frail fifteen,
With gangs of ogling, roſy, wanton FRIARS:
Which NUNS, ſo pure, no love-ſpeech could cajole;
Who *ſtarv'd* the body, to *preſerve* the ſoul.

Then had we ſeen St. DENNIS with his head
Freſh in his hand, and, with affection, kiſſing;
As if the nob, that from his ſhoulders fled,
By knife or broad-ſword, never had been miſſing:
Then had we ſeen, upon their friendly coating,
SAINTS on the waves, like gulls and wigeons, floating.

I've ſeen a SAINT on board a ſhip,
To whom, for a fair wind, the Papiſts pray,
Well flogg'd from ſtem to ſtern, by birch and whip,
Poor wooden fellow! twenty times a day:

Pull'd

Pull'd by the noſe, and kick'd—call'd lubber, owl,
To make him turn a wind, to fair from ſoul!
And oft theſe things have brought a proſp'rous gale,
When pray'rs and curſes have been found to fail.
This, had we Papiſts been, had grac'd our churches,
Saints, ſeamen, noſe-pulling, kicks, whips, and birches.

ODE XIV.

PETER attacketh the R. A.'s.

YE ROYAL SIRS, before I bid adieu,
Let me inform you, *ſome* deſerve my praiſe:
But truſt me, gentle 'Squires, ye are but few
Whoſe names would not diſgrace my lays;
You'll ſay, with grinning, ſharp, ſarcaſtic face,
"We muſt be *bad indeed*, if that's the caſe."
Why, if the truth I muſt declare,
So, gentle 'ſquires, you really are!

I'm greatly pleas'd, I muſt allow,
To ſee the *foreigners* beat *hollow*;
Who ſtole into that dome the Lord knows how;
(I hope to God no more will follow):

Who,

Who, curs'd with a poor sniv'ling spirit,
Were never known to vote for *merit*:—

Poor narrow-minded imps,
Hanging together just like shrimps.
I own, (so little they have merited)
That from yon noble dome,
Made almost an Italian and French home,
I long to see the vermin ferreted.

Yet where's the house, however watch'd by cats,
That can get rid of all its rats?
Or, if a prettier simile may please,
Where is the bed that hath not fleas?
Or if a *prettier still*—what London rugs
Have not at times been visited by *bugs?*

ODE XV.

PETER taketh leave—Diſplayeth wonderful learning—Seemeth ſorry to part with his Readers—Adminiſtereth crumbs of comfort.

MY deareſt readers! 'tis with grief I tell,
That now, for ever, I muſt bid farewell!

Glad, if an Ode of mine, with grins, can treat ye,
Valete:
And if you like the Lyric PETER's *oddity*,
Plaudite.
Rich as a Jew am I in *Latian lore*—
So, claſſic readers, take a ſentence more:
Pulchrum eſt monſtrari digito, et dicier hic eſt!
Says JUVENAL, who lov'd a bit of fame:
In Engliſh—Ah! 'tis ſweet among the thickeſt
To be found out, and pointed at by *name.*

To hear the *ſhrinking* GREAT exclaim, "That's PETER,
" Who makes much immortality by *metre*;
" Who nobly dares indulge the tuneful whim,
" And cares no more for KINGS than KINGS for *him!*"

Yet one word more before we part:
Should any take it grievoufly to heart;
Look melancholy, pale, and wan, and thin,
Like a poor pullet that hath eat a pin;
Put on a poor defponding face, and pine,
Becaufe that PETER the *Divine*
Refolves to give up Painting Odes:
By all the rhyming Goddeffes and Gods,
I here, upon a poet's word, proteft,
That if it is the world's requeft
That I again in Lyrics fhould appear;
Lo! rather than be guilty of the fin
Of lofing GEORGE the THIRD *one* SUBJECT'S *fkin,*
My LYRIC BAGPIPE fhall be tun'd *next year.*

THE

L O U S I A D.

AN

HEROI-COMIC POEM.

CANTO I.

Prima Syracosio dignata est ludere versu
Nostra, nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia;
Cum canerem reges et prælia, Cynthius aurem
Vellit et admonuit——— VIRGIL.

I, who so lately in my Lyric lays
Sung to the praise and glory of R. A.'s;
And sweetly tun'd to Love the melting line,
With OVID's art, and SAPPHO's warmth divine;
Said, (nobly daring!) "MUSE, exalt thy wings,
"LOVE and the SONS OF CANVAS quit for KINGS."
APOLLO, laughing at my powers of song,
Cry'd "PETER PINDAR, prithee hold thy tongue."
But I, like Poets, self-sufficient grown,
Reply'd, "APOLLO, prithee hold thy *own*."

TO THE READER.

GENTLE READER,

IT is neceſſary to inform thee, that His Majeſty actually diſcovered, ſome time ago, as he ſat at table, a LOUSE on his plate. The emotion occaſioned by the unexpected appearance of *ſuch* a gueſt can be better imagined than deſcribed.

An edict was, in conſequence, paſſed for ſhaving the Cooks, Scullions, &c. and the unfortunate LOUSE condemned to die.

Such is the foundation of the LOUSIAD.—With what degree of merit the Poem is executed, the *un*critical as well as critical Reader will decide.

The ingenious AUTHOR, who ought to be allowed to know ſomewhat of the matter, hath been heard privately to declare, that, in *his* opinion, the Batrachomyomachia of Homer, the Secchia Rapita of Taſſoni, the Lutrin of Boileau, the Diſpenſary of Garth, and the Rape of the Lock of Pope, are not to be compared to it; and to exclaim at the ſame time, with all the modeſt aſſurance of an author—

Cedite, ſcriptores Romani; cedite, Graii—
Nil ortum in terris, *Louſiadâ*, melius.

Which, for the ſake of the mere Engliſh Reader, is thus beautifully tranſlated:

Roman and Grecian Authors, great and ſmall,
The Author of the LOUSIAD beats you all.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Proëmium—Deſcription of the LOUSE's Fall—Hiſtory of his Wife and Family—A wonderfully ſublime Simile of a Cow—Diſcovery of the LOUSE by His Majeſty—The King's Horror and Aſtoniſhment on ſeeing him—equal to that he felt at Mr. FOX's Attempt on Prerogative—at Mr. BURKE's dreadful Defalcation of the Royal Table—equal to that his Majeſty felt in a Tumble from his Horſe—equal to the Horrors of diſappointed Veniſon Eaters—of a Serjeant at Law—of a Country Girl—of a Petit-Maître ſaluted by a Chimney-ſweeper—of the Devil when pinched by St. DUNSTAN's red-hot tongs—of Lady WORSLEY—of SAM HOUSE the Patriot—of BILLY RAMUS—of KYNASTON, the 'Squire of *Leatherhead*—of the perjured CHRISTOPHER ATKINSON—of the Prince of ASTURIAS—of the King of SPAIN—of Dr. JOHNSON, and Dr. WILSON—Deſcription of His Majeſty's Heart—moſt naturally and wittily compared to a Dumpling—His Majeſty's Speech to the Queen—Her Majeſty's moſt gracious and ſhort Anſwer—The ſhort Speech of the beautiful Princeſſes—His Majeſty's rough Rejoinder—The Fear that came on the Queen and her Children—beautiful Apoſtrophe to the Princeſſes—The King's Speech to the Pages—The King unable to eat—The Queen able—The King's Orders about the LOUSE—Deſcription of DIXON the Cook Major—his Speech—A Speech of the Cooks—Fine Simile of Bubble and Squeak; thought more ſublime than that of HOMER's Black Pudding—Speech of a Scullion—of a Scullion's Mate—of a Turnbroche—Noble Compariſon of a Tartar Monarch after he hath dined—A long and wiſe Speech of a Yeoman of the Kitchen—The Cook's Approbation of the Yeoman's Speech—Grand Simile of a Barn and its Lodgers ſet on fire by Lightning—The concluding Speech of the Cook Major.

THE

LOUSIAD.

CANTO THE FIRST.

THE LOUSE I ſing, who, from ſome head unknown,
Yet born and educated near a throne,
Dropp'd down—(ſo will'd the dread decree of Fate!)
With legs wide ſprawling on the Monarch's plate:
Far from the raptures of a wife's embrace;
Far from the gambols of a tender race,
Whoſe little feet he taught with care to tread
Amidſt the wide dominions of the head;
Led them to daily food with fond delight,
And taught the tiny wand'rers where to bite;
To hide, to run, advance, or turn their tails,
When hoſtile combs attack'd, or vengeful nails:
Far from thoſe pleaſing ſcenes ordain'd to roam,
Like wiſe Ulyſſes, from his native home;

Yet, like that ſage, though forc'd to roam and mourn,
Like him, alas! not fated to return;
Who, full of rags and glory, ſaw his boy *
And wife † again, and dog ‡ that dy'd for joy,
Down dropp'd the luckleſs LOUSE, with fear appall'd,
And wept his wife and children as he ſprawl'd.
Thus, on a promontory's miſty brow,
The POET's eye, with ſorrow, ſaw a cow
Take leave abrupt of bullocks, goats, and ſheep,
By tumbling headlong down the dizzy ſteep;
No more to reign a queen amongſt the cattle,
And urge her rival beaus, the bulls, to battle;
She fell §, rememb'ring ev'ry roaring lover,
With all her wild *courants* in fields of clover.
Now on his legs, amidſt a thouſand woes,
The LOUSE, with judge-like gravity, aroſe:
He wanted not a motive to entreat him,
Beſide the horror that the King might eat him:
The dread of gaſping on the fatal fork,
Stuck with a piece of mutton, beef, or pork,
Or drowning 'midſt the ſauce in diſmal dumps,
Was full enough to make him ſtir his ſtumps.

Vain

* Telemachus. † Penelope.

‡ Argus, for whoſe hiſtory, ſee the Odyſſey.

§ —— moriens dulces reminiſcitur Argos. VIRG.

Vain hope of ſtealing unperceiv'd away!
He might as well have tarried where he lay.
Seen was the LOUSE, as with the Royal brood
Our hungry King amus'd himſelf with food;
Which proves (though ſcarce believ'd by one in ten)
That Kings have appetites like common men;
And that, like London Aldermen and Mayor,
Kings feed on ſolids leſs refin'd than air.
Paint, heav'nly Muſe, the look, the *very* look,
That of the Sov'reign's face poſſeſſion took
When firſt he ſaw the LOUSE, in ſolemn ſtate,
Grave as a Spaniard, march acroſs the plate!
Yet, could a LOUSE a Britiſh King ſurpriſe,
And like a pair of ſaucers ſtretch his eyes?
The little tenant of a mortal head,
Shake the great RULER of three realms with dread?
Good Lord! (as ſomebody ſublimely ſings)
What great effects ariſe from little things!
As many a loving ſwain and nymph can tell,
Who, following Nature's law, have lov'd too well!

Not with more horror did his eyes behold
Charles Fox, that cunning enemy of old,
When Triumph hung upon his plotting brains,
And dear PREROGATIVE was juſt in chains:

Not with more horror did his eye-balls work
Convulſive on the patriotic Burke,
When guilty of economy, the crime!
Edmund wide wander'd from the *true ſublime*,
And, cat-like, watchful of the fleſh and fiſh,
Cribb'd from the Royal table many a diſh;
Saw ev'ry ſlice of bread and butter cut,
Each apple told, and number'd ev'ry nut;
And gaug'd (compos'd upon no ſneaking ſcale)
The Monarch's belly like a caſk of ale;
Convinc'd that, in his ſcheme of ſtate-ſalvation,
To ſtarve * the Palace, was to ſave the Nation:
Not more aghaſt he look'd, when, 'midſt the courſe,
He tumbled, in a ſtag-chaſe, from his horſe,
Where all the Nobles deem'd their Monarch dead;
But luckily he pitch'd upon his head.

Not Venison Eaters at the vaniſh'd fat,
With ſtomachs wider than a Quaker's hat:

Not

* His Majeſty was really reduced ſome time ſince to a moſt mortifying dilemma. The apples at dinner time having been, by a too great liberality to the Royal children, expended; the King ordered a ſupply, but was informed that the Board of Green Cloth would poſitively allow no more. Enraged at the unexpected and unroyal diſappointment, he furiouſly put his hand into his pocket, took out ſixpence, ſent a Page for two-penny-worth of pippins, and received the change.

Not with more horror Mifter Serjeant PLIANT
Looks down upon an empty-handed client:
Not with more horror ftares the rural Maid,
By hopes, by fortunetellers, dreams, betray'd,
Who fees her ticket a dire blank arife,
Too fondly thought the twenty-thoufand prize,
With which the fimple damfel meant, no doubt,
To blefs her faithful fav'rite, Colin Clout.

Not with more horror ftares each lengthen'd feature,
Of fome fine, fluttering, mincing *petit-maître*,
When of a wanton chimney-fweeping wag
The beau's white veftment feels the footy bag:
Not with more horror did the Devil look,
When Dunftan by the nofe the dæmon took,
(As gravely fay our legendary fongs)
And led him with a pair of red-hot tongs:
Not Lady Worfley, chafte as *many* a nun,
Look'd with more horror at Sir Richard's fun,
When, rais'd on high to view her naked charms,
He held the peeping Captain in his arms;
Like David, that moft am'rous little dragon,
Ogling fweet Bethfheba without a rag on:

Not more the great Sam Houſe* with horror ſtar'd,
By mob affronted to the very beard;
Whoſe impudence (enough to damn a jail)
Snatch'd from his waving hand his fox's tail,
And ſtuff'd it, 'midſt his thunders of applauſe,
Full in the center of Sam's gaping jaws,
That, forcing down his patriotic throat,
Of "Fox and Freedom!" ſtopp'd the glorious note.

Not with more horror Billy Ramus † ſtar'd,
When Puff ‡, the Prince's hair-dreſſer, appear'd

Amidſt

* In Weſtminſter Hall, where the *ſenſe* (the author was juſt about to ſay *nonſenſe*) of the people was to be taken on an election.

† Billy Ramus—emphatically and conſtantly called by His Majeſty *Billy Ramus*; one of the Pages who ſhaves the Sovereign, airs his ſhirts, reads to him, writes for him, and collects anecdotes.

‡ Puff, his Royal Highneſs's hair-dreſſer, who attending him at Windſor, the Prince, with his uſual good-nature, ordered him to dine with the PAGES. The pride of the Pages immediately took fire, and a petition was diſpatched to the King and Prince, to be relieved from the diſtreſsful circumſtance of dining with a [illegible]*ſſer*. The petition was treated with the proper contempt, and the Pages commanded to receive Mr. Puff into their meſs, [illegible] quit the table. With unſpeakable mortification Mr. Ramus [illegible] *ſubmitted*; but, like the poor Gentoos who loſe their Caſt, have not held up their heads *ſince*.

Amidſt their eating room, with dread deſign,
To *ſit* with PAGES, and with PAGES *dine!*

Not with more horror Gloſter's Ducheſs ſtar'd,
When (bleſt in metaphor!) the King declar'd,
That not of all her mongrel breed, one whelp
Should in the Royal kennel ever yelp:

Not more that man ſo ſweet, ſo unprepar'd,
The gentle 'Squire of Leatherhead*, was ſcar'd,
When, after prayers ſo good, and rare a ſermon,
He found his front attack'd by fierce Miſs Vernon;
Who meant (Thaleſtris-like, diſdaining fear!)
To pour her *foot* in thunder on his *rear*;
Who, in GOD's houſe †, without one grain of grace,
Spit, like a vixen, in his Worſhip's face;
Then ſhook her nails, as ſharp as taylor ſhears,
That itch'd to ſcrape acquaintance with his ears.

* Kynaſton is the name of the gentleman aſſailed by the furious Maid of Honour, for diſapprobation of the lady as an acquaintance for his wife.

† Verily in the HOUSE of the LORD, on the Lord's Day, in the year of our Lord 1785, in the village of Leatherhead, in the county of Surry, did this profane ſalival aſſault take place on the phiz of 'Squire Kynaſton, to the diſgrace of his family, the wonder of the parſon, the horror of the clerk, and the ſtupefaction of the congregation.

Not Atkinſon * with ſtronger terror ſtarted
(Somewhat afraid, perchance, of being carted)
When JUSTICE, a ſly dame, one day thought fit
To pay her ſerious compliments to Kit;
Aſk'd him a few ſhort queſtions about *corn*,
And whiſper'd, ſhe believ'd he was forſworn;
Then hinted, that he probably would find,
That though ſhe ſometimes wink'd, ſhe was not blind.

Not more ASTURIAS' Princeſs † look'd affright,
At breakfaſt, when her ſpouſe, the unpolite,
Hurl'd, madly heedleſs both of time and place,
A cup of boiling coffee in her face;
Becauſe the fair one eat a butter'd roll,
On which the ſelfiſh Prince had fix'd his ſoul:
Not more aſtoniſh'd look'd that Prince to find
His royal father to his face unkind;
Who, to the cauſe of injur'd beauty won,
Seiz'd on the proud proboſcis of his ſon,

(Juſt

* Mr. Chriſtopher Atkinſon's airing on the pillory is ſufficiently known to the public.

† This quarrel between the Prince of Aſturias and his Princeſs, with the interference of the Spaniſh Monarch, as deſcribed here, is not a poetic fiction, but an abſolute fact, that happened not many months ago.

(Juſt like a tiger of the Lybian ſhade,
Whoſe furious claws the helpleſs deer invade,
And led him, till that ſon its durance freed,
By aſking pardon for the brutal deed;
Led him thrice round the room (the ſtory goes)
Who follow'd with great gravity his noſe,
Roſolv'd at firſt (for Spaniards are ſtiff ſtuff)
To aſk no pardon, though the ſnout came off:
Not more aſtoniſh'd look'd that Spaniſh King,*
Whene'er he miſs'd a ſnipe upon the wing:
Not more aſtoniſh'd look'd that King of Spain,
To ſee his gun-boats blazing on the main:
Not Doctor Johnſon more, to hear the tale
Of vile Piozzi's marrying Miſtreſs Thrale;
Nor Doctor Wilſon, child of am'rous folly,
When young Mac Clyſter bore off Kate Macaulay.†

What

* His Moſt Catholic Majeſty's ſhooting merits are univerſally acknowledged. Though far advanced in years, he is ſtill the admiration of his ſubjects, and the envy of his brother Kings, as a SHOT; and it is well known, that even on thoſe days when the Royal Robes are obliged to be worn, his breeches pockets are ſtufied with gun flints, ſcrews, hammers, and other implements neceſſary to the deſtraction of ſnipes, partridges, and wild pigs.

† The fair Hiſtorian.

What dire emotions ſhook the Monarch's ſoul!
Juſt like two billiard balls his eyes 'gan roll;
Whilſt anger all his Royal heart poſſeſs'd,
That, ſwelling, wildly bump'd againſt his breaſt;
Bounc'd at his ribs with all its might ſo ſtout,
As reſolutely bent on jumping out,
T' avenge, with all its pow'rs, the dire diſgrace,
And nobly ſpit in the offender's face.
Thus a large dumpling to its cell confin'd,
(A very apt alluſion, to my mind)
Lies ſnug, until the water waxeth hot,
Then buſtles 'midſt the tempeſt of the pot:
In vain!—the lid keeps down the child of dough,
That bouncing, tumbling, ſweating, rolls below.

" What's that! what's that!" th' aſtoniſh'd Monarch cries,
(Lifting to pitying Heav'n his piteous eyes)
" What monſter's that, that's got into the houſe?
" Look, look, look, Charly! is not that a louſe?"
The Queen look'd down, and ſaid, " Mine Gote!
" good la!
And with a ſmile the grey-back'd STRANGER ſaw.
Each Princeſs ſtrain'd her lovely neck to ſee,
And, with another ſmile, exclaim'd, " Good me!"—
" Mine

" Mine Gote! Good me! is that all you can ſay?"
(Our gracious Monarch cry'd, with huge diſmay.)
" What! what! a ſilly vacant ſmile take place
" Upon your Majeſty's and children's face,
" Whilſt that vile LOUSE (ſoon, ſoon to be unjointed!)
" Affronts the preſence of the LORD'S ANOINTED!"

Daſh'd, as if tax'd with Hell's moſt deadly ſins,
The Queen and Princeſſes drew in their chins,
Look'd prim, and gave each exclamation o'er,
And, very prudent, ' word ſpake never more.'
Sweet Maids! the beauteous boaſt of BRITAIN'S Iſle,
Speak—were thoſe peerleſs lips forbid to ſmile?
Lips! that the ſoul of ſimple NATURE moves—
Form'd by the bounteous hands of all the LOVES!
Lips of delight! unſtain'd by SATIRE'S gall!
Lips! that I never kiſs'd—and never ſhall.

Now, to each trembling Page, a poor mute mouſe,
The *pious* MONARCH cried, " Is this *your* Louſe?"
" Ah! Sire," (reply'd each Page with pig-like whine)
" An't pleaſe your Majeſty, it is not mine."
" *Not thine?*" (the haſty Monarch cried agen)
" What? what? what? what? what? who the devil's
then?"

Now

Now at this ſad event the SOVEREIGN, ſore,
Unhappy, could not eat a mouthful more:
His wiſer Queen, her gracious ſtomach ſtudying,
Stuck moſt devoutly to the beef and pudding;
For Germans are a very hearty ſort,
Whether begot in Hog-ſtyes or a Court;
Who bear (which ſhews their hearts are not of ſtone)
The ills of others better than their own.

Grim TERROR ſeiz'd the ſouls of all the Pages,
Of different ſizes, and of different ages;
Frighten'd about their penſions or their bones,
They on each other gap'd like Jacob's ſons!

Now to a PAGE, but *which* we can't determine,
The growling Monarch gave the plate and vermin:
" Watch well that blackguard animal," he cries,
" That ſoon or late, to glut my vengeance, dies!
" Watch, like a cat, that vile marauding LOUSE,
" Or George ſhall play the devil in the houſe.
" Some Spirit whiſpers, that to Cooks I owe
" The precious viſitor that crawls below;
" Yes, yes! the whiſp'ring Spirit tells me true,
" And ſoon ſhall vengeance all their locks purſue.

" Cooks,

"Cooks, ſcourers, ſcullions too, with tails of pig,
"Shall loſe their coxcomb curls, and wear a wig."
Thus roar'd the King—not Hercules ſo big;
And all the Palace echo'd—"Wear a wig!"

FEAR, like an ague, ſtruck the pale-nos'd Cooks,
And daſh'd the beef and mutton from their looks;
Whilſt from each cheek the roſe withdrew its red,
And PITY blubber'd o'er each menac'd head.

But lo! the great COOK-MAJOR * comes! his eyes
Fierce as the redd'ning flame that roaſts and fries;
His cheeks like bladders, with high paſſion glowing,
Or like a fat Dutch trumpeter's when blowing.
A neat white apron his huge corpſe embrac'd,
Ty'd by two comely ſtrings about his waiſt:
An apron that he purchas'd with his riches,
To guard from hoſtile greaſe his velvet breeches—
An apron that, in Monmouth-Street high hung,
Oft to the winds with ſweet deportment ſwung.

"Ye ſons of dripping, on your Major look!
(In ſounds of deep-ton'd thunder cry'd the Cook)
"By

* Dixon.

" By this white apron, that no more can hope
" To join the piece in Miſter Inkle's ſhop;
" That oft hath held the beſt of Palace meat,
" And from this forehead wip'd the briny ſweat;
" I ſwear this head diſdains to loſe its locks;
" And thoſe that do not, tell them they are *Blocks*.
" Whoſe head, my Cooks, ſuch vile diſgrace endures?
" Will it be yours, or yours, or yours, or yours?
" Ten thouſand crawlers in that head be hatch'd,
" For ever itching, but be never ſcratch'd!
" Then may the charming perquiſite of greaſe
" The Mammon of your pocket ne'er increaſe;—
" Greaſe! that ſo frequently hath brought you coin,
" From veal, pork, mutton, and the great SIR LOIN.
" O brothers of the ſpit, be firm as rocks:
" Lo! to no King on earth I yield theſe locks.
" Few are my hairs behind, by age endear'd!—
" But, few or many, they ſhall not be ſhear'd.

" Sooner ſhall Madam Schwellenberg,* the jade,
" Yield up her fav'rite perquiſites of trade;
" Give up her ſacred Majeſty's old gowns,
" Caps, petticoats, and aprons, without frowns:

She!

† Miſtreſs of the Robes to Her Majeſty.

" She! who for ever ftudies mifchief—She!
" Who foon will be as bufy as a bee,
" To get the liberty of locks enflav'd,
" And ev'ry harmlefs cook and fcullion fhav'd—
" She, if by chance a *Britifh* Servant Maid,
" By fome infinuating tongue betray'd,
" Induc'd the fair forbidden fruit to tafte,
" Grows, lucklefs, fomwhat bigger in the waift;
" Rants, ftorms, fwears, turns the penitent to door,
" Grac'd with the pretty names of B—ch and W—,
" To range a proftitute upon the Town,
" Or, if the weeping wretch think better, drown:—
" But, if a GERMAN Spider-brufher fails,
" Whofe nofe grows fharper, and whofe fhape tells tales;
" Hufh'd is th' affair—the Queen and She, good
dame,
" Both club their wits to hide the growing fhame;
" To wed her, get fome fool—I mean fome *wife* man;
" Then dub the prudent Cuckold an Excifeman—
" She! who hath got more infolence and pride,
" God mend her heart! than half the world befide:
" She! who, of guttling fond, ftuffs down more meat,
" Heav'n help her ftomach! than ten men can eat!
" Ten men! aye, more than ten—the hungry hag!
" Why, zounds! the woman's ftomach's like a bag:

She!

" She! who will ſwell the uproar of the houſe,
" And tell the King damn'd lies about the louſe;
" When probably that louſe (a vile old trull!)
" Was born and nouriſh'd in her own gray ſcull.

" Sooner the room ſhall buxom NANNY* quit,
" Where oft ſhe charms her maſter with her wit;
" Tells tales of ev'ry body, ev'ry thing,
" From honeſt courtiers to the thieves who ſwing—
" Waits on her Sov'reign while he reads diſpatches,
" And wiſely winds up ſtate affairs or watches:

" Sooner the PRINCE (may Heav'n his income
" mend!)
" Shall quit his bottle, miſtreſs, or his friend;
" Laugh at the drop on MISERY's languid eye,
" And hear her ſinking voice without a ſigh;
" Break for the wealth of realms his ſacred word,
" And let the world write *coward* on his ſword:
" Sooner ſhall ham from fowl and turkey part,
" And ſtuffing leave a calf's or bullock's heart:
" Sooner ſhall toaſted cheeſe take leave of muſtard,
" And from the codlin tart be torn the cuſtard:

" Sooner

* Buxom Nanny—a female ſervant of the Palace, who conſtantly attends the King when he reads diſpatches.

" Sooner these hands the glorious haunch shall spoil,
" And all our melted butter turn to oil:
" Sooner our pious King, with pious face,
" Sit down to dinner without saying grace;
" And ev'ry night salvation pray'rs put forth,
" For Portland, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, and North:
" Sooner shall fashion order frogs and snails,
" And dishclouts stick eternal to our tails!
" Let George view Ministers with surly looks,
" Abuse 'em, kick 'em—but revere his Cooks!"—
" What, lose our locks!" reply'd the roasting crew,
" To Barbers yield 'em?—Damme if we do!
" Be shav'd like foreign dogs one daily meets,
" Naked and blue, and shiv'ring in the streets!
" And from the Palace be asham'd to range,
" For fear the world should think we had the mange;
" By taunting boys made weary of our lives,
" Broad-grinning wh—es, and ridiculing wives!"—

" Rouse, Opposition!" roar'd a tipsey Cook,
With hands a-kimbo, and bubonic look—
" 'Tis She alone our noble curls can keep—
" Without her, Ministers would fall asleep:
" 'Tis she who makes great men—our Foxes, Pitts,
" And sharpens, whetstone-like, the Nation's wits:

" Knocks off your knaves and fools, however great,
" And, broom-like, ſweeps the cobwebs of the State:
" In caſks like ſulphur that expels bad air,
" And makes, like thunder-claps, foul weather fair;
" Acts like a gun, that, fir'd at gather'd ſoot,
" Preſerves the chimney and the houſe to boot:
" Or, like a ſchool-boy's whip, that keeps up tops,
" The ſinking Realm, by flagellation, props.
" Our Monarch muſt not be indulg'd too far;
" Beſides! I love a little bit of war.
" Whether to crop our curls he boaſts a right,
" Or not, I do not care the Louſe's bite;
" But then, no force-work! No! No force, by Heav'n!
" COOKS! YEOMEN! SCOURERS! we will not be driv'n.
" Try but to force a PIG againſt his will,
" Behold! the ſturdy GENTLEMAN ſtands ſtill!
" Or, p'rhaps, (his pow'r to let the driver know)
" Gallops the very road he ſhould not go—
" No force for me!—The FRENCH, the fawning dogs,
" E'en let *them* loſe their freedom, and eat frogs;
" Damme! I hate each pale *ſoupe-maigre* thief—
" Give me my darling liberty and beef."

He ſpoke—and from his jaws a lump he ſlid,
And, ſwearing, manful flung to earth his QUID.

Then

Then ſwelling PRIDE forbade his tongue to reſt,
Whilſt wild emotions labour'd in his breaſt—
Now ſounds confus'd his anger made him mutter,
And, when he thought on ſhaving, curſes ſputter.
Such is the ſound (the ſimile's not weak)
Form'd by what mortals BUBBLE * call, and SQUEAK,
When 'midſt the frying-pan, in accents ſavage,
The beef ſo ſurly quarrels with the cabbage.

" Be ſhav'd!" a Scullion loud began to bellow,
Loud as a pariſh bull, or poor OTHELLO,
Plac'd by that rogue IAGO upon thorns,
With all the horrors of a pair of horns:
Loud as th' EXCISEMAN † ſtruggling for his life,
And panting in a moſt inglorious ſtrife;

* The modeſt Author of the LOUSIAD muſt do himſelf the juſtice to declare here, that his ſimile of the Bubble and Squeak is vaſtly more natural and more ſublime than Homer's black pudding on a grid-iron, illuſtrating the motions and emotions of his Hero ULYSSES. *Vide* ODYSSEY.

† This affair happened a few years ſince.—An Exciſeman ſeizing ſome ſmuggled goods belonging to a Princeſs, a relation of the Great Frederic, her HIGHNESS fell upon the poor *Rat de Cave*, and almoſt ſcratched his eyes out: the Exciſeman made a formal complaint to the King, begging to be reliev'd from the diſgrace. The gallant Monarch returned for anſwer, that he gave up the duties to his couſin the Princeſs; but could not conceive how the hand of a fair Lady could diſhonour the face of an Exciſeman.

When on his face the ſmuggling Princeſs ſprung,
And, cat-like clawing, to his viſage clung.

" Be ſhav'd like pigs!" rejoin'd the ſcullion's mate,
His diſhclout ſhaking, and his pot-crown'd pate:
" What barber dares it, let him watch his noſe,
" And, curſe me! dread the rage of theſe ten toes."
So ſaying, with an oath to raiſe one's hair,
He kick'd with threat'ning foot the yielding air.

Thus have I ſeen an Ass (baptiz'd a JACK)
Grac'd by a CHIMNEYSWEEPER on his back,
Prance, ſnort, and fling his heels with liberality,
In imitation of a HORSE of QUALITY.

" Be ſhav'd!" an underſtrapper TURNBROCHE cry'd,
In all the foaming energy of pride—
" Zounds! let us take His Majeſty in hand!
" The King ſhall find he lives at *our* command:
" Yes; let him know, with all his wond'rous ſtate,
" His teeth and ſtomach on *our* wills ſhall wait:
" *We* rule the platters, *we* command the ſpit,
" And George ſhall have his meſs when *we* think fit;

" Stay

" Stay till *ourſelves* ſhall condeſcend to eat,
" And then, if *we* think proper, have his meat."

Thus having fed on veniſon rather coarſe,
A colt, or crocodile, or diſh of horſe,
The Tartar quits his ſmoaky hut with ſcorn,
Sounds to the kingdoms of the world his horn;
And treating MONARCHS like his ſlaves or ſwine,
Informs them they have liberty to dine.

" Heav'ns!" cry'd a YEOMAN, with much learning grac'd,
In books as well as meat, a man of taſte,
Who read with vaſt applauſe the daily news,
And kept a cloſe acquaintance with the MUSE;
Conundrum, rebus made, acroſtic, riddle;
And ſung his dying ſonnets to the fiddle,
When LOVE, with cruel dart, the murd'ring thief,
His heart had ſpitted, like a piece of beef;
" Are theſe," he ſaid, " of KINGS, the whims and jokes?
" Then KINGS can be as mad as common folks.
" DAME NATURE, when a PRINCE's head ſhe makes,
" No more concern about the inſide takes,
" Than of the inſide of a bug's or bat's,
" A flea's, a graſshopper's, a cur's, a cat's!

" As carelefs as the ARTIST, trunks defigning,
" About the trifling circumftance of *lining*;
" Whether of Cumberland he ufe the plays,
" Mifs Burney's novels, or Mifs Seward's lays;
" Or facred dramas of Mifs Hannah More,
" Where all the NINE, with little MOSES, fnore;
" Or good' Squire Pindar's Odes, or Wharton's ftick;
" Or Horace Walpole's Doubts upon King Dick,
" Who furious drives, at times, his old goofe quill,
" On *Strawb'rry*, (Reader!) not th' *Aonian Hill*;
" Whether he doom the ROYAL SPEECH to cling,
" Or *thofe* of Lords and Commons to the King;
" Where *one* begs money, and the *others* grant
" So eafy, freely, friendly, complaifant,
" As though the cafh were really all their own,
" To purchafe *knick-knacks** that difgrace a throne,
" Ah, me! did people know what trifling things
" Compofe thofe idols of the earth call'd *Kings*,
" Thofe counterparts of that *important fellow*,
" The children's wonder—SIGNOR PUNCHINELLO;

Who

* The Civil Lift, we are inclined to think, feels deficiencies from toys—For an inftance, we will appeal to Mr. Cumming's non-defcript of a time-piece at the Queen's Houfe, which coft nearly two thoufand pounds. The fame artift is alfo allowed 200l. *per annum* to keep the bauble in repair.

" Who ſtruts upon the ſtage his hour away;
" His outſide, gold—his inſide, rags and hay;
" No more as GOD's Vicegerents would they ſhine,
" Nor make the world cut throats for RIGHT DIVINE.

" Thoſe LORDS of Earth, at dinner, we have ſeen,
" Sunk, by the mereſt trifles, with the ſpleen—
" Oft for an ill-dreſs'd egg have heard them groan,
" And ſeen them quarrel for a mutton bone:
" At ſalt or vinegar, with paſſion, fume,
" And kick dogs, chairs, and pages, round the room.*

" Alas! how often have we heard them grunt,
" Whene'er the ruſhing rain hath ſpoil'd a HUNT!
" Their ſanguine wiſhes croſs'd, their ſpirits clogg'd,
" Mere riding diſhclouts homeward they have jogg'd;
" Poor imps! the ſport (with all their pride and pow'r)
" Of NATURE's diuretic ſtream—a ſhow'r!

P 4 This

* This is partly a picture of the laſt reign as well as the preſent. The paſſions of George the Second were of the moſt impetuous kind—his hat and his favourite miniſter, Sir Robert Walpole, were too frequently the foot-balls of his ill humour—nay, poor Queen Caroline came in for a ſhare of his foot benevolence. But he was a Prince of virtues—*ubi plura nitent, non ego paucis offendar maculis.*

" This *we*, the actors in the farce, perceive;
" But *this* the *distant* world will ne'er believe,
" Who fancy KINGS to all the virtues born,
" Ne'er by the vulgar storms of passion torn;
" But, blest with souls so calm, like summer seas,
" That smile to Heav'n, unruffled by a breeze:
" Who think that KINGS, on wisdom always fed,
" Speak sentences like BACON's brazen head;
" Hear from their lips the vilest nonsense fall,
" Yet think some heav'nly spirit dictates all;
" Conceive their bodies of celestial clay,
" And, though all ailment, sacred from decay;
" To nods and smiles their gaping homage bring,
" And thank their GOD their eyes have seen a KING!
" Lord! in the circle when our ROYAL MASTER
" Pours out his words as fast as hail, or faster,
" To country 'Squires, and wives of country 'Squires;
" Like stuck pigs staring, how each oaf *admires!*
" Lo! ev'ry syllable becomes a GEM!
" And if, by chance, the Monarch cough, or hem,
" Seiz'd with the symptoms of a deep surprise,
" Their joints with rev'rence tremble, and their eyes
" Roll wonder first; then, shrinking back with fear,
" Would hide behind the brains, were any there.

" How

" How taken is this idle world by ſhow!
" Birth, riches, are the Baals to whom we bow;
" Preferring, with a ſoul as black as ſoot,
" A rogue on horſeback, to a ſaint on foot.
" See FRANCE, ſee PORTUGAL, SICILIA, SPAIN,
" And mark the deſert of each DESPOT's brain;
" Whoſe tongues ſhould never treat with taunts a FOOL;
" Who prove that nothing is too mean to *rule*.
" What could the PRINCE, high tow'ring like a ſteeple,
" Without the MAJESTY of *Us* the PEOPLE?
" Go, like the King of Babylon,* to graſs,
" Or wander, like a beggar with a paſs!
" However *modern* KINGS may COOKS deſpiſe,
" WARRIORS and KINGS were cooks, or Hiſt'ry lies.—
" PATROCLUS broil'd beef-ſteaks to quell his hunger:
" The mighty AGAMEMNON potted conger!—
" And CHARLES of SWEDEN, 'midſt his guns and drums,
" Spread his own bread and butter with his thumbs.
" Be ſhav'd!—No!—ſooner pill'ries, jails, the ſtocks,
" Shall pinch this corpſe, than BARBERS ſnatch my
" locks."
" Well haſt thou ſaid," a Scourer bold rejoin'd;
" Damme! I love the man who ſpeaks his mind."

Then

* Nebuchadnezzar.

Then in his arms the orator he took,
And ſwore he was an angel of a Cook.
Awhile he held him with a Corniſh hug;
Then ſeiz'd, with glorious graſp, a pewter mug,
Whoſe ample womb nor cyder held nor ale,
But nectar fit for JOVE, and brew'd by THRALE.
" A health to Cooks," he cried, and wav'd the pot;
" And he who ſighs for titles is a ſot—
" Let Dukes and Lords the world in wealth ſurpaſs;
" Yet many a lion's ſkin conceals an aſs.
" Lo! this is one amongſt my golden rules,
" To think the greateſt men the greateſt fools:
" The GREAT are judges of an opera ſong,
" And fly a Briton's for a eunuch's tongue;
" Thus idly ſquand'ring for a ſquall their riches,
" To faint with rapture at thoſe cats in breeches.
" Accept this truth from me, my lads—the man
" Who firſt found out a ſpit, or frying-pan,
" Did ten times more towards the public good,
" Than all the tawdry titles ſince the flood:
" Titles! that KINGS may grant to aſſes, mules,
" The ſcorn of ſages, and the boaſt of fools."

He

He ended—All the Cooks exclaim'd, "Divine!"
Then whiſper'd one another, 'twas "damn'd fine!"
Thus ſpoke the SCOURER like a man inſpir'd,
Whoſe ſpeech the HEROES of the kitchen fir'd:
Grooms, maſter ſcourers, ſcullions, ſcullions' mates,
With all the overſeers of knives and plates,
Felt their brave ſouls like friſky cyder work,
Whizzing in oppoſition to the cork:
Earth's Potentates appear'd ignoble things,
And Cooks of greater conſequence than Kings;
Such is the pow'r of words, where truth unites,
And ſuch the rage that injur'd worth excites!
The SCOURER's ſpeech, indeed, with reaſon bleſt,
Inflam'd with godlike ardour all the reſt.
Thus if a barn Heav'n's vengeful light'ning draw,
The flame ethereal darts amongſt the ſtraw;
Doors, rafters, beams, owls, weazels, mice and rats,
And (if unfortunately mouſing) cats;
All feel the fierce devouring fire in turn,
And, mingling in one conflagration, burn.

"Sons of the SPIT," the Major cry'd again,
"Your warlike ſpeeches prove you bleſt with brain;
"Brain! that Dame Nature gives not ev'ry head,
"But fills the vaſt vacuity with lead!—

"Yet

" Yet ere for opposition we prepare,
" And bravely battle in the cause of HAIR;
" Methinks 'twould be but decent to petition,
" And tell the King, with firmness, our condition;
" Soon as our sad complaint he hears us utter,
" His gracious heart may melt away like butter;
" Fair MERCY shine amidst our gloomy house,
" And anger'd MAJESTY forget the LOUSE."

ADVERTISEMENT.

AS many people perſiſt in their incredulity with reſpect to the attack made by the Barbers on the heads of the harmleſs Cooks, I ſhall exhibit a liſt of the unhappy ſufferers: it is the Palace liſt, and therefore as authentic as the Gazette.

A TRUE LIST OF THE SHAVED AT BUCKINGHAM HOUSE.

Two Maſter Cooks,
Three Yeoman ditto,
Four Grooms,
Three Children,
Two Maſter Scourers,
Six Under Scourers,
Six Turnbroches,
Two Soil-carriers,
Two Door-keepers,
Eight Boys,
Five Paſtry People,
Eight Silver Scullery, for laughing at the Cooks.

In all, fifty one.

A young man, named John Bear, would not ſubmit, and loſt his place.

THE

LOUSIAD.

AN

HEROI-COMIC POEM.

CANTO II.

" ——— *Qualis ab incepto.*" HORACE.

" As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end."

THE ARGUMENT.

INVOCATION to the Mufes—Degeneracy of modern poets—The ragged ftate of the ladies of Parnaffus—Sad condition of bards—Praife of Mr. Weft's great picture of King Alexander and the Stag—More invocation to the Mufes—The tricks of thofe Ladies—Their impofitions on Poets and Poeteffes—A compliment to King George and Dr. Herfchell, on their intimacy with the Moon, and important difcoveries in that planet—Invocation to Apollo—Invocation to Confcience—Confcience defcribed—The great powers of Confcience—More invocation to Confcience—Truth and Falfehood, their fituations—More invocation to Confcience—The praife of Royal economy and a Hanoverian College—Addrefs to Gottingen—More invocation to Confcience—Mr. Haftings's bulfe, Mrs. Haftings's bed and cradle properly treated—More words to Confcience—The fatal power of Confcience over the late Mr. Yorke and Lord Clive—Addrefs to Fame—A requeft to the aforefaid Gentlewoman, inftructing her how to difpofe of fome of her trumpets—Defcription of her *pfeudo*-votaries—The Bard blufhing for the quantity of invocation—Proceffion of his Epic Poem—Madam Schwellenberg defcribed with a plate of ham—Account of her birth, parentage, and education—Account of Pride—Madam Schwellenberg's vifit to the King—His Majefty's moft gracious fpeech—Madam Schwellenberg's anfwers—Addrefs to Readers on Ladies fwearing—Sir Francis Drake, the Steward of the Houfehold, defcribed—not to be confounded with the famous Sir Francis Drake, who died near 200 years ago—The perquifites of the prefent Sir Francis—Defcription of the dining-room belonging to the Cooks at Buckingham Houfe—The entertainment and utenfils of this room—Dixon the Cook-Major's fpeech—Story of a Nabob and a Beggar—Cook-Major Dixon's fpeech in continuation—Speech of another Cook—The Cooks in the dumps—The Cook-Major's rejoinder to the Cook's fpeech—A very fenfible fpeech—Conclufion with a beautiful fimile—The petition of the Cooks.

THE

LOUSIAD.

CANTO THE SECOND.

NYMPHS of the ſacred fount, around whoſe brink
Bards ruſh in droves, like cart-horſes, to drink;
Dip their dark beards amidſt your ſtreams ſo clear,
And, whilſt they gulp it, wiſh it ale or beer;
Far more delighted to poſſeſs, I ween,
Old Calvert's brewhouſe for their Hippocrene;
And bleſt with beef, their ghoſtly forms to fill,
Make Dolly's chophouſe their Aonian hill;
More pleas'd to hear knives, forks, in concert join,
Than all the tinkling cymbals of the NINE;
Aſſiſt me—ye who themes ſublime purſue,
With ſcarce a ſhift, a ſtocking, or a ſhoe!
Such pow'r have ſatires, epigrams, and odes,
As make ev'n bankrupts of the born of gods,

As well as mortal bards, who oft bewail
Their unſucceſsful madrigals in jail,
Where penn'd, like hapleſs cuckoos, in a cage,
The ragged warblers pour their tuneful rage;
Deck the damp walls with verſe of various quality,
And, from their priſons, mount to immortality.

Ah! tell me where is now thy bluſh, O SHAME!
Shall bards through *jails* explore the road to Fame?
Like ſouls of Papiſts in their way to glory,
Doom'd at the half-way houſe, call'd Purgatory,
To burn, before they reach the realms of light,
Like old tobacco-pipes, from black to white?
Yet let me ſay again, that pow'rful rhyme
Hath lifted poets to a ſtate ſublime;
To lofty pill'ries rais'd their ſacred ears
High o'er the heads of marvelling compeers,
Whoſe eggs, potatoes, turnips, and their tops,
Paid flying homage to their tuneful chops!
Bleſt ſtate! that gives each fair exalted mien,
To grace in print a monthly magazine;
And deck the ſhops with ſweet engravings dreſt,
'Midſt angels, ſinners, ſaints of Miſter WEST;
Where brave King ALEXANDER and the DEER,
A noble buſtling hodge-podge ſhall appear,

From

From that fam'd* picture which our wonder drew,
And pour'd its brazen ſplendors on the view;
Bright as the pictures that with glorious glare,
On pent-houſe high, in Piccadilly ſtare,
Where lions ſeem to roar, and tigers growl,
Hyænas whine, and wolves in concert howl;
And, by their goggling eyes and furious grin,
Inform what ſhaggy devils lodge within.

Ye NYMPHS who, fond of fun, full many a time,
Mount on a jack-aſs many a child of rhyme,
And make him think, aſtride his braying hack,
He moves ſublime on Pegaſus's back:
Ye MUSES, oft by brainleſs poets ſought
To bid the ſtanza chime, and ſwell with thought;
Who, whelping for OBLIVION, fain would ſave
Their whining puppies from the ſullen wave;
Aſſiſt me! YE who viſit towns and hovels,
To teach our girls in bibs to eke out novels,
And treat with ſcorn (far *nobler* knowledge ſtudying)
The humble art of making pye or pudding:
Who bid our Sapphos of their verſe be vain,
And fancy all Parnaſſus in their brain;

* A whole acre of canvas ſo daubed by colour as to give it the appearance of a braſs foundery.

And, 'mid the buſtle of their lucubrations,
Take downright madneſs for your inſpirations;
Charm'd with the cadence of a lucky line,
Who taſte a rapture equal, GEORGE, to thine;
When, bleſt at DATCHET, through thy HERSCHELL's
glaſs,
That brings from diſtant worlds a horſe, an aſs,
A tree, a windmill, to the curious eye,
Shirts, ſtockings, blankets, that on hedges dry,
Thine eyes, at evenings late, and mornings ſoon,
Unſated feaſt on wonders in the Moon;
Where HERSCHELL on volcanoes, mountains, pores,
And happy NATURE's true ſublime explores;
Whilſt thou, ſo modeſt, (wonderful to tell!)
On LUNAR *trifles* art content to dwell,
Flies, graſshoppers, grubs, cobwebs, cuckoo ſpittle;
In ſhort, delighted with the world of *little*;
Which WEST ſhall paint, and grave Sir JOSEPH BANKS
Receive from thy hiſtoric mouth with thanks;
Then bid the vermin on the journals* crawl,
Hop, jump, and flutter, to amuſe us all.

And thou, great PATRON† of the double quill,
That ſlays by rhyme, and murders by a pill,

A pretty,

* Of the Royal Society.

† Apollo.

A pretty kind of double-barrel'd gun,
More giv'n to tragic than to comic fun;
Auſpicious PATRON of the paunch and backs
Of thoſe all-daring raſcals chriſten'd quacks,
To whom our purſe and lives are legal plunder,
Who, hawk-like, keep the human ſpecies under:

GOD of thoſe gentlemen of gingling brains,
Who, for *their own amuſement*, print their ſtrains;
Strains that ne'er ſoar'd beyond the beetle's flight,
Save on the pinions of a ſchool-boy's kite;
Strains arrant ſtrangers to a depth profound,
Save when deep pilgrimaging under ground,
In humble rags, like Tinners in a mine,
They pay their court to CLOACINA's ſhrine;
Strains that no ray of light nor warmth proclaim,
Save when, committed to the fire, they flame;
Strains that a *circulation* never found,
Save when they turn'd on beef or ven'ſon round:
Oh! aid, as lofty HOMER ſays, my *nouſe*
To ſing ſublime the MONARCH and the LOUSE!

NYMPHS, PHCEBUS, in my *firſt* heroic chapter
I ſhould have pray'd for crumbs of tuneful rapture:
Thus to forget my friends was not ſo clever;
But, ſays the proverb, "better *late* than *never*."

Well! ſince I'm in the invocation trade,
To Conscience let my compliments be paid—

Conscience, a terrifying little ſprite,
That, bat-like, winks by day, and wakes by night;
Hunts through the heart's dark holes each lurking vice,
As ſharp as weaſels hunting eggs or mice;
Who, when the lightnings flaſh, and thunders crack,
Makes our hair briſtle like a hedge-hog's back;
Shakes, ague-like, our hearts with wild commotion;
Upliſts our ſaint-like eyes with dread devotion;
Bids the poor trembling tongue make terms with Heav'n,
And promiſe miracles to be forgiv'n;
Bids ſpectres riſe, not very like the Graces,
With goggling eyes, black beards, and Tyburn faces;
With ſcenes of fires of glowing brimſtone ſcares,
Spits, forks, and proper culinary wares
For roaſting, broiling, frying, fricaſſeeing
The Soul, that ſad offending little *Being*;
That ſtubborn ſtuff, of ſalamander make,
Proof to the fury of the burning lake.

O Conscience! thou ſtrait jacket of the ſoul,
The madding ſallies of the bard control;

Who,

Who, when inclin'd, like brother bards, to lie,
Bring TRUTH's neglected form before his eye;
Fair MAID! to towns and courts a ſtranger grown,
And now to rural ſwains almoſt unknown,
Whoſe company was once their prudent choice;
Who once, delighted, liſten'd to her voice;
When in their hearts the *gentler* paſſion ſtrove,
And CONSTANCY went hand in hand with LOVE!
Sweet TRUTH, who ſteals through lonely ſhades along,
And mingles with the turtle's note her ſong;
Whilſt FALSHOOD, rais'd by ſycophantic tricks,
Unbluſhing, flaunts it in a coach and ſix.

CONSCIENCE! who bid'ſt our Monarch, from the
nation,
Send ſons to Gottingen for education,
Since helpleſs CAM and ISIS, loſt to knowledge,
Are ideots to this Hanoverian college,
Where ſimple SCIENCE beams with orient ray;
The great, the glorious ATHENS of the day!
So ſays the RULER of us Engliſh fools,
Who cannot judge like *him* of WISDOM's ſchools.

Dear attic GOTTINGEN! to thee I bow,
Of Knowledge, oh! moſt wonderful milch cow!

From whom huge pails the royal boys ſhall bring,
And give, we hope, a little to the ——.
Through *Thee*, beſides the knowledge they may reap,
The lads ſhall get their board and lodging cheap;
And learn, like their good parents, to ſubſiſt
Within the limits of the Civil Liſt;
Who ſeldom bid a Miniſter implore
A little farther pittance for the *poor*.

Conscience! who, to the wonder of his Sire,
Bad'ſt from his wonted ſtate a Prince retire,
And, like a ſubject, humbly ſeek the ſhade,
That not a tradeſman might remain unpaid:
An action that the ſoul of Envy ſtings—
A deed unmention'd in the book of Kings:

Conscience! who mad'ſt a Monarch, by thy pow'r,
Send pris'ner the ſam'd Di'mond* to the Tow'r;
So witchingly that look'd him in the face,
And impudently ſought to bribe his Grace;
Where, too, the cradle and the bed ſhall reſt,
But on the ſame damn'd errand left the Eaſt—
Thus fall of gem and pearl the treas'nous tribe,
And beds and cradles that would Monarchs bribe!

Con-

* Such is the ſtory of the late ſly Bulſe that ſtole into St. James's.

Conscience! who now canſt like a cart-horſe draw;
Now, lifeleſs ſinking, ſcarcely lift a ſtraw;
So diff'rent are thy pow'rs at diff'rent times,
Thou dear companion of the man of rhymes!
Thou! who at times canſt like a lion roar
For one poor ſixpence; yet, like North, canſt ſnore,
Though rapine, murder, try to ope thine eyes,
And raging Hell with all his horrors riſe;
Whoſe eye on petty frauds can fiercely flame,
Yet wink at full-blown crimes that *blaſt* a name!

O Conscience! who didſt bid to madneſs work
(So great thy pow'r) the brain of hapleſs York,
And mad'ſt him cut from ear to ear his throat,
That luckleſs ſpoil'd his patriotic note;
Yet wanted'ſt ſtrength to force from *his* hard eye
One drop—who *help'd* him to yon ſpangled ſky;
Whoſe damned pray'rs, feign'd tears, and tongue of art,
Won on the weakneſs of his honeſt heart!
Poor York! without a ſtone whoſe reliques lie,
Though Virtue mark'd the murder with a ſigh!

O Conscience! who to Clive didſt give the knife
That, deſp'rate plunging, took his forfeit life;

Who,

Who, lawleſs plund'rer, in his wild career,
Whelm'd Asia's eye with woe, and heart with fear;
Whoſe wheels on carnage roll'd, and, drench'd with
blood,
From gaſping Nature forc'd the bluſhing flood;
Whilſt Havock, panting with triumphant breath,
Nerv'd his red arm, and hail'd the hills of death.—
And now to thee, O lovely Fame, I bend;
Let all thy trumpets this great work commend:
Give one apiece to all the learn'd Reviews,
And bid them ſound the labours of the Muſe:
Give to the Magazines a trumpet each,
And let the ſwelling note to doomſday reach:
To daily News-papers a trumpet give;
Thus ſhall my epic ſtrain for ever live:
Thus ſhall my book deſcend to diſtant times,
And rapt poſterity reſound my rhymes.
By future *Beauties* ſhall each tome be preſt,
And, with their lapdogs, live a parlour gueſt.

. . . .

Thee, deareſt Fame, ſome mercenaries hail,
Merely to gain their labours a good ſale;
Or riſe to fair preferment by thy tongue,
Though deaf as adders to thy charms of ſong;

Juſt

Juſt as the hypocrites ſay pray'rs, ſing pſalms,
Beſtow upon the blind and cripple alms;
Yield glory to the Pow'r who rules above,
Not from a principle of heav'nly love,
But, ſneaking raſcals! to obtain, when dead,
A comfortable lodging over head,
When forc'd by age, or doctors, or their ſpouſes,
The vagrants quit their ſublunary houſes.

With tireſome invocation having done,
At length our glorious Epic may go on.
Lo! Madam SCHWELLENBERG, inclin'd to *cram*,
Was wond'rous buſy o'er a plate of ham;
A ham that once adorn'd a German pig,
Rough as a bear, and as a jack-aſs big;
In woods of *Weſtphaly* by hunters ſmitten,
And ſent a preſent to the Queen of Britain.

But ere we farther march, ye Muſes, ſay
Somewhat of Madam SCHWELLENBERG, I pray.
If ancient poets mention but a horſe,
We read his genealogy of courſe:
Oh! ſay, ſhall horſes boaſt the deathleſs line,
And o'er a *Lady*'s lineage ſleep the Nine?

By

By virtue of her father and her mother,
This woman ſaw the light without much pother;
That is—no grand commotions ſhook our earth;
Apollo danc'd no hornpipe at her birth,
To ſay to what perfection ſhe was born,
What wit, what wiſdom ſhould the Nymph adorn:
No bees around her lips in cluſters hung,
To tell the future ſweetneſs of her tongue;
Around her cradle perch'd no cooing dove,
To mark the ſoul of innocence and love;
No ſmiling Cupids round her cradle play'd,
To ſhow the future conqueſts of the maid,
Whoſe charms would make the jealous ſex her foes,
And with their lightnings blaſt a thouſand beaus.
Indeed the Muſe muſt own a trifling pother
Sprung up between the father and the mother;
For, after taking methods how to gain her,
They knew not how the dev'l they ſhould maintain her.

Heav'ns! what! no prodigy attend *her* birth,
Who awes the greateſt palace upon earth?
Yes! a black cat round the bantling ſquall'd,
Join'd its young cries, and all the houſe appall'd:
Now here, now there, he ſprung with viſage wild,
And made a bold attempt to kiſs the child;

Bats

Bats pour'd in hideous hoſts into the room,
And, imp-like, flitting, form'd a ſudden gloom;
Then to the cradle ruſh'd the dark'ning throng,
And, raptur'd, ſhriek'd congratulating ſong;
Which ſong, in concert with the ſqualls of puſs,
Seem'd, in plain German, "*Thou art one of us.*"
In Strelitz firſt this Dame the light eſpy'd,
Born to a good inheritance of pride;
For, howe'er paradoxical it be,
PRIDE pigs with people of a *low* degree,
As well as with your folks of fortune ſtruts;
Like rats that live in palaces or huts;
Or bugs, an animal of pompous gait,
That dwell in beds of ſtraw, or beds of ſtate;
Or monkeys vile, whoſe tooth inglorious grapples,
Now with ananas, now with rotten apples.
Hail, PROTEUS PRIDE, whoſe various pow'rs of throat
Can ſwell the trumpet's loud and ſaucy note;
And if a meaner air can ſerve thy turn,
In panting, quiv'ring ſounds of Jews-harps, mourn!
Hail, PRIDE, companion of the great and little,
So abject, who canſt lick a patron's ſpittle;
Whine like a ſneaking puppy at his door,
And turn the hind part of thy wig before;

Nay,

Nay, if he orders, turn it inſide out,
And wear it, Merry-Andrew like, about;
Heed not the grinning world a ſingle ruſh,
But bear its pointed ſcorn without a bluſh!
Yet fain wouldſt thou the crouching world beſtride,
Juſt like the RHODIAN BULLY o'er the tide;
The brazen wonder of the world of yore,
That proudly ſtretch'd his legs from ſhore to ſhore,
And ſaw of Greece the loftieſt navy travel,
In dread ſubmiſſion, underneath his navel.

So much for Pride—great, little, humble, vain;
And now for Madam SCHWELLENBERG again.

Whether the Nymph could ever boaſt a grace,
That deign'd to pay a viſit to her face,
The MUSE is ignorant, ſhe muſt allow;
Yet knows this truth, that not one ſparkles *now*.
If ever beauties, in delight excelling,
Charm'd on her cheek, they long have left their dwelling.
This Nymph a mantua-maker was, I ween,
And priz'd for cheapneſs by our ſaving Queen,
Who (where's the mighty harm of loving money?)
Brought her to this fair land of milk and honey,

And

And plac'd her in a most important sphere—
INSPECTRESS GENERAL of the Royal Geer.

Soon as this woman heard the Louse's tale,
At once she turn'd, like walls of plaster, pale.
But first the ham of *Westphaly* she gobbled,
And then to seek the LORD'S ANOINTED hobbled:
HIM full of wrath, like Peleus' son of yore,
When Agamemnon took away his wh—,
In all the bitterness of wrath she found;
The Queen and Royal Children staring round.
"O *Swelly!*"—thus the madden'd Monarch roar'd,
Whilst wild impatience wing'd each rapid word;
For, lo! the *solemn* march of graceful speech,
The KING long since had bid to kiss his b—h.
The broken language that his mouth affords
Are heads and tails, and legs and wings of words,
That give imagination's laughing eye
A lively picture of a giblet pye.—

"O *Swelly, Swelly!*" cry'd the furious King,
"What! what a dirty, filthy, nasty thing!—
"That thus you come to ease my angry mind,
"Indeed is very, very, very, very kind.—

"What's

" What's your opinion, hæ!"—the Monarch rav'd:
" Yes, yes, the cooks ſhall ev'ry one be ſhav'd—
" What! what! hæ! hæ! now tell me, *Swelly*, pray,
" Shan't I be right in't—What! what! *Swelly*, hæ?
" Yes, yes, I'm ſure on't, by the Louſe's looks,
" That he belong'd to ſome one of the cooks.
" Speak, *Swelly*; ſhan't we ſhave each filthy jowl?
" Yes, yes, and that we will, upon my ſoul."

To whom the DAME, with elevated chin,
Wide-ſtaring eyes, and broad, contemptuous grin:

" Yes, ſure as dat my ſoul is to be ſav'd,
" So ſure de dirty raſcals ſal be ſhav'd—
" Shav'd to de quick be ev'ry moder's ſon—
" And curſe me if *I* do not ſee it done!
" De barbers ſoon der naſty locks ſal fall on,
" Nor leave vone ſtanding for a Louſe to crawl on.
" If on der ſkulls de razor do not ſhine,
" May gowns and petticoats no more be mine—
" Curl, club, and pigtail, all ſal go to pot,
" For ſuſh curs'd naſtineſs, or I'll be rot;
" Or elſe to Strelitz let me quickly fly,
" Dat dunghill, dat poor pighouſe to de eye;

" Where

" Where from his own mock trone de Prince, ſo great,
" Can jomp into anoder Prince eſtate—
" Iſs, by de God dat made dis eart and me,
" No ſingle louſy raſcal ſal go free,"

Reader, thou raiſeſt both thy marv'lling eyes,
In all the ſtaring wildneſs of ſurpriſe;
As if the poet did not truth revere,
And fancieſt *gentlewomen* could not ſwear:
Go, fool, and ſeek the ladies of the mud,
Queens of the lakes, or damſels of the flood,
Nymphs, Nereids, or what vulgar tongues call drabs,
Who vend at Billingſgate their ſprats and crabs;
Tell them their fiſh all ſtink, and thou wilt hear
Whether fine *gentlewomen* ever ſwear:
Nay, viſit many of our courtly dames,
When wrath their dove-like gentleneſs inflames;
Lo! thou ſhalt find, by many a naughty word,
They uſe ſmall ceremony with the Lord,
In ſpite of all that godly books contain,
That teach them not to take his name in vain.

" Thanks, *Swelly*, thanks, thanks, thanks," the
" KING reply'd;
" Like me, you have not got a grain of pride.

" Yes, yes, if I am maſter of this houſe—
" Yes, yes, the locks ſhall fall, and then the Louſe."

He ſpoke—and to confirm the dreadful doom,
His head he ſhook, that ſhook the dining room.
Thus JOVE of old, the dread, the THUND'RING GOD,
Shook, when he ſwore, OLYMPUS with his nod.

" Yes," cry'd the KING, " yes, yes, their curls ſhall
" quake—
" But tell me, where, where, where's Sir FRANCIS
" DRAKE?"

O, Reader, think not 'twas that DRAKE, Sir FRANCIS,
Whoſe wond'rous actions ſeem almoſt romances;
Who ſhone in ſenſe profound, and bloodieſt wars,
And rais'd the nation's glory to the ſtars;
Who firſt in triumph ſail'd around the world,
And vengeance on the foes of Britain hurl'd;
But HE who ſkulks around the Royal kitchen,
Which if he catch a neighbour's dog or bitch in,
Lets fly, to ſtrike the four-legg'd mumper dead,
A poker, or a cleaver, at his head.
Not *that* Sir FRANCIS DRAKE who, god-like, bore
Fair Freedom, Science to th' Atlantic ſhore;

To Pagans gave the Goſpel's ſaving grace,
And planted Virtue 'midſt a barb'rous race;
Spread on the darken'd realms the blaze of light—
But *he* who ſees the ſpoons and plates are *bright*;
Sees that the knives before the King and Queen
Are, like the pair of Royal ſtomachs, *keen:*
Not *he*, whoſe martial frown whole kingdoms ſhook,
But he whoſe low'ring viſage ſhakes a cook:
Not he who pour'd on Mexico his tars;
But he, at London, who with linen wars,
Napkins and damaſk tablecloths * aſſails
With ſciſſars, razors, knives, and teeth and nails;
Who dares with Doylies deſp'rate war to wage,
Such is *his* province and domeſtic rage,
If, like his predeceſſors, he hath grace,
And calls his conqueſts, *perquiſites of place.*
'Twas not that DRAKE who bade his daring crew
Run with their bayonets the Spaniards through;
But that important DRAKE, in office big,
Inſtructing cooks to ſpit a gooſe or pig:

* It was a common practice in the laſt and preceding reigns (the *preſent* being ſomewhat more economical) to tear and cut the Royal linen privately, which, on account of the teeth, knife, nail, or ſciſſar wounds, were never more uſed, but went as perquiſites to Treaſurers and Maſters of the Houſehold.

Not *he* who took the Spaniards by the nofe,
And prifons fill'd with Britain's gracelefs foes;
But he who bids the geefe, his pris'ners, die,
And ftuffs their legs and gizzards in a pye:
He who, three times a week, a Green-cloth Lord,
Sits, wifdom-fraught, at that important Board
With wife compeers, in judge-like order ftudying,
Whether the KING fhall have a tart or pudding.
Not *he*, by virtues to the world endear'd,
By foes refpected, and by friends rever'd;
Prompt to relieve the fupplicating figh,
Who never dafh'd with tears the afking eye;
But wak'd of joy the long departed beam,
Deep funk in forrow's unremitting ftream:—
But *he*, with generofity at ftrife,
Who never gave a fixpence in his life;
Who, if he ever afk'd a friend to dine,
Requefted favours that outweigh'd his wine:
From lane to lane, who fteals with wary feet,
Juft like the cautious hare that feeks his feat:
Who, though a city* near him, rears her head,
And wealthy villages around him fpread,
No friend, no neighbour near his manfion found,
Like CAIN furveys a folitude around.

'Twas

* Exeter.

'Twas *this* Sir FRANCIS, quite a diff'rent man
From him who round the world with glory ran:
Forbid it, Heav'n! that e'er the MUSE untrue
Should give to any man another's due!

MUSE, leave we now the Monarch, vengeance brewing,
To take a peep at what the Cooks were doing.

In that ſnug room,* the ſcene of ſhrewd remark,
Whoſe window ſtares upon the ſaunt'ring Park;
Where many a hungry bard, and gambling ſinner,
In chop-fall'n ſadneſs, counts the trees for dinner;
In that ſnug room where any man of ſpunk
Would find it a hard matter to get drunk;†
Where coy Tokay n'er feels a cook's embraces,
Nor Port nor Claret ſhow their roſy faces;
But where old Adam's beverage flows with pride,
From wide-mouth'd pitchers, in a plenteous tide;
Where veal, pork, mutton, beef, and fowl and fiſh,
All club their joints to make one *handſome* diſh;

 Where

* The Larder.

† This will be deemed ſtrange by my *country* readers; but it is nevertheleſs true.

Where ſtew-pan covers ſerve for plates, I ween,
And knives and forks and ſpoons are never ſeen;
Where pepper iſſues from a paper bag,
And for a crewet ſtands a brandy cag;
Where Madam SCHWELLENBERG too often ſits
Like ſome old tabby in her mouſing fits,
Demurely ſquinting with majeſtic mien,
To catch ſome fault to carry to the QUEEN:
In that ſnug room, like thoſe immortal Greeks,
Of whom, in book the thirteenth, OVID ſpeaks;
Around the table, all with ſulky looks,
Like culprits doom'd to Tyburn, ſat the Cooks:
At length, with phiz that ſhow'd the man of woes,
The ſorrowing King of ſpits and ſtewpans roſe.
Like PAUL at Athens, very juſtly ſainted,
And by the charming bruſh of Raphael painted,
With outſtretch'd hands, and energetic grace,
He fearleſs thus harangues the ROASTING RACE;
Whilſt gaping round, in mute attention, ſit
The poor forlorn diſciples of the ſpit:
"Cooks, ſcullions, hear me ev'ry mother's ſon—
"Know that I reliſh not this Royal fun:
"GEORGE thinks us ſcarcely fit ('tis very clear)
"To carry guts, my brethren, to a bear."—

"Guts

" Guts to a bear!" the Cooks, up-ſpringing, cry'd—
" Guts to a bear!" the Major loud reply'd.
" Guts to the dev'l!" loud roar'd the Cooks again,
And toſs'd their noſes high in proud diſdain:
The plain tranſlation of whoſe pointed noſes
The reader needeth not, the bard ſuppoſes;
But if the reaſon ſome dull reader looks,
'Tis this—whatever Kings may think of Cooks,
Howe'er crown'd heads may deem them low-born
things,
Cooks are poſſeſs'd of ſouls as well as Kings.
Yet are there ſome who think (but what a ſhame!)
Poor people's ſouls like pence of Birmingham,
Adulterated braſs—baſe ſtuff—abhorr'd—
That never can paſs current with the LORD;
And think, becauſe of wealth they boaſt a ſtore,
With ev'ry freedom they may treat the *poor*:
Witneſs the ſtory that my Muſe, with tears,
Relates, O Reader, to thy ſhrinking ears.

With feeble voice and deep deſponding ſighs,
With ſallow cheek and pity-aſking eyes,
A WRETCH, by age and poverty decay'd,
For farthings lately to a NABOB pray'd;

The NABOB, turkey-like, began to ſwell,
And damn'd the beggar to the pit of hell.
" Oh! Sir," the ſupplicant was heard to cry,
(The tear of mis'ry trickling from his eye)
" Though I'm in rags, and wond'rous, wond'rous poor,
" And *you* with gold and ſilver cover'd o'er,
" There won't in heav'n ſuch difference, Sir, take place,
" When we before the LORD come face to face."—
" *You* face to face with *me!*" the Nabob cry'd,
In all the inſolence of upſtart pride—
" *You* face to face with *me*, you dog, appear!
" Damme, I'll kick you, if I catch you there."—
Oh, ſhocking blaſphemy! oh, horrid ſpeech!—
Where was the fellow born?—the wicked wretch!—
So black an imp would pull, I do ſuppoſe,
A bulſe of di'monds from a BEGUM's noſe;
Or make, like DOULAH, careleſs of his ſoul,
A new edition of the old Black Hole.

" What's life," the Major ſaid, " my brethren, pray,
" If force muſt ſnatch our firſt delights away?
" Relentleſs ſhall the Royal mandate drag
" The hairs that long have grac'd this ſilken bag;
" Hairs to a barber ſcarcely worth a fig,
" Too few to make a foretop for a wig?

Muſt

" Muſt razors vile theſe locks ſo ſcanty, ſhave,
" Locks that I wiſh to carry to my grave;
" Hairs, look, my lads, ſo wonderfully thin,
" Old SCHWELLENBERG hath more upon her chin?"—
" Yes, that ſhe hath," exclaim'd a Cook, " by God,
" A damn'd old German good-for-nothing toad.
" Yes, yes, her mouth with beard divinely briſtles—
" Curſe me, I'd rather kiſs a bunch of thiſtles.
" Oh! were it but His Majeſty's commands
" To give her gentle jawbones to theſe hands;
" I'd ſhave her, like a puniſh'd ſoldier, *dry*;
" No killing ſow ſhould make a ſweeter cry:
" I'd pay my compliments to Madam's chin;
" I'll anſwer for't I'd make the devil grin:
" The razor moſt deliciouſly ſhould work;
" I'd trim her muzzle; yes, I'd ſcrape her pork:
" I'd teach her to ſome purpoſe to behave,
" And ſhow the witch the nature of a ſhave.
" O! woman, woman! whether lean or fat,
" In face an *angel*, but in ſoul a *cat!*"

He ended—when each mouth upon the ſtretch,
Crown'd with a loud horſe-laugh the claſſic ſpeech.

Too ſoon, alas! Resentment ſeiz'd the hour,
And Joke reſign'd his grin-provoking pow'r;
Rage dimm'd of mirth the ſudden ſunny ſky,
And fill'd with gloomy oaths each ſcowling eye;
Whilſt Grief, returning, took her turn to reign,
Sunk ev'ry heart, and ſadden'd ev'ry mien;
Drew from their giddy heights the laughing graces—
For much is Grief diſpos'd to bring down faces.

"Son of the ſpit," the Major, ſtrutting, cry'd,
"I like thy ſpirit, and revere thy pride:
"I'd rather hear thee than a Biſhop preach,
"For thou haſt made a very pretty ſpeech.
"Such is the language that the Gods ſhould hear,
"And ſuch ſhould thunder on the Royal ear.
"Yet, ſon of dripping, though thou ſpeak'ſt my notions,
"We muſt not be too nimble in our motions.
"Awhile, heroic brothers, let us halt;
"Soft fires, the proverb tells us, make ſweet malt.
"And yet again I bid you ſtand like rocks,
"And battle for the honour of your locks.
"Lo! in theſe aged hairs is all my joy;
"To ſhave them, is my *being* to deſtroy.
"What's life, if life has not a bliſs to give?
"And, if unhappy, who would wiſh to live?

"Content

" CONTENT can viſit the poor ſpider'd room;
" Pleas'd with the coarſe ruſh mat and birchen broom;
" Where parents, children, feaſt on oaten bread,
" With cheeks as round as apples, and as red;
" Where HEALTH with vigour nerves their backs and
" hams,
" Sweet ſouls, though ragged as young colts or rams;
" Where calmly ſleep the parents with their darlings,
" Though nibbled by the fleas as thick as ſtarlings;
" Lull'd to their reſt, beneath the coarſeſt rugs,
" And dead to bitings of a thouſand bugs.

" CONTENT, mild maid! delights in *ſimple* things,
" And envies not the ſtate of Queens or Kings;
" Can dine on ſheep's head, or a diſh of broth,
" Without a table or a tablecloth;
" Nor wiſhes, with the faſhionable group,
" To viſit HORTON's ſhop for turtle ſoup;
" Can uſe a bit of packthread for a jack,
" And ſit upon a chair without a back:
" Nay, wanting knives, can with her fingers work,
" And uſe a wooden ſkewer for a fork.
" Sweet maid! who thinks not ſhoes of leather ſhocking,
" Nor feels the horrors in a worſted ſtocking;
" Her temper mild, no huckaback can ſhock,
" Though for her lovely limbs it forms a ſmock.
" Pleas'd

" Pleas'd with the nat'ral curls her face that ſhade,
" No graves are robb'd for hair to form a braid:
" Her breaſt of native plumpneſs ne'er aſpires
" To ſwelling *merrythoughts* of gauze and wires,
" To look like crops of ducks (with labour born)
" Stretch'd by a ſuperfluity of corn.
" With Nature's hips, ſhe ſighs not for *cork rumps*,
" And ſcorns the pride of pinching ſtays or jumps;
" But, pleas'd from whalebone priſons to eſcape,
" She truſts to ſimple nature for a ſhape;
" Without a warming-pan can go to bed,
" And wrap her petticoat about her head;
" Nor ſigh for cobwed caps of Mechlin lace,
" That ſhade of Quality the varniſh'd face:
" Sweet nympth, like doves, ſhe ſeeks her ſtraw-built
" neſt,
" And in a pair of minutes is undreſt;
" Whilſt all the *faſhionable* female clans,
" Undreſſing, ſeem unloading caravans.
" No matter from what ſource Contentment ſprings;
" 'Tis juſt the ſame in Cooks as 'tis in Kings;
" And if our ſouls are ſet upon our hair,
" Let ſnip-ſnap barbers—nay, let *Kings*, beware,
" Nor tempt the dangerous rage of true John Bulls,
" And clap, like fools, the edge-tool to our ſkulls.

" Tread

" Tread on a *worm*, he ſhows his rage and pain,
" By turning on the wounding heel again:
" Nay, ev'n *inanimates* appear to feel;
" On the looſe *ſtone*, if chance direct your heel,
" Lo! from its womb the ſudden ſtream aſcends,
" To prove the foot was not among its friends;
" And calling in the aid of neighbour mud,
" O'er the fair ſtocking ſpouts the ſable flood."

So ſpoke the Major, with reſentment fir'd;
Spoke like a man; indeed, like man *inſpir'd.*
Some Critic cries, with ſharp, faſtidious look,
" Bard, bard, this is not language for a Cook."—
" O ſnarler! but I'll lay thee any wager,
" It is not too ſublime for a *Cook Major.*"

" Behold! to remedy our ſad condition,"
The Major cry'd, I've cook'd up a Petition:
" This carries weight with it, or I'm miſtaken,
" Shall ſhake the Monarch's ſoul, and ſave our bacon."
Then jumping on a barrel, thus aloud
He read ſonorous to the gaping crowd.

Thus reads a pariſh-clerk in church a brief,
That begs for burnt-out wretches kind relief—

Relief,

Relief, alas! that very rarely reaches
The poor petitioners, the ruin'd wretches;
But (loſt its way) unfortunately ſteers
To fat churchwardens and fat overſeers;
Improves each diſh, augments the punch and ale,
And adds new ſpirit to the ſmutty tale.

THE PETITION OF THE COOKS.

" YOUR Majeſty's firm friends and faithful Cooks,
" Who in your Palace merry liv'd as grigs,
" Have heard, with heavy hearts and down-caſt looks,
" That we muſt all be ſhav'd, and put on wigs:
" *You*, SIRE, who with *ſuch honour* wear *your* Crown,
" Should never bring on *ours* diſgraces down.

" Dread Sir! we really deem our heads our own,
" With ev'ry ſprig of hair that on them ſprings:
" In France, where men like ſpaniels lick the Throne,
" And count it glory to be *cuff'd* by Kings,
" *Their* locks belong unto the *Grand Monarque*,
" Who ſwallows privileges like a ſhark.

" Be

" Be pleas'd to pardon what we now advance;
" We dare your Sacred Majeſty aſſure,
" That there's a diff'rence between *us* and *France*;
" And *long*, we hope, that *diff'rence* will endure.
" We know King Lewis would, with pow'r ſo dread,
" Not only cut the *hair* off, but the *head*.

" Oh! tell us, Sir, in loyalty ſo true,
" What dire deſigning raggamuffins ſaid,
" That we, your Cooks, are ſuch a naſty crew,
" Great Sir! as to have crawlers in our head?
" My Liege, you can't find one through all our houſe;
" Not if you'd give a guinea for a louſe.

" What creature 'twas you found upon your plate
" We know not; if a louſe, it was not ours:
" To ſhave each Cook's poor unoffending pate,
" Betrays too much of arbitrary pow'rs;
" The act humanity and juſtice ſhocks:
" Let him who *owns* the crawler loſe his locks.

" But grant upon your plate this louſe ſo dread,
" How can you ſay, Sir, it belongs to *us*?
" Maggots are found in many a princely head;
" And if a maggot, why then not a louſe?

" Nay

" Nay, grant the fact; with horror should you shrink?
" It could not *eat* your Majesty, we think.

" Hunger, my Liege, hath oft been felt by Kings,
" As well as people of *inferior state*;
" Quarrels with Cooks are therefore dangerous things:
" We cannot answer for your stomach's fate;
" For, by your size, we frankly must declare,
" You feed on more substantial stuff than *air*.

" My Liege, an Universe hath been your foes;
" The times have look'd most miserably black;
" America hath *try'd* to pull your nose;
" French, Dutch, and Spaniards, *try'd* to bang your [back:
" 'Twould be a serious matter, let us tell ye,
" Were *we* to buccaneer it on your *belly*.

" You see the spirit of your Cooks, then, Sire,
" Determin'd nobly to support their locks;
" And should your guards be order'd out to fire,
" Their guns may be oppos'd by spits and crocks:
" Knives, forks, and spoons, may fly, with plates a [store,
" And all the thunder of the kitchen roar.

" NAT.

" NAT. GARDNER, Yeoman of the Mouth, declares
" He'll join the ſtandard of your injur'd Cooks;
" Each ſcullion, turnbroche, for redreſs prepares,
" And puts on very formidable looks:
" Your women too—*imprimis*, Miſtreſs DYER,
" Whoſe eggs are good as ever felt a fire:

" Next Sweeper-general BICKLEY, Miſtreſs MARY,
" With that fam'd bell-ringer call'd Miſtreſs LOMAN;
" ANN SPENCER, guardian of the Neceſſary;
" That is to ſay, the neceſſary woman:
" All theſe, an't pleaſe you, Sir, ſo fierce, determine
" To join us in the cauſe of hair and vermin.

" There's Miſtreſs STEWART, Miſter RICHARD DAY,
" Who find your Sacred Majeſty in linen,
" Are ready to ſupport us in our fray—
" You can't conceive the paſſion they have been in;
" They ſwear ſo much your ſcheme of ſhaving hurts,
" You ſhan't have pocket-handkerchiefs or ſhirts.

" The grocers, CLARKE and TAYLOR, curſe the ſcheme,
" And ſay, whate'er we do, the world wo'n't blame us;
" So COMBER ſays, who gives you milk and cream;
" And thus your old friend Miſter LEWIS RAMUS:

" We think your Sacred Majeſty would mutter
" At loſs of ſugar, milk, and cream, and butter.

" Suppoſe, an't pleaſe you, Sir, that Miſtreſs KNUTTON
" And Miſtreſs MAISHFIELD, fierce as tiger cats;
" One Overſeer of all the beef and mutton,
" The other, Lady Preſident of ſprats—
" Suppoſe, in oppoſition to your wiſh,
" *This* locks away the fleſh, and *that* the fiſh?

" Suppoſe JOHN CLARKE refuſe ſupplies of muſtard,
" So neceſſary to your beef and bacon?
" WILL ROBERTS, all the apple-pye and cuſtard?
" Your Majeſty would growl, or we're miſtaken.
" Suppoſe that WELLS, to plague your ſtomach ſtudying,
" From Sunday, *ſacrilegious*, ſteals the pudding?

" Suppoſe that RAINSFORTH with our *corps* unites—
" We mean the man who all the tallow handles;
" Suppoſe he locks up all the mutton lights,
" How could your Majeſty contrive for candles?
" You'd be (excuſe the freedom of remark)
Like *ſome* Adminiſtrations, in the *dark*.

" We

"We dare aſſure you that our grief is great;
" And oft indeed our feelings it enrages,
" To ſee your Sacred Majeſty beſet
" By ſuch a graceleſs gang of idle pages!
" And, with ſubmiſſion to your judgment, Sire,
" We think old Madam SCHWELLENBERG a liar.

" Suppoſe, Great Sir, that, by your cruel *fiat*,
" The barbers ſhould attack our humble head,
" And that we ſhould not chooſe to breed a riot,
" Becauſe we might not wiſh to loſe our bread;
" Say, would the triumph o'er each harmleſs Cook
" Make GEORGE THE THIRD like ALEXANDER look?

" Dread Sir, reflect on JOHNNY WILKES's fate,
" Supported chiefly by a paltry rabble;
" WILKES bade defiance to your frowns and ſtate,
" And got the better in that famous ſquabble;
" Poor was the victory you wiſh'd to win,
" Which ſat the mouth of EUROPE on the grin.

" O King, our wives are in the kitchen roaring,
" All ready in rebellion now to riſe;
" They mock our humble method of imploring,
" And bid us guard againſt a *wig* ſurpriſe:

"*Yours* is the hair," they cry, "th' Almighty gave ye,
"And not a King in Chriftendom fhould fhave ye."

"Lo! on th' event the world impatient looks,
"And thinks the joke is carried much too far:
"Then pray, Sir, liften to your faithful Cooks,
"Nor in the Palace breed a civil war:
"Loud roars our band, and, obftinate as pigs,
"Cry, 'Locks and liberty, and damn the wigs!"

THE

LOUSIAD.

AN

HEROI-COMIC POEM.

CANTO III.

Magnum iter ascendo, sed dat mihi gloria vires—
Non juvat ex facili lecta corona jugo. PROPERTIUS.

Bold is th' ascent, but GLORY nerves my pow'rs;
I like to pick on *precipices*, flow'rs.

THE ARGUMENT.

A ſublime, natural, elegant, and original deſcription of NIGHT—Modeſty of the ſtars—Slumbering ſituation of their M-j—s, with a compliment to their conſtancy—The charming PRINCESSES aſleep—high compliments beſtowed on them—A prophetic ſuggeſtion of a courtſhip between one of our PRINCESSES and ſome great German Duke—An account of Miſter MORPHEUS, vulgarly called the God of Sleep—his civility to the people, in giving them pretty dreams, by way of compenſation for ſhutting up their mouths, eyes, and ears, for a dozen or fourteen hours together—The ſolemn amuſements of SILENCE—A Night-picture of London—The Palace, a night-ſcene—The goodneſs of certain COURT LORDS to the MAIDS of HONOUR—Kind embraces placed in a new light, and vindicated—More account of the Palace containing a thirſty fly, a hungry cat, a ſtarved bull-dog, and froſt-nipped crickets—An account of MADAM FAME's journey to the Den of MADAM DISCORD—An account of MADAM DISCORD—An inventory of her cell—Account of her excurſions—her pictures and muſic—her ſudden flight to Buckingham-Houſe—aſſumes the ſhape of MADAM SCHWELLENBERG—whiſpers his Majeſty—The ſpeech to Majeſty—Majeſty's fine anſwer in his ſleep—DISCORD quits Majeſty—takes the form of MADAM HAGGERDORN—and goes to the MAJOR's bed-ſide, and whiſpers rebellion to him—Her ſpeech—The MAJOR ſits upright in his bed—handles his pig-tail—The MAJOR's moſt pathetic curſes—his ſenſible ſoliloquy on wigs—his attack on Kings in general, and praiſe of our moſt gracious King in particular—The MAJOR ſtrikes a light—a rich compariſon—viſits a Maſter Cook—Vaſt difference between a battle fought in a field, and in a news-paper—The deſcent of the Cooks to the kitchen—A great and apt compariſon—The Cooks look about for day-light with horror—The ſituation of their ſouls deſcribed—finely illuſtrated by a GREAT WOMAN's apprehenſions for her fine diamond ſtomacher—Lord EGL—T—N and

and an old Maid—A moſt tender and juſt apoſtrophe to the frail FAIR-ONES of the Town—a tear dropped on their unhappy condition—their part taken by the poet, and, in a great meaſure, vindicated—The Poet's thunder-bolt launched at a certain great Limb of the Law, by way of palliation—A ſhort, yet moſt charming reflexion on the female heart, when in love—The Poet returns to the Cooks—continues to deſcribe their dread of day-light, by more apt compariſons of hungry authors—General Conflagration—Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS and the BISHOP of EXETER—Some alluſion to his Majeſty's journey to Exeter—Extracts from a manuſcript poem of a Devonſhire Humouriſt, one JOHN PLOUGHSHARE—The MAJOR vainly endeavours to baniſh his fears by whiſtling and humming a couple of tunes—The names of the unſucceſsful tunes—The MAJOR's choice of them only known to the great AUTHOR of NATURE.

THE

THE

L O U S I A D.

CANTO THE THIRD.

NIGHT, like a widow in her weeds of woe,
Had gravely walk'd for hours our world below:
Hobgoblins, ſpectres in her train, and cats;
Owls round her hooting, mix'd with ſhrieking bats,
Like wanton Cupids in th' Idalian grove,
That flickering ſport around the Queen of Love.
Now like our Quality, who darkling riſe,
Each ſtar had op'd its faſhionable eyes;
Too proud to make appearance, too well bred,
Till SOL, the *vulgar wretch*, had gone to bed.

His wiſdom dead to ſublunary things,
In leaden ſlumber ſnor'd the *beſt* of *****;
In ſlumber lifeleſs, with ſeraphic mien,
Cloſe at his back, too, ſnor'd his *gentle* *****:
Unlike the pair of modern days, that weds,
And, in *one* fortnight, bawls for different beds!

Bleſt

Bleſt imp! now MORPHEUS o'er each Princeſs ſtole,
And clos'd thoſe radiant eyes that vainly roll!
Eyes! Love's bright ſtars! but doom'd in vain to ſhine;
For, ah! what youth ſhall ſay "thoſe orbs are mine?"
Then, what are eyes, alas! the *brighteſt* eyes,
Forbid to languiſh on a lover's ſighs?
The pouting lip, the ſoft luxuriant breaſt,
If coldly fated never to be preſs'd?
Ah, vainly *thoſe* like dew-clad cherries glow;
And *this* as vainly vies with Alpine ſnow!
The breath that gives of Araby the gales,
The voice that ſounds enchantment, what avails?
The Juno form, the purple bloom of May,
Gifts of the Graces, all are thrown away!

But, poſſibly, ſome German Duke may move,
And make a *tendre* of his heavy love!
His wide dominions—miles, p'rhaps, nine or ten;
His Myrmidonian phalanx—fifty men!
But lo! his *heart*, the fount whence honour ſprings,
Swell'd with the richeſt blood of ancient kings!
He comes! not for high birth, his own before!
Great Duke! he comes to woo our golden ore,
And add (how truly happy Britain's fate!)
Another leech to ſuck the ſanguine State;

To

To join (compofing what a goodly row!)
The Place-broker, old SCHW—— and Co.

Now MORPHEUS (in compaffion to mankind,
Made, by his magic, deaf, and dumb, and blind)
Amus'd with dreams man's ambulating foul,
To recompenfe him for the time he ftole;
Bade the beau dance, his Delia melt away,
Who box'd his ears fo cruel through the day;
Of ancient damfels eas'd the lovefick pains,
Brought back loft charms, and fill'd their laps with fwains;
Gave placid cuckoldom a conftant dame;
To brainlefs authors, bread and cheefe and fame;
Made driv'ling Monarchs fchemes of wifdom plan,
And Nature's rankeft coward kill his man;
Gave to the chap-fall'n courtier wealth and power,
Who felt no favour at the levee hour,
Though tip-toe'd, hawk-like, watchful all the while,
To feize the fainteft glimpfe of Royal fmile;
Bade happy Aldermen affume new airs,
Be-chain'd with all the fplendor of Lord May'rs;
And bade them too (without a groat to pay)
Re-gobble all the turtle of the day:
Bade GL——R think his might could match a moufe,
And CHAMBERS fancy he could build a houfe;

And

And LADY MOUNT, th' antipodes of Grace,
Think that ſhe does not *frighten* with her face.

Now SILENCE in the country ſtalk'd the dews,
As if ſhe wore a flannel pair of ſhoes,
Lone liſt'ning, as the Poets well remark,
To falling mill-ſtreams, and the maſtiff's bark;
To loves of wide-mouth'd cats, moſt mournful tales;
To hoot of owls amid the duſky vales,
To hum of beetles, and the bull-frog's ſnore,
The ſpectre's ſhriek, and ocean's drowzy roar.
Lull'd was each ſtreet of London to repoſe,
Save where it echo'd to a WATCHMAN'S noſe;
Or where a WATCHMAN, with ear-piercing rattle,
Rous'd his brave brothers from each box to battle;
To fall upon the CYNTHIAS of the night,
Sweet Nymphs! whoſe ſole profeſſion is Delight!
Thus the gaunt wolves the tender lambs purſue,
And hawks, in blood of doves, their beaks imbrue!
Thus on the flies of evening ruſh the bats,
And maſtiffs ſally on the am'rous cats!

Still was the Palace, ſave were now and then
The tell-tale feet of love-deſigning men,

Night-

Night-wand'ring Lords, ſoft patting on the floor,
Of Maids of Honour ſought the chamber door;
Obliging door! that, op'ning to the tap,
Admitted Lords to take a ſocial nap,
And chaſe moſt kindly from each timid maid
The ghoſts that frightful haunt the midnight ſhade:
For very horrid 'tis, we all muſt own,
For poor defenceleſs Nymphs to lie alone;
Since nights are often doleful, dark, and drear,
And raiſe in gentle breaſts a world of fear.
Nay, were not Lords ordain'd for Ladies' charms;
To guard from perils dire, and dread alarms?
Yes! and like lock'd-up gems thoſe charms to keep,
Amidſt the ſpectred ſolitude of ſleep.
How wicked then to fly in NATURE's face,
And deal damnation on a kind embrace!
Pardon, ye grave Divines, this doctrine ſtrange,
Who think my morals may have caught the mange.
Still was the Palace, ſave where ſome poor fly,
With thirſt juſt ready to drop down and die,
Buzz'd faint petitions to his Maker's ear,
To ſhow him one ſmall drop of dead ſmall beer;
Save where the cat, for mice, ſo hungry, watching,
Swore the lean animals were ſcarce worth catching;
Save where the dog ſo gaunt, in grumbling tone,
By dreams deluded, mouth'd a mutton bone;

Save where, with throats to ſounds of horror ſtrain'd;
Crickets of coughs and rheumatiſms complain'd;
Lamenting ſore, amid a Royal hold,
"How hard that crickets ſhould be kill'd by cold!"

Now Fame to Discord's dreary manſion flew,
To tell the Beldame more than all ſhe knew;
Who, at the Devil's table, for her work,
For ever welcome finds a knife and fork:
Discord, a ſleepleſs hag, who never dies,
With ſnipe-like noſe, and ferret-glowing eyes,
Lean, ſallow cheeks, long chin, with beard ſupply'd;
Poor crackling joints, and wither'd parchment hide,
As if old drums, worn out with martial din,
Had clubb'd their yellow heads to form her ſkin;
Discord, who, pleas'd a univerſe to ſway,
Is never half ſo bleſs'd as in a fray:
Discord, to deeds, indeed, moſt daring giv'n,
Who bade vile Satan raiſe a duſt in Heav'n;
Stirr'd up the ſweeteſt angels to rebel,
And ſunk the faireſt forms to darkeſt Hell;
Bade, by her din, the humbleſt ſpirits riſe,
Bold to dethrone the Monarch of the Skies;
For which they very *properly* were ſent,
Unhappy Legions! into baniſhment;

Doom'd

Doom'd, for ſuch moſt abominable ſinning,
To broil on charcoal, with eternal grinning.

Discord, who whiſper'd to the jealous Cain,
"Go crack thy brother's box that holds his brain;"
Which Cain perform'd, in godlineſs unſtable,
That foe to piety and brother Abel:
Discord, who haunts poor G——'s maudlin Dame,
And makes her Duke of wiſdom cry out "Shame!"
Who, *after* dinner, for her honour's ſcreams,
And graſps a Britiſh crown in drunken dreams;
Then roars as though (what richly ſhe deſerves)
The D-ke had clapp's a broomſtick to her nerves;
Discord, who alſo often doth profane
The goodly ſtreets and courts of Drury-lane;
Where bawd meets bawd, blaſpheming, ſwearing, drunk,
Pimp knocks down pimp, and punk abuſes punk:
Discord, delighting in the wordy war,
The pillar of the Senate and the Bar:
Discord, who makes a ** delight in ode,
Slight *Square of Hanover for Tott'nham Road;
Where, with the taſte ſublime of Goth and Vandal,
He orders the worſt works of heavy Handel;

Encores

* Gallini's Rooms are in this Square, in which is performed the celebrated Profeſſional Concert.

*Encores himſelf, till all the audience gape,
And ſuffers not a quaver to eſcape:
DISCORD, all eye, all mouth, all ear, all noſe,
For ever warring with a world's repoſe!

When FAME arriv'd, the ſhaving tale to tell,
Pleas'd was the red-ey'd Fury in her cell,
Where ſcorpions crawl'd, where ſcreech'd that noiſy fowl,
Known in Great-Britain by the name of OWL;
Bats ſhriek'd, and grillatalpas join'd the ſound,
Cats ſquall'd, pigs whin'd, and adders hiſs'd around.

Cloſe to the reſtleſs wave her manſion lay,
Receding from the beam of cheerful day:
Hence on black wing the HAG was wont to roam,
And join the witches 'mid the ſtormy gloom;
Howl with delight amid the thunder's roar;
Hang o'er the wrecks that crowd the billowy ſhore;
See, 'midſt each flaſh, the heads of ſeamen riſe,
And drink with greedy ears their drowning cries.
Around her dwelling various portraits hung,
Of thoſe whoſe noiſy names in hiſt'ry rung.

Here

* This was a moſt ludicrous circumſtance that happened not long ſince, when his ***** and the Orcheſtra were left to themſelves and *God ſave the King*.

Here, with ſpread arms, whom Grace and Fury fill,
Thund'ring damnation, ſtar'd Stentorian HILL:
There curs'd, SIR JOSEPH BANKS, in queſt of fame,
At finding fleas and lobſters not the ſame.
Here a prime fav'rite, of a ſainted band,
Hell in his heart, and torches in his hand;
LORD GEORGE, by mobs huzza'd, and, what is odd,
Burning poor Papiſts for the love of God;
Pleas'd as old NERO on each falling dome,
Sublimely fiddling to the flames of Rome!
There, in reſpect to Kings, not over nice,
That Revolution-ſinner—DOCTOR PRICE;
Whoſe labours, in a moſt uncourtly ſtile,
Win not, like *gentle* BURKE's, the Royal ſmile;
Gain not from *good* DIVINES both praiſe and thanks,
Call'd, by the wicked, "Goſpel Mountebanks,
"Mere Quack pretenders, from their lofty ſtation
"Puffing off idle *noſtrums* of Salvation;
"Who, where the milk and honey flows, reſort,
"Like rooks in corn fields, black'ning all the Court."
Here, leading all her bears ſo ſavage forth,
Wild rag'd the AMAZONIAN of the North,
With RUIN leagu'd, t' attack the Turkiſh hive,
And leave not half a Muſſulman alive:

There ſtorm'd a VIXEN, far and near renown'd
For *ſweetneſs, meekneſs, piety profound*;
Her Sons abuſing (in abuſes old),
With all the fury of a German ſcold!
Theſe, with ſome ſcores, were ſeen, of equal fame,
Thanks to a lonely taper's livid flame!
The form of MADAM SCHWELLENBERG ſhe took,
Her broken Engliſh, garb, and ſin-like look;
Then ſought the Palace, and the Royal ear,
And whiſper'd thus, "Mine God, Ser, nebber fear—
"Oh, pleaſe your Majeſty, you ver ver right:
"Shave all de raſcal, if but out of ſpite.
"Lord! Lord! how vill a mighty Monarch look,
"Not able, O mine God! for ſhave a cook!
"*Dat* like a king, I ſay, what can't do dat?
"Mine God! pray haf more ſpirit dan a cat.
"Ser, in mine court, de prince be great as king—
"He ſcorn to ax one word about a ting.
"Mine God! de cook muſs nebber dare make groan,
"Nor dare to tell a Prince der ſoul der own:
"'Tis de dam Engliſ only, dat can ſay,
"'Boh! fig for king! by God, I'll haf my way.'

"I haf ſee Court enough—a Prince and Dook,
"But nebber wiſh on ſuſh as dis to look:

"I ſay

" I ſay ver often to myſelf—Goode God!
" I nebber viſh a crown mine head for load!
" I do not viſh myſelf more greater efils:
" A King of Englis be a King of defils.
" To puniſhment de louſy raſcal bring,
" And ſhow dem all vat 'tis for be a King.
" America haf cover us vid ſhame;
" Jack Wilkes, too, be a dam, dam ugliſh name;
" And ſal de paltry Cook be conquerer too?—
" No, God forbid! as dat vill nebber do.
" De hair muſs fall before your royal eye,
" 'Tis ſometing, fags! to triumph 'pon poor fly."—
Pleas'd with her voice, the King of Nations ſmil'd,
For Pow'r with Monarchs is a fav'rite child:
" What! what! not ſhave 'em, ſhave 'em, ſhave 'em,
ſhave 'em?
" Not all the world, not all the world ſhall ſave 'em.
" I'll ſheer 'em, ſheer 'em, as I ſheer my ſheep."—
Thus ſpoke the mighty Monarch in his ſleep:
Which proves that Kings in ſleep a ſpeech may make,
Equal to what they utter broad awake.

Charm'd with the miſchief full on Fancy's view,
Quick to the Major's room the FURY flew:

Put off the form of SCHWELLENBERG, and took
Of MADAM HAGGERDORN the milder look:
A woman, in whofe foul no guile is feen,
The Miftrefs of the Robes to our good Queen—
A Queen, who really has not got her peer;
A Queen, to this our kingdom wond'rous *dear*;
Which fhows, however folks are apt to fport,
That all the Virtues may be found at court.
Now, in the MAJOR's ear the Beldame faid,
" YAN DIXON—YAN, you muft not, man, be 'fraid.
" I like mufh your peteefhon to de King,
" Though GEORGE will fwear 'tis dam, dam faucy ting;
" And fwear, dat as his foul is to be fave,
" Dat ebbry von of you fal all be fhave:
" YAN DIXON, rader your dear life lay down,
" Dan be de laugh (mine Gote!) of all de town.
" De ver, ver littel boy an girl you meet,
" Vill point and laugh and hoot you trow de ftreet.
" De fame (mine Gote!) vill chimney-fweep behave,
" And cry, ' Dere go de blockhead dat was fhave:'
" ' Dere go von poor fhave fellow!' cry de Trull,
" ' Becaufe he had de loufe upon his fcull.'
" I know he fay, dat you fal loufe your lock,
" Before to-morrow mornin twalfe o'clock.

" I tink

" I tink dere may be battle—nebber mind,
" I hope dat Godamighty will be kind.
" What if de King make noise about de house,
" For noting but dis dam confounded louse;
" He be but von, you know; an den for you,
" Mine Gote! YAN DIXON, you is fifty-two:
" Tink, YAN, how GEORGE vas frighten by de mob,
" When Lord GEORGE GORDON make dat burnin job.
" Mine Gote! YAN, mind me, rader lose dy place,
" Dan suffer such dam nasty dam disgrace.
" I tell you true, indeed, ver true, dear YAN,
" His Majesty be ver goot sort of man;
" But ver ver like indeed as oder men,
" Dat is, a leetel stubborn now an den.
" Tink, YAN, of dat ver ugly ting, a wig,
" For pot-boy and de pot-girl run der rig!
" Boh! filthy ting, enough de deffil scare;
" And made perhap of dismal dead man's hair!
" I sal not wonder if, dy soul for shock,
" A ghost come seize upon der stolen lock.
" No, fags! nor vonders if dey come an pull
" De vig vid mush, mush fury from dy scull.
" 'Pon som poor strumpet head perhap dat grow'd,
" Dat die of dam disforder, nasty toad!"—

 Thus

Thus ſaying, lo! the Fury made retreat,
And left the Lord of Saucepans in a ſweat.
Juſt like King Richard in his tent, JOHN rear'd,
And verily a man of woes appear'd.
Now handling his ſmall pig-tail, "Now you're here,"
Exclaim'd the MAJOR, "but not long, I fear:
"Perhaps ſome good may follow this ſame dream,
"And reſolution mar this ſhaving ſcheme.
"Curs'd be the Louſe that ſo much miſchief bred,
"And yields to barbers' boys the harmleſs head:
"Curs'd be the razor-maker, curs'd the prig
"Who thought upon that greaſy thing—a wig.
"Sure, 'twas ſome mangy beaſt, ſome ſcabby rogue,
"Who brought a thing ſo filthy into vogue!
"Had NATURE meant the ſcare-crow to be worn,
"Infants with wigs had certainly been born.
"But lo! with little hair, and that uncurl'd,
"But not with *wigs*, they come into the world!
"What ſhame, that ſheep, that horſes, cows, and bulls,
"Should club their tails, to furniſh Chriſtian ſculls!
"But what a ſacrilegious ſhame, the *dead*
"Can't keep, poor ſouls, their locks upon their head!
"What ſhame, the ſpectres, in the midnight air,
"Should wander, ſcreaming for their plunder'd hair!

Curs'd

" Curs'd be the ſhaving plan, I ſay again,
" Although the bantling of a Royal brain!"
Thus curs'd the MAJOR to NIGHT's liſt'ning ear,
Enough to turn a Chriſtian pale to hear!
Thus, heedleſs of hereafter, for a pin
Will men and women run their ſouls in ſin!
Now paus'd the MAJOR, with a thoughtful air;
And now ſoliloquy'd with ſolemn ſtare:
" Drunk with dominion, gorg'd with vicious thoughts,
" With Folly teeming, doz'd by Flatt'ry's draughts,
" Taught to admire their very maudlin dreams,
" And think their brains' dull mudpools, WISDOM's ſtreams,
" Too many a monarch lives; but, lo! not ours!
" A King, who WISDOM's very ſelf devours;
" Snaps at arts, ſciences, where'er they riſe,
" With all the fire of boys at butterflies.
" *Such* cannot ſurely own a little heart;
" Therefore our locks and we *may* never part."
Now, from a ſtool, a tinder-box he took,
And fiercely with the ſtone the ſteel he ſtruck;
And, after many unſucceſsful ſhocks,
The ſparks inflam'd the tinder in the box;
Which, by a match which JOHN did ſagely handle,
Gave ſudden luſtre to a farthing candle.

Thus, if ſmall things with great we may compare,
We ſee hard pedagogues, with furious air,
Strike with the fiſt, and often with a ſtick,
Light through a ſcholar's ſcull, ten inches thick.

Now, full illuminated, Dixon ſtole,
Where lay a Maſter-cook within his hole:
From whence, to all th' inferior Cooks they went,
Inclin'd to Oppoſition's big intent;
But, not ſo fierce, alas! for oppoſition,
As in the threat'ning, bullying Petition;
For men (it is reported) daſh and vapour
Leſs on the field of battle, than on paper.
Thus, in the hiſt'ry of each *dire* campaign,
More carnage loads the news-paper than plain.
And now the Cooks and Scullions left each neſt;
And now, behold, they one and all were dreſt.

Lo! ſullen to the kitchen mov'd the throng,
Gloom on each eye, and ſilence on each tongue:
How much like crape-clad mourners round a bier!
But, ah! impreſs'd with ſorrow more ſincere;
For oft, at *tombs*, with joy the boſom burns—
There, 'tis the *ſable back alone* that mourns.

Now

Now making, with a few dry chips, a fire,
They fullen fat, their grief commix'd with ire;
Sad ruminating all around the flame,
Like Harry and his band, of deathlefs name,
Near Agincourt, expectant of the day
Big with the horrors of a bloody fray;
A fray that threaten'd his poor little band,
To fweep it, juft like fpiders, to that land
Terra incognïta yclep'd, which ftretches
Afar—of which, imperfect are our fketches;
Since all who have furvey'd this diftant bourn,
So welcom'd, were not fuffer'd to return.
Thus did the Cooks expect the fatal morn,
When, fheep-like, every head was to be fhorn.

Now to the whitening eaft they caft their fight,
And wifh'd, but vainly, an eternal night:
Not with lefs pleafure ftares upon the day,
The wretch condemn'd hard Nature's debt to pay;
Condemn'd ere noon to act a deed abhorr'd;
To ftretch, for Juftice' fake, the fatal cord:
Not with lefs pleafure fhrunk (unknown to fhame),
A meat, drink, fnuff, and diamond-loving DAME,
When told, "That if poor Haftings went to pot,
"Away went pearls, and jewels, and what not,

" Torn

" Torn from the ſtomacher ſo fine, yet foul,
" Which AV'RICE thirſted for, and RAPINE ſtole:"
Not with leſs pleaſure, in the vale of life,
Poor EGL-N-T-N beheld a youthful wife,
(Forc'd, on a bed of ice, ſweet flow'r, to bloom;
Ah! forc'd to ſhine, a ſun-beam, on a tomb)
That blooming youthful wife, inclin'd to ſtray
With HAM-LTON, all in a billing way;
Juſt like two turtles, or a pair of lambs,
Or ewes ſo playful with the friſky rams:

Not with leſs glee an old and hopeleſs maid
Surveys the ſun aſcending from the ſhade;
A ſun, that gives a younger ſiſter's charms,
So hated, to a bridegroom's happy arms:
Not with leſs joy, that raging chaſte old maid
Sees the frail Fair-ones in the Cyprian trade
Eſcape the whip and gaol, and hemp beſide,
By means of *gentle* MISTER JUSTICE HYDE.
Sweet wrecks of beauty! though, with aſpic eye,
And glance diſdainful, PRUDERY paſs them by,
With mincing ſtep, and ſquinting cautious dread,
As though their looks alone contagion ſhed.
I view each pallid WRETCH with grief ſincere,
And call on PITY for her tend'reſt tear;

See,

See, on their cheeks, the blufh of VIRTUE burn;
Hear from their fouls the figh of RUIN mourn;
View, veil'd in HORROR's gloom, their fwimming eyes,
Beaming with hopelefs wifhes to the fkies,
Like the pale MOON's dim folitary form,
Wrapp'd in the darknefs of the midnight ftorm.
Too oft, by TREACH'RY's winning fmile betray'd,
Too fondly trufting, falls the fimple maid!
Too many a TH—L—E walks the world of woe,
To foul of INNOCENCE the facred fnow!
To love, yet nurfe the thought of villain art,
How hard a leffon for the *partial* heart!
Too hard a leffon for the female foul,
Where LOVE no partner owns, and fcorns controul.

Not with lefs pleafure doth a Poet look
On cruel criticifm, which damns his book,
Or recommends it to that peaceful fhore
Where books and bards are never heard of more,
Than look'd each man, with lengthen'd boding beard,
On that fad morn, which doom'd them to be fhear'd:
Not with lefs pleafure, likewife, let me fay,
A hungry author fees his dying play;
Child of his dotage, who furveys its fall,
Juft as mankind fhall view the tumbling Ball,

When

When ſun, moon, ſtars, and all the diſtant ſpheres,
Burſt in one general wreck about their ears.
Not with leſs pleaſure did * SIR WILLIAM's eye
See SOMERSET's bold wing deſert its ſky;
A fall, at which the Nation's purſe exclaims,
That thund'ring cruſh'd the back of roaring THAMES;
Not with leſs pleaſure did SIR WILLIAM's ear,
A *ſecond* craſh of this fam'd fabric hear;
When poor SIR JOSHUA, with his painting band,
Swore the dread day of judgment juſt at hand.
Not with leſs glee, tenacious of his droſs,
Ross † ſtarted—Reader! not the Man of Roſs—
When MAJESTY, to reſt his royal head,
Aſk'd of the Church's mitred Son a bed;

Poor

* This gentleman ſtill retains the place of Comptroller of the Board of Works, to the Kingdom's ſurpriſe; but demerit in Building, as well as in Painting, is a ſufficient recommendation to a *certain ſpecies* of PATRONS, particularly if the Profeſſors are deſpiſed by the people at large. It is the money of this Nation that is ſought for, not the merit. The circumſtance of being a foreigner too (for this ſame SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS is a Swede), carries with it another ſtrong claim to favouritiſm!

† The preſent BISHOP of EXETER, who, when his MAJESTY viſited that ancient City lately, *moſt handſomely* excuſed himſelf the honour of entertaining his ROYAL MASTER, by billeting him upon DEAN BULLER. The following lines, extracted from a manuſcript performance of one JOHN PLOUGHSHARE, called

The

Poor Man! who proving, like his Sovereign, poor,
Begg'd him to knock at good DEAN BULLER's door;
BULLER,

The ROYAL PROGRESS, we think, will elucidate this part of our EPIC, and not be unacceptable to our readers.

'In comm'd the King at laſte to town,
'With douſt and zweat az nutmeg brown,
'The hoſſes all in ſmoke;
'Huzzaing, trumpeting, and ringing,
'Red colours vleeing, roaring, dringing,
'Zo mad zeem'd all the voke.

'Wiping his zweaty jaws and poll,
'All over douſte we ſpied 'SQUIRE ROLLE,
'Cloſe by the King's coach trattin;
'Now ſhoving in the coach his head,
'Meaning (we thoſt) it might be zed,
"'SQUIRE ROLLE and GEORGE be chattin."

'Now went the ALDERMEN and MAY'R,
'Zome with cut wigs, and zome with hair,
'The Royal voke to ken;
'When MEASTER MAY'R, upon my word,
'Pok'd to the King a gert long ſword,
'Which *he* pok'd back agen.

'Now thooſe that round his Worſhip ſtood,
'Declar'd it clumſily was dood;
'Yet SQUIRT, the people zay,
'Brandiſh'd a gert hoſs glyſter-pipe,
'To make un in his leſſon ripe,
'That took up half a day.

'Now

BULLER, who took his wand'ring maſter in,
And ſtuff'd with corn and oil his ſcrip and ſkin;
For which (on gratitude ſo wont to dote)
The Monarch gave a TUMBLER—worth a groat!

O glo-

' Now down droo Vore-ſtreet did they com,
' Zum hallowin, and ſcreeching zum:
' Now trudg'd they to the DEAN'S;
' Becaze the BISHOP zent mun word,
" A could not meat and drink avord,
" A had not got the means."

' A zed, that, " az vor he, poor man,
" A had not got a pot or pan,
" Nor ſpoon, nor knive, nor vork;
" That he was weak, and ould, and ſqueal,
" And zeldom made a hearty meal,
" And zeldom drade a cork."

' Indeed, a is a moderate man,
' And zo be all the clargy clan,
' That with un come to chatter;
' Who, when they're ax'd to a glaſs of wine,
' To one the wother they tip the ſign,
' And beg my Lord's fine water.

' Then az vor rooms—why, there agen
" A could not lodge a cock, nor hen,
" They were zo ſmall," a zed;
" And, az vor beds, they wudn't do,
" In number about one or two,
" Vor ſelf and JOAN the maid.

" In

O glorious act! an act, how ſeldom ſeen!
O what a day of gladneſs for the Dean!
A gift ſo rare, ſo noble, ſo ſublime,
Will ſtupify the ſons of diſtant time.
This, let the BULLER Family record;
This brittle treaſure let the BULLERS hoard;
Yet ſhow, exulting, upon gala days,
To bid ſome favour'd GUEST admire and praiſe.
Now did the MAJOR hum a tune ſo ſad!
Chromatic—in the robes of ſorrow clad:

"In voolish things, a wedn't be cort;
"'Twas ſtoopid to treat vokes for nort:—
"No; twazn't heeſe deſire.
"Prefarment, too, was to an end;
"The King woud never more vor'n zend,
"To lift un one peg higher.

"And yet vokes zay's a man o' ſenſe,
"Honeſt and good—but hoardth his pence;
"Can't peart with drink nor met:
"An then why vore?" the peepel rail:—
"To greaze a vat ould pig in the tail—
"OULD WEYMOUTH o' Long Leat."

'Well, to the DEAN's, bounce in they went,
'And all the day in munchin ſpent,
'And guzlin, too, no doubt;
'And, while the *Gentry* drink'd *within*,
'The *Mob*, with brandy, ale, and gin,
'Got roaring drunk *without*.'

But,

But, lo! the ballad could not fear controul;
Nor exorcise the Barbers from his soul:
And now his lifted eyes the cieling sought;
And now he whistled—not for want of thought.
A mournful air the whistling MAJOR chose:
Still on his rolling eye the razors rose.
From grave to sprightly now he chang'd—a jig—
Still o'er his haunted fancy wav'd the wig;
Still saw his eye alarm'd, the * Scratch abhorr'd,
Like wild Macbeth's, the visionary sword.—
Thus, from what Kings, alas! may fancy fun,
His loving subjects may be glad to run:
Thus, when SAINT SWITHEN from his fountain pours,
(SAINT SWITHEN, tutelary Saint of show'rs)
Beaux skip, belles scamper, fly the cocks and hens,
With drooping plumage, to the shelt'ring pens;
While lo! the waddling ducks *Te Deum* utter,
Flap their glad wings, and gabble through the gutter.

Sing, MUSE! or, lo! our *Canto* not complete,
What air he humm'd, and whistled all so sweet.
HOMER, of ev'ry thing minutely speaks,
From Heaven's ambrosia, to a camp's beef-steaks:

Then

* A small wig, or rather an apology for a wig, so called, and generally worn by our most amiable and august Monarch.

Then let us, MUSE, adopt a march ſublime,
And try to rival HOMER with our rhime;
Who, had a NIT, in JUNO's treſſes bred,
Dropp'd on divine MINERVA's wiſer head;
Or COOK-like FLEA, exploring ſome new track,
Hopp'd from the clouds to AGAMEMNON's back;
The BARD had ſung the fall in verſe divine,
And CRITICS heard the ſound along the line.
JOVE call'd his JUNO only *ſaucy bitch*;
The POET thought it would his ſong enrich:
JOVE, too, juſt threaten'd, with ſome birchen rods,
To whip her publicly before the Gods;
The BARD (though but a flogging-bout at moſt)
Deem'd it indeed too ſacred to be loſt:
JOVE call'd his daughter only bitch and fool
(Poor PALLAS, treated like a girl at ſchool),
Threaten'd to ham-ſtring her ſix fav'rite nags,
And tear her bran-new phaëton to rags;
The BARD, who never wrote an idle word,
Bade his bold verſe, the GOD's bold ſpeech record:
And had the THUND'RER but broke wind, the ſong
Had, imitative, born the blaſt along.—
Then be it known to all the world around,
To folks above, and people under ground,

To fiſh and fowl, and every creeping thing—
Lillibullero, and *God ſave the King*,
Were actually the very airs he choſe!
But wherefore—GOD ALMIGHTY only knows!

THE

LOUSIAD.

AN

HEROI-COMIC POEM.

CANTO IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

MORNING and MAJESTY get out of bed together—A moſt ſolemn and pathetic addreſs to the Muſe, with reſpect to *Omens*—A ſerious complaint againſt the Omens for their non-appearance on ſo *important* an occaſion—The wives and daughters of the Cooks ſeek the Palace, to encourage their huſbands—A beautiful compariſon of cocks and hens—The diſmay of the Cooks—The natural hiſtory of eyes—MISTER RAMUS enters the kitchen—MISTER RAMUS is praiſed for dexterity in ſhaving MAJESTY—MISTER RAMUS's conſequence with MAJESTY ſuperior to that of great Miniſters—MISTER RAMUS's *namby-pamby* name *Billy*, given by MAJESTY—The dread occaſioned by MISTER RAMUS's appearance amongſt the Cooks—MISTER SECKER, Clerk of the Kitchen, enters in a paſſion—MISTER SECKER threatens tremendouſly—A *wife* of one of the Cooks nobly anſwers MISTER SECKER, and vows oppoſition—MISTER SECKER replies with aſtoniſhment, vociferation, and threat—The HEROINE's rejoinder to MISTER RAMUS, with much ſarcaſm—MISTER SECKER groweth very wroth—ſtudieth revenge—PRUDENCE appeareth to him, and adminiſtereth great and wholeſome advice—PRUDENCE becalmeth the Clerk of the Kitchen—A ſecond HEROINE appeareth, ſpeechifieth, and threateneth—ſlily alludeth to the immenſe wealth of *male* MAJESTY, and the heaps of diamonds belonging to *female* MAJESTY—praiſeth her huſband's cleanlineſs, and denieth a louſe-exiſtence in his head, and ſquinteth at MISTER SECKER as the probable owner of the animal—MISTER SECKER rageth a ſecond time—One of the fineſt compariſons in the world, between MISTER SECKER in a paſſion, and a LEG OF MUTTON and TURNIPS in the pot—The POET pauſeth, moralizeth, and trembleth at that Devil, lately introduced to the world, called EQUALITY, the enemy of MAJESTY—Some of the ſweeteſt

lines in the world on the occasion—PRUDENCE re-entereth to becalm MISTER SECKER, by clapping her hand on his mouth —An inexpressible apt bottle-of-small-beer comparison—The COOK-MAJOR rises in wrath, and is very satirical on MISTER SECKER—The CLERK OF THE KITCHEN replies with intrepidity—A great deal of *good Company* rushes into the kitchen —MISTER SECKER commands silence, and announces the will of his Sovereign—The SOVEREIGN eloquently announceth also his own will—A *sweet* and sublime comparison, equal to any thing in HOMER.

THE

L O U S I A D.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

WITH beauteous LAMBERT's blush, and RUSSEL's
smiles,
AURORA peep'd upon the first of Isles;
And lo, to bleating flock, and whistling bird,
Uprose the Sun, and uprose G. THE THIRD,
Who left his Queen so charming, and her room,
To talk of hounds and horses with the Groom.
Say, MUSE, what! not *one* cloud with low'ring looks,
To gloom compassion on the heads of Cooks?
What! not *one* solitary omen sent;
Not *one* small sign, to tell the great event?
On CATO's danger, clouds of ev'ry shape
Hung on the firmament their dismal crape;
AURORA wept, poor girl, with sorrow big;
And PHŒBUS rose without his golden wig!
But now the skies their usual manners lost,
The sun and moon, and all the starry host!

No

No raven at the window flapp'd his wings,
And croak'd portentous to the Cooks of Kings;
No horſes neigh'd, no bullocks roar'd ſo ſtout;
No ſheep, like ſheep be-devill'd, ran about;
No lightnings flaſh'd, no thunder deign'd to growl;
No walls re-echo'd to the mournful owl;
No jackaſs bray'd affright; no ghoſt 'gan wail;
No comet threaten'd empires with his tail;
No witches, wildly ſcreaming, rode the broom;
No pewter platters danc'd about the room.
Thus unregarded droop'd each menac'd head,
As though the omens all were really dead;
As unregarded (what a horrid ſlur!)
As though the Monarch meant to ſhave a cur!

Now to the kitchen of the Palace came
Full many a damſel ſweet, and daring dame,
The wives and daughters of thoſe Cooks forlorn
Whoſe luckleſs heads were threaten'd to be ſhorn:
Ire in each eye, and vengeance in each hand,
To cheer their huſbands, pour'd the boaſtful Band!
Thus, when the ancient Britons ruſh'd to battle,
Their wives intrepid join'd the general rattle;
Encouraging their huſbands in the fray,
For fear ſome pale-nos'd rogues might run away:

glo-

O glorious act!—repelling coward fear.—
Thus cocks fight bravest when the hens are near.

Now on the band of Ladies star'd the Cooks,
And seem'd to shew hair-ruin in their looks.
Great is the eloquence of eyes indeed—
Much hist'ry in those tell-tale orbs we read!
What though no bigger than a button-hole,
Yet what a wondrous window to the soul!
The bosom's joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
In lively colours are depicted here!

Now to the crowded kitchen RAMUS springs,
RAMUS, call'd BILLY by the best of Kings;
Who much of razors and of soap-suds knows,
Well skill'd to take Great CÆSAR by the nose:
Much by his Sovereign lov'd, a trusty Page,
Who often puts great Statesmen in a rage;
Poor LORDS! compell'd against their will to *wait*,
Though ass-like laden with affairs of State,
Till Page and Monarch finish deep disputes
On buckskin breeches, or a pair of boots!

Billy, a pretty name of love, so sweet,
Familiar, easy, for affection meet!

Thus

Thus formal *Patrick* is transform'd to *Paddy*;
And *Father*, by the children chriſten'd *Daddy*:
And OLIVER, who could e'en *Kings* control,
By many a thouſand is baptiz'd OLD NOLL.

Speak, READER, didſt thou ever ſee a ghoſt?
If ſo—thou ſtoodeſt ſtaring, like a poſt:
Thus did the Cooks on BILLY RAMUS ſtare,
Whoſe frightful preſence porcupin'd each hair.
Now enter'd *SECKER—and now thus he ſpoke:—
" This Louſe affair's a very pretty joke!
" Arn't you aſham'd of it, you dirty dogs?—
" Zounds! have you all been ſleeping with the hogs?
" But mind—you'll be, to all your great delight,
" Bald as ſo many coots before 'tis night.
" No murmurs, gentlemen—'tis all in vain:
" When Monarchs order, who ſhall dare complain?"
Now from the female Band, a HEROINE rav'd,
" G-d curſe me, if my huſband *ſhall* be ſhav'd!
" You ſhan't, you ſhan't the fellow's head diſgrace;
" I ſay the man ſhall ſooner loſe his place.
" *Wigs*, like the very devil, I loath, I hate—
" And curſe me, if a *nightcap* hugs his pate."—

" How,

* Late Clerk of the Kitchen.

" How, IMPUDENCE!" the wrathful SECKER cry'd,
With horror ſtaring, and a mouth yard-wide—
" Where, where's my ſtick, my cane, my whip, my ſwitch?
" Who taught rebellion t'ye, you ſaucy b—?"—
" *Myſelf*," with hands akembow, cry'd the Dame:
" I tell ye, Miſter SECKER, 'tis a ſhame;
" I tell ye that the Cooks will all be fools,
" To ſuffer razors to come *near* their ſkulls.
" *Bitch* too, forſooth! the language of a hog!
" If I'm a bitch, then *ſomebody*'s a dog."

Now all th' internal man of SECKER boil'd;
From thought to thought of turbulence he toil'd:
Now, reſolution-fraught, he wiſh'd to ſtick her,
Now in her face to ſpit, and now to kick her.
But PRUDENCE in that very moment came,
And ſweetly whiſper'd to the man of flame—
" Fie, SECKER! kick a *woman!* SECKER, fie!
" On matter more ſublime, thy prowefs try—
" No glory ſprings from kicking wives of Cooks:
" Strive to ſurpaſs great Kings in binding books;
" Tranſcend great Kings in forcing ſtubborn kine
" To breakfaſt on horſe-cheſnuts, ſup, and dine;

In

" In educating pigs, be thou as deep;
" And learn, like Kings, to feel the rumps of ſheep.
" Go, triumph at the market-towns with wool:
" Go, breed for lady-cows the braveſt bull;
" Tow'r o'er the ſcepter'd GREAT in fat of lambs,
" And riſe a rival in the breed of rams.—
" Theſe be thine acts—from hence fair glory flows,
" Whoſe beam, a bonfire round a Monarch glows.
" Surpaſs in charity towards the Poor;
" Nor bully ſtarving MERIT from the door.
" Behold, for patronage lean GENIUS pant!
" What though the wealthy Great a *taſte* may want,
" Yet, would they caſt their eyes on pining MERIT,
" Thoſe eyes would quickly warm her frozen ſpirit.
" The *fool* may liſt the MOURNER from the tomb,
" And bid the buried ſeeds of GENIUS bloom.
" Yes, fools of Fortune, did thoſe fools incline
" To look on humble WORTH, might bid her ſhine:
" Thus tallow candles in a chandelier,
" Make the keen beauties of the glaſs appear,
" Call into note a thouſand trembling rays,
" And ſhare the merit of the mingled blaze.
" The GREAT ſhould bid like SUNS their treaſures flow,
" Whoſe beams wide-ſpreading no diſtinction know;

" But

" But equal bid the crab and pine be ripe,
" And light at once a ſyſtem and a pipe."

Thus PRUDENCE ſpoke, when SECKER to the DAME,
Confeſs'd his fault, and ſtopp'd the burſting flame.
Now ſtorm'd a *ſecond* Heroine from the band,
Call'd JOAN, and full at SECKER made a ſtand—
" I ſay, TOM ſhan't be ſhav'd—he ſhan't—he ſhan't—
" Leek porridge, ſtirabout, we'll ſooner want;
" We'll rather hunt the gutters for our meat;
" Cry mackrel, or ſing ballads through the ſtreet;
" Foot ſtockings, mend old china, or black ſhoes,
" Sooner than TOM, poor ſoul, his locks ſhall loſe.
" Humph! what a pretty hoity toity's here?
" THOMAS, I ſay, ſhan't loſe his locks, poor dear!
" Shav'd too! cauſe people happen to be *poor*—
" I never heard of ſuch a trick before.
" *Folks* think they may take freedoms with a Cook—
" Go, aſk your MASTER if he'd ſhave a *Duke*.
" No—if he dar'd to do it, I'll be curſt:
" No, SECKER, he would eat the razor firſt.
" Good lord! to think *poor* people's heads to plunder—
" Why, lord! are people drunk, or mad, I wonder?
" What! ſhall my poor dear huſband loſe his locks
" Becauſe *a* ha'n't ten millions in the ſtocks?

" Becauſe

" Becauſe on me, forſooth, *a* can't beſtow
" A di'mond petticoat, to make a ſhow?
" Marry come up, indeed—a pretty joke—
" Any thing's good enough for humble folk:
" Shov'd here and there, forſooth; call'd dog and b—,
" God bleſs us well, becauſe we are not rich.
" People will ſoon be beat about with ſticks,
" Forſooth, becauſe they han't a coach and ſix.
" *A* ſhan't be ſhav'd, and I'm his lawful wife:
" The man was never louſy in his life.
" *Ax* what his *mother* ſays—his neareſt kin—
" 'Tom never had a blotch upon his ſkin,
" 'But when *a* had the meaſles and ſmall pox.'
" What *for*, then, ſhall the fellow loſe his locks?
" 'She never in her life-time ſaw (ſhe ſays)
" 'A tidier, cleanlier lad, in all her days—
" 'And all her neighbours ſaid with huge ſurpriſe,
" 'A finer boy was never ſeen with *eyes!*'
" So, Miſter SECKER, let's have no more *touſe*;
" Hunt further for the owner of the louſe.
" Sir, 'tis a burning *ſhame*, I'm bold to ſay,
" To take poor people's character away.
" Who knows the varmine is n't your own, odsfiſh!
" You're fond of peeping into ev'ry diſh."

Again

Again of SECKER boil'd th' internal man;
Thought urging thought, again to rage began:
Huge thoughts of diff'rent ſizes ſwell'd his ſoul;
Now mounting high, now ſinking low they roll;
Buſtling here, there, up, down, and round about;
So wild the mob, ſo terrible the rout!
How like a LEG OF MUTTON in the pot,
With turnips thick ſurrounded all ſo hot!
Amid the gulph of broth, ſublime, profound,
Tumultuous, joſtling, how they ruſh around!
Now *up* the turneps mount with ſkins of ſnow,
While reſtleſs lab'ring MUTTON dives below—
Now lofty ſoaring, climbs the leg of ſheep,
While TURNIP downward plunges 'mid the deep!
Strange ſuch reſemblances in things ſhould *lie!*
But what eſcapes the *Poet*'s piercing eye?
Juſt like the *Sun*—for what eſcapes his *ray*,
Who darts on deepeſt ſhade the golden day?

Muſe, let us pauſe a moment—here we ſee
A woman, certainly of low degree,
Reviling *folk* of elevated ſtation;
Thus waging war with mild SUBORDINATION.
Should ſweet SUBORDINATION chance to die,
Adieu to Kings and Courtier-men ſo high;

Then

Then will that IMP EQUALITY prevail,
Who knows no diff'rence between head and tail;
Then MAJESTY, the lofty noſe who lifts,
With tears ſhall waſh and iron her own ſhifts;
To darn her ſtockings, from her height deſcend,
Which now are giv'n to * MACKENTHUN to mend—
Turn her fair fingers into vulgar paws,
And waſh her dirty laces and her gauze.
Then dimm'd are coronets that awe inſpire,
And ſceptres ſtuff'd, like faggots, in the fire.
Ne'er let me view the hour, my ſoul that ſhocks,
When female Majeſty ſhall waſh her ſmocks:
Such humbled grandeur let me never ſee:
Soapſuds and Sov'reignty but ill agree:
Malkin and Majeſty, but ill accord:
Rubbers and Royalty, are kin abhorr'd!
Strange union! 'tis the Vulture and the Bat;
A gulph and mudpool—elephant and rat;
A great Archbiſhop, and an Undertaker;
The Muſe of Epic, and a riddle-maker;
A roaring King in tragedy ſublime;
And he who plays poor Pug in Pantomime;
The Lord who in the Senate wonder draws,
Firm in the fair ſupport of Freedom's cauſe;

And

* A lady, attendant on the Princeſſes.

And that ſame Lord, behind the ſcenes, a ſnail,
Who, crawling, of an actreſs* holds the tail;
MARCHESI on the ſtage with ſteel and plume,
And that MARCHESI in a lady's room;
Sir † JOSEPH, Jove-like, with his hammer'd arm,
Who thund'ring breaks of ſleep the opiate charm;
And *that* SIR JOSEPH, with a ſimple look,
Collecting ſimples near the ſimple brook.

Again came PRUDENCE, quaker-looking *form*,
Sweet-humour'd Goddeſs, to ſuppreſs the ſtorm,
Who clapp'd her hands (indeed an act uncouth)
Full on the gaping hole of SECKER's mouth;
Compreſſing thus a thouſand iron words,
Sharp ev'ry ſoul of them as points of ſwords:
But ſoon her hand forſook his lips and chin;
Who own'd the Goddeſs, and but gave a grin.
Thus from a fretful bottle of ſmall beer,
If, mad, the cork ſhould leap with wild career;
Lo, to the bottle's mouth the butler flies,
And with dexterity his hand applies!

 In

* Miſs Farren.

† Sir JOSEPH BANKS. A part of his royal inſignia is a hammer to knock down a diſpute, and keep the Royal Society awake.

In vain the liquor buftles 'mid the dome;
John quells all fury, and fubdues the foam!
Now rofe the MAJOR—" Mifter SECKER—Sir,
" You make in this affair a pretty ftir!
" 'Twere doubtlefs a fine prefent in a *box*,
" To offer to our fovereign Lord, the locks:
" Some *vaft* reward would follow, to be fure;
" A pretty little, fweet, fnug, *finecure*.
" Yes—MASTER SECKER well can play his cards:
" Sublime achievements claim fublime rewards.
" I humbly do prefume, Sir, that his *Grace*
" Has promis'd ye a warm Exciseman's place:
" *Some folks are Jacks-in-office*, fond of power!"
Thus fpoke the COOK, like vinegar fo four.
" No matter, Mafter Major, what I get;
" All that I know, is this, *your* heads fhall fweat:
" I'll fee the bufinefs done, depend upon't—
" I'll order matters, d—n me if I don't:
" Yes, Mafter DIXON, you fhall know who's who—
" Which is the better gemman, I or you."
Thus anfwers SECKER to the man of woes,
And points his fatire with a cock'd-up nofe.
Scarce had he utter'd, when a noife was heard;
And now behold a motley band appear'd!

With

With Babel sounds at once the kitchen rings,
Of Groom, Page, Barber, and the *best* of Kings!
And lo, the *best* of Queens must see the fun;
And lo, the Princesses so beauteous run;
And Madam SCHWELLENBERG came hobbling too;
Poor lady, losing in the race a shoe!
But in revenge-pursuit, the loss how slight!
The world would lose a *leg*, to please a *spite*.

And now for *Peace* did SECKER bawl aloud;
And lo, PEACE came at once among the crowd.
In courts of justice thus, to hush the hum,
" Silence!" the cryer calls, and all is mum—
" Cooks, Scullions, all, of high and low degree,
" Attend, and learn our Monarch's will from *me*.
" Our Sov'reign Lord the King, whose word is fate,
" Wills in his wisdom to see shav'd each pate:
" Then, Gentlemen, pray take your chairs at once;
" And let each barber fall upon his sconce."—
Thus thunder'd SECKER with a MARS-like face,
And struck dire terror through the roasting race.
Thus roar'd ACHILLES 'mid the martial fray,
When ev'ry frighted Trojan ran away.

Calm was the crowd, when *thus* the King of Isles
Firm for the shave, but yet with kingly smiles—
" You must be shav'd—you shall, you must indeed:
" No, no, I sha'nt let slip a single head—
" A very filthy, nasty, dirty trick—
" The thought on't turns my stomach—makes me sick.
" Louse—louse—a nasty thing, a louse I hate:—
" No, no, I'll have no more upon my plate.
" One is sufficient—yes, yes—quite a store—
" I'll have no more—no more, I'll have no more,"

Thus spoke the King, like ev'ry king who gives
To trifles, lustre that for ever lives.
Thus stinking vapours from the oozy pool,
Of cats and kittens, dogs and puppies full,
Bright Sol sublimes, and gives them golden wings,
The cloud on which *Jove* lay, the *Cherub* sings.

POETICAL AND CONGRATULATORY

EPISTLE

TO

JAMES BOSWELL, Esq.

ON HIS

JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES

WITH THE CELEBRATED

DOCTOR JOHNSON.

—— [illegible] HOMER.

A

POETICAL EPISTLE, &c.

O BOSWELL, Bozzy, Bruce, * whate'er thy name,
Thou mighty ſhark for anecdote and fame;
Thou jackall, leading lion Johnſon forth
To eat M'Pherſon † 'midſt his native North;
To frighten grave profeſſors with his roar,
And ſhake the Hebrides from ſhore to ſhore—
All hail! At length, ambitious Thane, thy rage
To give one ſpark to FAME's beſpangled page
Is amply gratified—a thouſand eyes
Survey thy books with rapture and ſurpriſe!
Loud, of thy Tour, a thouſand tongues have ſpoken,
And wonder'd that thy bones were never broken!

Triumphant, thou thro' TIME's vaſt gulph ſhalt ſail,
The pilot of our literary whale;

* Vide Note, page 16.

† The tranſlator (but in Dr. Johnſon's opinion the author) of the Poems attributed to OSSIAN.

Cloſe to the claſſic RAMBLER ſhalt thou cling,
Cloſe as a ſupple courtier to a king;
Fate ſhall not ſhake thee off with all its pow'r,
Stuck like a bat to ſome old ivy'd tow'r.
Nay, though thy Johnſon ne'er had bleſs'd thine eyes,
Paoli's deeds had rais'd thee to the ſkies!
Yes! his broad wing had rais'd thee (no bad hack)
A tom-tit twitt'ring on an eagle's back.

THOU, curious ſcrapmonger, ſhalt live in ſong
When death hath ſtill'd the rattle of thy tongue;
E'en future babes to liſp thy name ſhall learn,
And Bozzy join with Wood, and Tommy Hearn,
Who drove the ſpiders from much proſe and rhime,
And ſnatch'd old ſtories from the jaws of TIME.
Sweet is thy page, *I ween, that doth recite
How thou and Johnſon, arm in arm, one night,
March'd through fair Edinburgh's pactolian ſhow'rs,
Which CLOACINA bountifully pours;
Thoſe gracious ſhow'rs that fraught with fragrance flow,
And gild, like gingerbread, the world below.
How ſweetly grumbled too was Sam's remark,
"I ſmell you, Maſter Bozzy, in the dark!"

Alas!

* Vide page 14.

Alas! hiſtorians are confounded dull;
A dim Bœotia reigns in every ſkull;
Mere beaſts of burden, broken-winded, ſlow,
Heavy as cart-horſes, along they go;
Whilſt thou, a will-o'-whiſp, up, down, here, there,
Wild darteſt coruſcations ev'ry where.

What taſteleſs mouth can gape, what eye can cloſe,
What head can nod o'er thy enlivening proſe?
To others' works, the works of *thy* inditing
Are downright di'monds to the eyes of whiting.
Think not I flatter thee, my flippant friend;
For well I know that flatt'ry would offend:
Yet honeſt praiſe, I'm ſure, thou would'ſt not ſhun,
Born with a ſtomach to digeſt a tun!
Who can refuſe a ſmile, that reads thy page,
Where ſurly Sam, inflam'd with Tory rage,
Naſſau beſcoundrels, and with anger big,
Swears Whigs are rogues, and ev'ry rogue a Whig?
Who will not, too, thy pen's *minutiæ* bleſs,
That gives poſterity the RAMBLER'S* dreſs?
Methinks I view his full, plain ſuit of brown,
The large grey buſhy wig that grac'd his crown,

Black

* Vide page 9.

Black worfted ftockings, little filver buckles,
And fhirt that had no ruffles for his knuckles.
I mark the brown great-coat of cloth he wore,
That two huge Patagonian pockets bore,
Which Patagonians (wond'rous to unfold!)
Would fairly both his Dictionaries hold.
I fee the RAMBLER * on a large bay mare,
Juft like a Centaur ev'ry danger dare,
On a full gallop dafh the yielding wind,
The colt and Bozzy fcamp'ring clofe behind.

Of Lady Lochbuy † with what glee we read,
Who offer'd Sam, for breakfaft, cold fheep's head;
Who, prefs'd and worry'd by this dame fo civil,
Wifh'd the fheep's head and woman's at the devil.

I fee you failing both in Buchan's ‡ pot—
Now ftorming an old woman § and her cot;
Who, terrified at each tremendous fhape,
Deem'd you two Demons ready for a rape:
I fee all marv'ling at M'Leod's together
On Sam's remarks ‖ on whey and tanning leather:

At

* Page 376. † Page 429. ‡ Page 104.

§ Page 143. ‖ Page 299.

At Corrichatachin's,* the Lord knows how,
I see thee, Bozzy, drunk as David's sow,
And begging, with rais'd eyes and lengthen'd chin,
Heav'n not to damn thee for the deadly sin:
I see too, the stern moralist regale,
And pen a Latin ode to Mistress Thrale.†
I see, without a night-cap on his head,
Rare sight! bald Sam in the Pretender's‡ bed:
I hear (what's wonderful!) unsought by studying,
His classic dissertation upon pudding:§
Of Provost Jopp,‖ I mark the marv'ling face,
Who gave the Rambler's freedom with a grace:
I see too, trav'ling from the Isle of Egg,¶
The humble servant** of a horse's leg;
And Snip, the taylor, from the Isle of Muck,††
Who stitch'd in Sky with tolerable luck:
I see the horn that drunkards must adore;
The horn, the mighty horn of Rorie More;‡‡
And bloody shields that guarded hearts in quarrels,
Now guard from rats the milk and butter barrels.
Methinks the Caledonian dame I see
Familiar sitting on the Rambler's knee,

Charming,

* Page 317. † Page 177. ‡ Page 216.
§ Page 440. ‖ Page 39. ¶ Page 275.
** A blacksmith. †† Page 275. ‡‡ Page 254.

Charming, with kiſſes ſweet, the chuckling ſage:
Melting with ſweeteſt ſmiles the froſt of age;
Like SOL, who darts at times a cheerful ray
O'er the wan viſage of a winter's day.
"Do it again, my dear," (I hear Sam cry)
"See who firſt tires, my charmer, you or I."
I ſee thee ſtuffing, with a hand uncouth,
An old dry'd whiting in thy Johnſon's mouth;
And lo! I ſee, with all his might and main,
Thy Johnſon ſpit the whiting out again.
Rare anecdotes! 'tis anecdotes like theſe
That bring thee glory, and the million pleaſe!
On theſe ſhall future times delighted ſtare,
Thou charming haberdaſher of ſmall ware!
Stewart and Robertſon, from thee, ſhall learn
The ſimple charms of Hiſt'ry to diſcern:
To thee, fair Hiſt'ry's palm, ſhall Livy yield,
And Tacitus, to Bozzy, leave the field!
Joe Miller's ſelf, whoſe page ſuch fun provokes,
Shall quit his ſhroud, to grin at Bozzy's jokes!
How are we all with rapture touch'd, to ſee
Where, when, and at what hour, you ſwallow'd tea!
How, once, to grace this Aſiatic treat,
Came haddocks, which the RAMBLER could not eat.

Pleas'd,

Pleas'd, on thy book thy Sov'reign's eye-balls roll,
Who loves a goſſip's ſtory from his ſoul!
Bleſt with the mem'ry of the Perſian king,*
Who, ev'ry body knows, and ev'ry thing;
Who's dead, who's married, what poor girl beguil'd
Hath loſt a paramour, and found a child;
Which gard'ner hath moſt cabbages and peas,
And which old woman hath moſt hives of bees;
Which farmer boaſts the moſt prolific ſows,
Cocks, hens, geeſe, turkeys, goats, ſheep, bulls, and cows;
Which barber beſt the ladies' locks can curl;
Which houſe in Windſor ſells the fineſt purl;
Which chimney-ſweep beſt beats, in gold array,
His bruſh, and ſhovel, on the firſt of May;
Whoſe dancing dogs, in rigadoons excel;
And whoſe the puppet-ſhew, that bears the bell;
Which clever ſmith, the prettieſt man-trap † makes,
To ſave from thieves the royal ducks and drakes,
The Guinea hens and peacocks, with their eggs,
And catch his loving ſubjects by the legs.
Oh! ſince the Prince of goſſips reads thy book,
To what high honours may not Bozzy look?

The

* Cyrus.

* His M——y hath planted a number of thoſe truſty guardians around his park at Windſor, for the benefit of the public.

The ſun-ſhine of his ſmile may ſoon be thine—
Perchaunce, in converſe thou may'ſt hear him ſhine:
Perchaunce, to ſtamp thy merit through the nation,
He begs of Johnſon's Life, thy dedication;
Aſks queſtions* of thee, and, O lucky elf,
Moſt kindly anſwers ev'ry one himſelf.
Bleſt with the claſſic learning† of a college,
Our K—g is not a miſer in his knowledge:
Nought in the ſtorehouſe of his brains turns muſty;
No razor-wit, for want of uſe, grows ruſty:
Whate'er his head ſuggeſts, whate'er he knows,
Free as election beer from tubs, it flows!
Yet, ah! ſuperior far!—it boaſts the merit
Of never fuddling people with the ſpirit!

"Say,

* Juſt after Dr. Johnſon had been honoured with an interview with a certain great perſonage, in the Queen's library at Buckingham Houſe, he was interrogated by a friend concerning his reception, and his opinion of the r—y—l intellect.—"His M——y ſeems to be poſſeſſed of ſome good nature and much curioſity (replied the Doctor): as for his wit, it is not contemptible. His M——y indeed was *multifarious* in his *queſtions*; but, thank God, he anſwered them all *himſelf*."

† This is a very extraordinary circumſtance: the late P——s D——r *retained* three parts of the money ordered for the education of her children. The effect of this *miſerable* conduct was ſo conſpicuous in her daughter M——a, that the letters received from her during her reſidence in Denmark, were abſolutely unintelligible.

Say, Bozzy, when, to blefs our anxious fight,
When fhall thy volume * burft the gates of light?
Oh, cloth'd in calf, ambitious brat, be born—
Our kitchens, parlours, libraries, adorn!
My fancy's keen anticipating eye,
A thoufand charming anecdotes can fpy:
I read, I read of G—ge the learn'd † difplay
On Lowth's and Warburton's immortal fray:
Of G—ge, whofe brain, if right the mark I hit,
Forms one huge Cyclopædia of wit;
That holds the wifdom of a thoufand ages,
And frightens all his workmen and his pages!
O Bozzy, ftill, thy tell-tale plan purfue:
The world is wond'rous fond of fomething new;
And, let but SCANDAL's breath embalm the page,
It lives a welcome gueft from age to age.
Not only fay who *breathes* an arrant knave,
But who hath fneak'd a rafcal to his grave:

Make

* The Life of Dr. Johnfon.

† His M——y's commentary on the quarrel, in which the Bifhop and the Doctor pelted one the other with dirt fo gracefully, will be a treafure to the lovers of literature! Mr. B. hath as good as promifed it to the public, and, we hope, means to keep his word.

Make o'er his turf (in Virtue's cauſe) a rout,
And, like a d-mn'd good Chriſtian, pull him out.
Without a fear, on families harangue;
Say who ſhall loſe their ears, and who ſhall hang;
Publiſh the demi-reps, and punks—nay more,
Declare what virtuous wife *will be* a wh-re.
Thy brilliant brain, conjecture can ſupply,
To charm through ev'ry leaf the eager eye.
The blue-ſtocking* ſociety deſcribe,
And give thy comment on each joke, and jibe:
Tell what the women are, their wit, their quality,
And dip them in thy ſtreams of immortality!

Let Lord M'Donald threat thy breech to kick,†
And o'er thy ſhrinking ſhoulders ſhake his ſtick:
Treat with contempt the menace of this Lord;
'Tis Hiſt'ry's province, Bozzy, to *record*,
Though Wilkes abuſe thy brain, that airy mill,
And ſwear poor Johnſon *murder'd* by thy quill;

What's

* A club chiefly compoſed of *moſt* learned ladies, profound critics, and *ſelf-delegated* ARBITERS of taſte, to which Mr. B. was admitted.

† A letter of ſevere remonſtrance was ſent to Mr. B. who, in conſequence, omitted, in the ſecond edition of his Journal, what is ſo generally pleaſing to the public, viz. the ſcandalous paſſages relative to this nobleman.

What's that to thee? Why let the victim bleed—
Thy end is anſwer'd, if the nation *read*.
The fiddling Knight,* and tuneful Miſtreſs Thrale,
Who frequent hobb'd or nobb'd with Sam, in ale,
Snatch'd up the pen (as thirſt of fame inſpires!)
To write his jokes and ſtories by their fires;
Then why not *thou*, each joke and tale enrol,
Who like a watchful cat, before a hole,
Full twenty years (inflam'd with letter'd pride)
Didſt mouſing ſit before Sam's mouth ſo wide,
To catch as many ſcraps as thou wert able—
A very Laz'rus at the rich man's table?
What though againſt thee porters † bounce the door,
And bid thee hunt for ſecrets there no more;
With pen and ink ſo ready at thy coat,
Exciſeman-like, each ſyllable to note,
That giv'n to printer's devils, (a precious load!)
On wings of print comes flying all abroad?

* Sir John Hawkins, who (as well as Mrs. Thrale, now Madam Piozzi) threatens us with the life of the late lexicographer.

† This is literally true—"Nobody is at home."—Our great people want the taſte to reliſh Mr. Boſwell's vehicles to immortality. Though in *London*, poor Bozzy is in a deſert.

Watch then the venal valets—ſmack the maids,
And try with gold to make them rogues and jades:
Yet ſhould their honeſty thy bribes reſent;
Fly to thy fertile genius, and invent:
Like old Voltaire, who plac'd his greateſt glory
In cooking up an entertaining ſtory;
Who laugh'd at TRUTH, whene'er her ſimple tongue
Would ſnatch amuſement from a tale or ſong.

Oh! whilſt, amid the anecdotic mine,
Thou labour'ſt hard to bid thy HERO ſhine,
Run to Bolt Court,* exert thy Curl-like† ſoul,
And fiſh for golden leaves from hole to hole:
Find when he ate and drank, and cough'd and ſneez'd—
Let all his motions in thy book be ſqueez'd:
On tales, however ſtrange, impoſe thy claw;
Yes, let thy amber lick up ev'ry ſtraw:
Sam's nods, and winks, and laughs, will form a treat;
For all that breathes of Johnſon muſt be *great!*

Bleſt be thy labours, moſt advent'rous Bozzi,
Bold rival of Sir John, and Dame Piozzi;

Heav'ns!

* In Fleet-ſ[illegible]t, where the Doctor lived and died.

† Curl, the bookſeller, frequently bribed people to hunt the temples of Cloacina for the letters of Pope and Swift.

Heav'ns! with what laurels ſhall thy head be crown'd!
A grove, a foreſt, ſhall thy ears ſurround!
Yes! whilſt the RAMBLER ſhall a comet blaze,
And gild a world of darkneſs with his rays;
Thee too, that world, with wonderment, ſhall hail,
A lively, bouncing *cracker* at his tail!

POSTSCRIPT.

As Mr. Boswell's Journal hath afforded ſuch univerſal pleaſure by the relation of minute incidents, and the great Moraliſt's opinion of men and things, during his northern tour; it will be adding greatly to the anecdotical treaſury, as well as making Mr. B. happy, to communicate part of a Dialogue that took place between Dr. Johnſon, and the Author of this Congratulary Epiſtle, a few months before the Doctor paid the great debt of nature. The Doctor was very cheerful that day; had on a black coat and waiſtcoat, a black pluſh pair of breeches, and black worſted ſtockings, a handſome grey wig, a ſhirt, a muſlin neckcloth, a black pair of buttons in his ſhirt ſleeves, a pair of ſhoes ornamented with the very identical little buckles that accompanied the philoſopher to the Hebrides; his nails were very neatly pared, and his beard freſh ſhaved with a razor fabricated by the ingenious Mr. Savigny.

P. P. "Pray, Doctor, what is your opinion of "Mr. Boſwell's literary powers?"

Johnſon.

Johnſon. " Sir, my opinion is, that whenever Bozzy expires, he will create no *vacuum* in the region of literature—he ſeems ſtrongly affected by the *cacoethes ſcribendi*; wiſhes to be thought a *rara avis*, and in truth ſo he is—your knowledge in ornithology, Sir, will eaſily diſcover, to what ſpecies of bird I allude." Here the Doctor ſhook his head, and laughed.

P. P. " What think you, Sir, of his account of Corſica?—of his character of Paoli?"

Johnſon. " Sir, he hath made a mountain of a wart. But Paoli has virtues. The account is a farrago of diſguſting egotiſm and pompous inanity."

P. P. " I have heard it whiſpered, Doctor, that, ſhould you die before him, Mr. B. means to write your life."

Johnſon. " Sir, he cannot mean me ſo irreparable an injury.—Which of us ſhall die firſt, is only known to the Great Diſpoſer of events; but were I ſure that James Boſwell would write *my* life, I do not know whether I would not anticipate the meaſure, by taking *his*."

bis." (Here he made three or four ſtrides acroſs the room, and returned to his chair with violent emotion.)

P. P. "I am afraid that he means to do you the favour."

Johnſon. "He dares not—he would make a ſcare-crow of me. I give him liberty to fire his blunder-buſs in *bis own* face, but not murder *me*. Sir, I heed not *bis* αὐτος εφα—BOSWELL write my life! why the fellow poſſeſſes not abilities for writing the life of an *ephemeron*."

BOZZY AND PIOZZI:

OR, THE

BRITISH BIOGRAPHERS.

A

TOWN ECLOGUE.

——— Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares, et respondere, parati! VIRGIL.

THE ARGUMENT.

On the death of Doctor Johnson, a number of people, ambitious of being diſtinguiſhed from the *mute* part of their ſpecies, ſet about relating and printing ſtories and *bons-mots* of that celebrated moraliſt. Amongſt the moſt *zealous*, though not the moſt *enlightened*, appeared Mr. Boswell and Madame Piozzi, the Hero and Heroine of our Eclogue. They are ſuppoſed to have in contemplation the *Life* of Johnson; and to prove their biographical abilities, appeal to Sir John Hawkins for his deciſion on their reſpective merits, by quotations from their printed anecdotes of the Doctor. Sir John hears them with *uncommon* patience, and determines very *properly* on the pretenſions of the contending parties.

BOZZY AND PIOZZI;

A

TOWN ECLOGUE.

WHEN JOHNSON ſought (as Shakeſpear ſays) that bourn,
From whence, alas! no travellers return;
In humbler Engliſh, when the Doctor died,
APOLLO whimper'd, and the MUSES cried;
PARNASSUS mop'd for days, in buſineſs ſlack,
And, like a hearſe, the hill was hung with black;
MINERVA, ſighing for her fav'rite ſon,
Pronounc'd, with lengthen'd face, the world undone;
Her OWL, too, hooted in ſo loud a ſtyle,
That people might have heard the BIRD a mile;
JOVE wip'd his eyes ſo red, and told his wife,
He ne'er made JOHNSON's equal in his life;
And that 'twould be a long, long time, if ever,
His art could form a fellow half ſo clever:
VENUS, of all the little Loves the dam,
With all the GRACES, ſobb'd for BROTHER Sam:

Such

Such were the heav'nly howlings for his death,
As if DAME NATURE had reſign'd her breath.
Nor leſs ſonorous was the grief, I ween,
Amidſt the natives of our *earthly* ſcene:
From beggars, to the GREAT who hold the helm,
One *Johnſo-mania* rag'd through all the realm!

" *Who* (cry'd the world) can match his proſe or rhyme?
" O'er wits of modern days he tow'rs ſublime!
" An oak, wide ſpreading o'er the ſhrubs below,
" That round his roots, with puny foliage, blow;
" A pyramid, amidſt ſome barren waſte,
" That frowns o'er huts, the ſport of ev'ry blaſt,
" A mighty ATLAS, whoſe aſpiring head
" O'er diſtant regions caſts an awful ſhade.
" By kings and beggars, lo! his tales are told,
" And ev'ry ſentence glows a grain of gold!
" Bleſt! who his philoſophic phiz can take,
" *Catch* ev'n his weakneſſes—his noddle's ſhake,
" The lengthen'd lip of ſcorn, the forehead's ſcowl,
" The low'ring eye's contempt, and bear-like growl.
" In vain, the CRITICS aim their toothleſs rage!
" Mere ſprats, that venture war with whales to wage:
" Unmov'd he ſtands, and feels their force no more
" Than ſome huge rock amidſt the wat'ry roar,

" That

"That calmly bears the tumults of the deep,
"And howling tempests, that as well may sleep."

Strong, 'midst the RAMBLER's cronies, was the rage
To fill with SAM's *bons-mots* and tales the page;
Mere flies, that buzz'd around his setting ray,
And bore a splendor, on their wings, away:
Thus round his orb the pigmy planets run,
And catch their little lustre from the SUN.

At length, rush'd forth two CANDIDATES for fame;
A Scotchman one, and one a London dame;
That, by th' emphatic JOHNSON, christen'd BOZZY;
This, by the Bishop's license, DAME PIOZZI;
Whose widow'd name, by topers lov'd, was THRALE,
Bright in the annals of election ale;
A name, by marriage, that gave up the ghost!
In poor PEDOCCHIO*—no!—PIOZZI, lost!
Each seiz'd with ardour wild, the gray goose quill;
Each set to work the intellectual mill;
That pecks of bran, so coarse, began to pour,
To one poor solitary grain of flour.

Forth

* The author was nearly committing a blunder—fortunate indeed was his recollection; as *Pedocchio* signifies, in the Italian language, that most contemptible of animals, a LOUSE.

Forth rush'd to light, their books—but *who* should say,
WHICH bore the palm of anecdote away?
This, to decide, the RIVAL WITS agreed
Before SIR JOHN their tales and jokes to read,
And let the KNIGHT's opinion, in the strife,
Declare the prop'rest pen to write SAM's Life:
SIR JOHN, renown'd for musical* palavers;
The Prince, the King, the Emperor of *Quavers!*
Sharp in solfeggi, as the sharpest needle;
Great in the noble art of tweedle-tweedle;
Of MUSIC's College form'd to be a FELLOW,
Fit for MUS. D. or MAESTRO DI CAPELLA:
Whose volume, though it here and there offends,
Boasts *German* merit—makes by *bulk* amends.
High plac'd the venerable QUARTO sits,
Superior frowning o'er octavo wits
And duodecimos, ignoble scum!
Poor prostitutes to ev'ry vulgar thumb!
Whilst undefil'd by literary rage,
HE bears a *spotless* leaf from age to age.

Like school-boys, lo! before a two-arm'd chair
That held the KNIGHT wise judging, stood the PAIR:

Or

* Vide his History of Music.

Or like two poneys on the ſporting round,
Prepar'd to gallop when the drum ſhould ſound,
The COUPLE rang'd—for vict'ry, both as keen,
As for a tott'ring biſhopric, a DEAN,
Or patriot BURKE, for giving glorious baſtings
To that intolerable fellow HASTINGS.
Thus with their ſongs contended VIRGIL'S ſwains,
And made the valleys vocal with their ſtrains,
Before ſome gray-beard SAGE, whoſe judgment ripe,
Gave goats for prizes to the pretrieſt pipe.

"Alternately in anecdotes go on;
"But firſt, begin *you*, MADAM," cry'd SIR JOHN:
The thankful DAME low curtſied to the CHAIR,
And thus, for vict'ry panting, read the FAIR:

MADAME PIOZZI.*

SAM JOHNSON was of MICHAEL JOHNSON born;
Whoſe ſhop of books did LITCHFIELD town adorn:
Wrong-headed, ſtubborn as a halter'd RAM;
In ſhort, the model of our HERO SAM:
Inclin'd to madneſs too—for when his ſhop
Fell down, for want of caſh to buy a prop,

For

* Vide Piozzi's Anecdotes, page 5.

For fear the thieves might ſteal the vaniſh'd ſtore,
He duly went each night, and lock'd the door!

BOZZY.*

Whilſt JOHNSON was in Edinburgh, my WIFE,
To pleaſe his palate, ſtudied for her life:
With ev'ry rarity ſhe fill'd her houſe,
And gave the DOCTOR, for his dinner, grouſe.

MADAME PIOZZI.†

Dear DOCTOR JOHNSON was in ſize an ox,
And from his UNCLE ANDREW learn'd to box;
A MAN to wreſtlers and to bruiſers dear,
Who kept the ring in SMITHFIELD a whole year.
The Doctor had an Uncle too, ador'd
By jumping gentry, call'd CORNELIUS FORD;
Who jump'd in boots, which JUMPERS never chooſe,
Far as a famous JUMPER jump'd in ſhoes.

BOZZY.‡

At ſupper, roſe a dialogue on witches,
When CROSBIE ſaid, there could not be ſuch b-tch-s;
And

* Bozzy's Tour, page 38.
† Piozzi's Anecdotes, page 5. ‡ Page 39.

And that 'twas blaſphemy to think ſuch hags
Could ſtir up ſtorms, and on their broomſtick nags
Gallop along the air with wond'rous pace,
And boldly fly in GOD ALMIGHTY's face:
But JOHNSON anſwer'd him, "There *might be* witches;
" *Nought* prov'd the non-exiſtence of the b-tch-s."

MADAME PIOZZI.*

When THRALE, as nimble as a boy at ſchool,
Leap'd, though fatigu'd with hunting, o'er a ſtool;
The DOCTOR, proud the ſame grand feat to do,
His pow'rs exerted, and jump'd over too;
And though he might a broken back bewail,
He ſcorn'd to be eclips'd by Miſter THRALE.

BOZZY.†

At ULINISH, our friend, to paſs the time,
Regal'd us with his knowledges ſublime;
Show'd that all ſorts of learning fill'd his nob,
And that in butch'ry he could bear a bob.
He ſagely told us of the diff'rent feat
Employ'd to kill the animals we eat:
" An ox," ſays he, " in country and in town,
" Is by the butchers conſtantly *knock'd down*;

A-

* Page 6. † Page 300.

"As for that leſſer animal, a calf,
"The knock is really not ſo ſtrong *by half*;
"The beaſt is only *ſtunn'd*; but, as for goats,
"And ſheep, and lambs, the butchers *cut their throats*.
"Thoſe fellows only want to keep them quiet,
"Not chooſing that the brutes ſhould breed a riot."

MADAME PIOZZI.*

When JOHNSON was a child, and ſwallow'd pap,
'Twas in his mother's old maid CATH'RINE's lap;
There, whilſt he ſat, he took in wond'rous learning;
For much his bowels were for knowledge yearning;
There heard the ſtory which we BRITONS brag on,
The ſtory of ST. GEORGE and *eke* the DRAGON.

BOZZY.†

When FOOTE his leg, by ſome misfortune, broke,
Says *I* to JOHNSON, all by way of joke,
"SAM, Sir, in PARAGRAPH, will ſoon be clever,
"And take off PETER better now than ever."
On which, ſays JOHNSON, without heſitation,
"GEORGE will rejoice at Foot's *depeditation*."

On

* Page 15. † Page 141.

‡ George Faulkner, the printer at Dublin, taken off by Foote, under the character of PETER PARAGRAPH.

On which, ſays I, *a penetrating elf!*
" Doctor, I'm ſure you coin'd that word yourſelf."
On which he laugh'd, and ſaid, I had divin'd it,
For, *bonâ fide*, he had really coin'd it.
" And yet, of all the words I've coin'd, (ſays he)
" My Dictionary, Sir, contains but three."

MADAME PIOZZI.

The DOCTOR ſaid, " In literary matters,
" A Frenchman goes not *deep*—he only *ſmatters*:"
Then aſk'd, what could be hop'd for from the dogs;
Fellows that liv'd eternally on frogs?

BOZZY.*

In grave proceſſion to St. Leonard's College,
Well ſtuff'd with every ſort of uſeful knowledge,
We ſtately walk'd, as ſoon as ſupper ended:
The LANDLORD and the WAITER both attended:
The LANDLORD, ſkill'd a piece of greaſe to handle,
Before us march'd, and held a tallow candle;
A lantern (ſome fam'd Scotſman its creator)
With equal grace was carried by the WAITER.
Next morning, from our beds we took a leap,
And found ourſelves much better for our ſleep.

* Page 55.

MADAME PIOZZI.*

In Lincolnſhire, a lady ſhow'd our friend
A grotto, that ſhe wiſh'd him to commend;
Quoth ſhe, " How *cool* in ſummer this abode!"—
" Yes, Madam, (anſwer'd Johnſon) for a *toad*."

BOZZY.†

Between old Scalpa's rugged iſle and Raſay's,
The wind was vaſtly boiſt'rous in our faces:
'Twas glorious, JOHNSON's figure to ſet ſight on—
High in the boat, he look'd a noble TRITON!
But, lo! to damp our pleaſure Fate concurs,
For Joe, the blockhead, loſt his maſter's ſpurs:
This for the RAMBLER's temper was a rubber,
Who wonder'd Joſeph could be ſuch a lubber.

MADAME PIOZZI.‡

I aſk'd him if he knock'd TOM OSBORN § down;
As ſuch a tale was current through the town—
Says I, " Do tell me, DOCTOR, what befell."—
" Why, deareſt lady, there is nought to *tell*:
" I ponder'd on the *prop'reſt* mode to *treat* him—

" The

* Page 203. † Page 185.
‡ Page 232. § Bookſeller.

"The dog was impudent, and ſo I beat him!
"Tom, like a fool, proclaim'd his fancied wrongs;
"*Others*, that I belabour'd, held their tongues."

Did any one, that he was *happy*, cry—
Johnson would tell him plumply, 'twas a lie.
A Lady* told him ſhe was really ſo;
On which he ſternly anſwer'd, "Madam, no!
"Sickly you are, and ugly—fooliſh, poor;
"And therefore can't be happy, I am ſure.
"'Twould make a fellow hang himſelf, whoſe ear
"Were, from ſuch creatures, forc'd ſuch ſtuff to hear."

BOZZY.†

Lo! when we landed on the Iſle of Mull,
The megrims got into the Doctor's ſcull:
With ſuch bad humours he began to fill,
I thought he would not go to Icolmkill:
But lo! thoſe megrims (wonderful to utter!)
Were baniſh'd all by tea and bread and butter!

MADAME PIOZZI.

Quoth I to Johnson—Doctor, tell me true,
Who was the *beſt* man that you ever knew?

* Page 285.

† Page 386.

He anſwer'd me at once, GEORGE PSALMANAZAR;
Keen in the Engliſh language as a razor.
Such was the ſtrange, the ſtrangeſt of replies,
That rais'd the whites of both my wond'ring eyes;
As this ſame GEORGE, in impoſition ſtrong,
Beat the firſt liars that e'er wagg'd a tongue.

BOZZY.*

I wonder'd yeſterday, that one JOHN HAY,
Who ſerv'd as *Ciceroné* on the way,
Should fly a man of war—a ſpot ſo bleſt—
A fool! nine months, too, after he was preſt.
Quoth JOHNSON, " No man, Sir, would be a ſailor,
" With ſenſe to ſcrape acquaintance with a jailor.

MADAME PIOZZI.†

I ſaid, I lik'd not *gooſe*, and mention'd *why*:—
One ſmells it roaſting on the ſpit, quoth I.
" *You*, Madam," cry'd the DOCTOR, with a frown,
" Are always gorging—ſtuffing ſomething *down*:
" MADAM, 'tis very nat'ral to ſuppoſe,
" If in the pantry you will poke your noſe,
" Your maw with ev'ry ſort of victuals ſwelling,
" That you *muſt* want the bliſs of *dinner ſmelling*."

BOZZY.

* Page 151. † Page 103.

BOZZY.

As at ARGYLE's grand houſe my hat I took,
To ſeek my alehouſe, thus began the Duke:
"Pray, Miſter Boſwell, won't you have ſome tea?"
To this I made my bow, and did agree—
Then to the drawing-room we both retreated,
Where LADY BETTY HAMILTON was ſeated
Cloſe by the DUCHESS, who, in deep diſcourſe,
Took no more notice of me than a horſe.
Next day, *myſelf* and Doctor JOHNSON took
Our hats, to go and wait upon the Duke.
Next to himſelf the DUKE did JOHNSON place;
But I, thank God, ſat *ſecond* to his GRACE.
The place was due moſt ſurely to my merits—
And faith, I was in very pretty ſpirits:
I plainly ſaw (my penetration ſuch is)
I was not yet in favour with the DUCHESS.
Thought I, I am not diſconcerted yet;
Before we part, I'll give her GRACE a *ſweat*—
Then looks of intrepidity I put on,
And aſk'd her, if ſhe'd have a plate of mutton.
This was a glorious deed, muſt be confeſs'd!
I knew I was the *Duke*'s, and not *her* gueſt!
Knowing—as I'm a man of tip-top breeding,
That *great folks* drink no healths whilſt they are feeding,

I took my glaſs, and looking at her GRACE,
I ſtar'd her like a *devil* in the face;
And in *reſpectful* terms, as was my duty,
Said I, "My LADY DUCHESS, I ſalute ye:"
Moſt audible, indeed, was my ſalute,
For which ſome folks will ſay I was a brute;
But, faith, it daſh'd her, as I knew it would;
But then I knew that I was fleſh and blood.

MADAME PIOZZI.*

Once at our houſe, amidſt our ATTIC feaſts,
We liken'd our acquaintances to *beaſts:*
As for example—ſome to calves and hogs,
And ſome to bears, and monkeys, cats and dogs;
We ſaid, (which charm'd the DOCTOR much, no doubt)
His mind was like, of ELEPHANTS, the *ſnout*,
That could pick pins up, yet poſſeſs'd the vigour
For trimming well the jacket of a TIGER.

BOZZY.†

Auguſt the fifteenth, Sunday, Miſter Scott
Did breakfaſt with us—when upon the ſpot;
To *him*, and unto DOCTOR JOHNSON, lo!
Sir WILLIAM FORBES, ſo clever, did I ſhow;

A man

* Page 204. † Page 15.

A man that doth not after roguery hanker;
A charming Chriſtian, though by trade a *banker*;
Madè too of good companionable ſtuff;
And this, I think, is ſaying full enough:
And yet it is but juſtice to record,
That when he had the meaſles—'pon my word,
The people ſeem'd in ſuch a dreadful fright,
His houſe was all ſurrounded day and night,
As if they apprehended ſome great evil,
A general conflagration, or the devil.
And when he better'd—oh! 'twas grand to ſee 'em
Like mad folks dance, and hear 'em ſing *Te Deum*.

MADAME PIOZZI.*

Quoth JOHNSON, "Who d'ye think my *life* will write!"—
"GOLDSMITH," ſaid I.—Quoth he, "The dog's vile "ſpite,
"Beſides the fellow's monſtrous love of *lying*,
"Would doubtleſs make the book not worth the "buying."

BOZZY.†

That worthy gentleman, good Mr. Scott,
Said, 'twas our SOCRATÉS's luckleſs lot

* Page 31. † Page 13.

To have the WAITER, a ſad naſty blade,
To make, poor gentleman, his lemonade;
Which WAITER, much againſt the DOCTOR's wiſh,
Put with his *paws* the ſugar in the diſh:
The DOCTOR, vex'd at ſuch a filthy fellow,
Began, with great propriety, to bellow;
Then up he took the diſh, and nobly flung
The liquor out of window on the dung;
And DOCTOR SCOTT declar'd, that, by his frown,
He thought he would have knock'd the fellow down.

MADAME PIOZZI.*

Dear DOCTOR JOHNSON left off drinks fermented;
With quarts of chocolate and cream contented;
Yet often down his throat's prodigious gutter,
Poor man! he pour'd a flood of melted butter!

BOZZY.

With glee, the DOCTOR did my girl behold;
Her name VERONICA, juſt four months old.
This name VERONICA, a name though quaint,
Belong'd originally to a Saint;

But

* Page 102.

But to my old Great Grandam it was giv'n—
As fine a woman as e'er went to Heav'n;
And what muſt add to her importance much,
This lady's genealogy was *Dutch*.
The man who did eſpouſe this dame divine,
Was ALEXANDER, Earl of Kincardine;
Who pour'd along my body, like a ſluice,
The noble, noble, noble blood of BRUCE!
And who that own'd this blood could well refuſe
To make the world acquainted with the *news?*
But to return unto my charming child—
About our Doctor JOHNSON ſhe was *wild*;
And when he left off ſpeaking, ſhe would flutter,
Squall for him to begin again, and ſputter!
And to be *near* him a ſtrong wiſh expreſs'd,
Which proves he was not ſuch a horrid beaſt.
Her fondneſs for the Doctor pleas'd me greatly;
On which I loud exclaim'd in language ſtately,
Nay, if I recollect aright, I *ſwore*,
I'd to her fortune add *five hundred more!*

MADAME PIOZZI.*

One day, as we were all in talking loſt,
My mother's fav'rite ſpaniel ſtole the toaſt;

On

* Page 256.

On which, immediately, I ſcream'd, "Fie on her—
"Fie, BELLE," ſaid I, "you us'd to be on honour."—
"Yes," JOHNSON cry'd; "but, Madam, pray be told,
"The reaſon for the vice is—BELLE grows *old*."
But JOHNSON never could the dog abide,
Becauſe my mother waſh'd and comb'd his hide.
The truth on't is—BELLE was not too well bred,
Who always would *inſiſt* on being fed;
And very often too, the ſaucy SLUT
Inſiſted upon having the *firſt cut*.

BOZZY.

Laſt night much care for JOHNSON's cold was us'd,
Who, hitherto, without his nightcap *ſnooz'd*;
That nought might treat ſo *wonderful* a man ill,
Sweet Miſs M'LEOD did make a cap of flannel;
And after putting it about his head,
She gave him brandy as he went to bed.

MADAME PIOZZI.*

One night we parted at the DOCTOR's door,
When thus I ſaid, as I had ſaid before,
"Don't forget Dicky, DOCTOR—mind poor Dick."
On which he turn'd round on his heel ſo quick,
"Madam,"

* Page 204.

"Madam," quoth he, "and when I've ſerv'd *that* elf,
"I gueſs I then may go and *hang* myſelf."

BOZZY.*

At night, well ſoak'd with rain, and wond'rous weary,
We got as wet as ſhags to INVERARY;
We ſupp'd moſt *royally*—were vaſtly friſky,
When JOHNSON order'd up a gill of whiſky:
Taking the glaſs, ſays I, "Here's Miſtreſs Thrale."—
"Drink her in *whiſky* not," ſaid he, "but *ale*."

MADAME PIOZZI.†

The DOCTOR had a cat, and chriſten'd Hodge,
That at his houſe in Fleet-Street us'd to lodge.
This Hodge grew old, and ſick, and us'd to wiſh
That all his dinners might be form'd of *fiſh*:
To pleaſe poor Hodge, the DOCTOR, all ſo kind,
Went out, and bought him *oyſters to his mind*;
This every day he did—nor aſk'd black FRANK ‡,
Who deem'd himſelf of much too high a rank,
With *vulgar fiſh-fags* to be forc'd to chat,
And purchaſe oyſters for a *mangy cat*.

SIR JOHN.

For God's ſake ſtay each anecdotic ſcrap;
Let me draw breath, and take a trifling nap;
With

* Page 483. † Page 102. ‡ Dr. Johnſon's ſervant.

With one half-hour's reſtoring ſlumber bleſt,
And Heav'n's aſſiſtance, I may *bear* the *reſt*.

-*Aſide*]—What have I done, inform me, gracious Lord!
That thus my ears with nonſenſe ſhould be bor'd?
Oh! if I do not in the trial die,
The Devil and all his brimſtone I defy.
No puniſhment in other worlds I fear;
My crimes will all be expiated *here*.
Ah! ten times happier was my lot of yore,
When, rais'd to *conſequence* that all adore,
I ſat, each ſeſſion, king-like, in the chair,
Aw'd ev'ry rank, and made the million ſtare:
Lord paramount o'er ev'ry Juſtice riding;
In cauſes, with a Turkiſh ſway, deciding!
Yes, like a noble Baſhaw, of *three tails*,
I ſpread a *fear* and *trembling* through the jails?
Bleſt, have I brow-beaten each thief and ſtrumpet,
And *blaſted* on them, like the laſt day's trumpet.
I know no paltry weakneſs of the ſoul—
No ſniv'ling pity dares my deeds control:
Aſham'd, the *weakneſs* of my King I hear;
Who, childiſh, drops on ev'ry *death** a tear.

Return

* Such is the report concerning his *moſt tender-hearted* MAJESTY, when he ſuffers the law to take its courſe on criminals. How unlike the Great FREDERIC of Pruſſia, who *delights* in a *hanging*!

Return *, return again, thou glorious hour,
That to my grafp once gav'ft my idol, pow'r;
When at my feet the humble knaves would fall;
The *thund'ring Jupiter* of HICKS'S HALL.

The KNIGHT thus finifhing his fpeech fo *fair*,
Sleep pull'd him gently backwards in his chair;
Op'd wide the mouth that oft on jail-birds *fwore*,
Then rais'd his nafal ORGAN to a roar,
That actually furpafs'd, in *tone* and *grace*,
The grumbled ditties of his fav'rite *bafe*.†

* Sir John wifhes in vain—His hour of infolence returns no more!

† The violoncello, on which the Knight is a performer.

E C L O G U E.

PART II.

NOW from his ſleep the KNIGHT, affrighted, ſprung,
Whilſt on his ear the words of JOHNSON rung;
For, lo! in dreams, the ſurly RAMBLER roſe,
And wildly ſtaring, ſeem'd a man of woes.
" Wake, HAWKINS," (growl'd the Doctor, with a frown)
" And knock *that* fellow and *that* woman down:
" Bid them with JOHNSON's life proceed no further;
" Enough already they have dealt in murther:
" Say, to their tales that little truth belongs;
" If fame they mean me, bid them hold their tongues.

" In vain at glory gudgeon BOSWELL ſnaps—
" His mind, a paper kite—compos'd of ſcraps;
" Juſt o'er the tops of chimneys form'd to fly;
" Not with a wing ſublime, to mount the *ſky*.
" Say to the dog, his head's a downright *drum*,
" Unequal to the Hiſt'ry of TOM THUMB:

Nay—

"Nay—tell, of anecdote, that thirſty leech,
"He is not equal to a Tyburn Speech.*

"For that PIOZZI's wife, SIR JOHN, exhort her,
"To *draw* her immortality from *porter*;
"Give up her anécdotical inditing,
"And ſtudy houſewifery inſtead of writing:
"Bid her a poor biography ſuſpend;
"Nor crucify, through vanity, a friend.
"I know no buſineſs women have with learning;
"I ſcorn, I hate the mole ey'd *half-diſcerning*;
"Their wit but ſerves a huſband's heart to rack,
"And make eternal horſewhips for his back.

"Tell PETER PINDAR, ſhould you chance to meet
him,
"I like his genius—ſhould be glad to greet him:
"Yet let him know, *crown'd heads* are ſacred things,
"And let him rev'rence more the *beſt of kings*;†

"Still

* Compoſed for the unfortunate *brave* of Newgate, by different hiſtorians.

† This is a ſtrange and almoſt incredible ſpeech from JOHNSON's mouth, as, not many years ago, when the *age* of a *certain* GREAT PERSONAGE became the ſubject of debate, the Doctor broke in upon the converſation with the following queſtion:—"Of what importance to the preſent company is his *age*?—Of what

"Still on his pegaſus continue jogging,
"And give that Boswell's back another flogging."

Such was the dream that wak'd the ſleeping Knight,
And op'd again his eyes upon the light—
Who, mindleſs of old Johnson and his frown,
And ſtern commands to knock the couple down,
Reſolv'd to keep the peace—and, in a tone
Not much unlike a maſtiff o'er a bone,
He grumbled, that, enabled by the nap,
He now could meet more biographic ſcrap;
Then nodding with a magiſtratial air,
To farther anecdote he call'd the Fair.

MADAME PIOZZI.*

Dear Doctor Johnson lov'd a leg of pork,
And hearty on it would his grinders work:

He

"what importance would it have been to the world if he had "never *exiſted?*" If we may judge likewiſe from the following ſpeech, he deemed the *preſent poſſeſſor* of a *certain* THRONE as much an *uſurper* as King William, whom, according to Mr. Boswell's account, he *beſcoundrels*. The ſtory is this:—An acquaintance of Johnson's, Miſs Reynolds, aſked him if he could not *ſing*. He replied, "I know but *one* ſong; and *that* is, 'The King ſhall enjoy his *own* again."

* Page 8.

He lik'd to eat it ſo much over done,
That *one* might ſhake the fleſh from off the bone.
A veal pye too, with ſugar cramm'd and plums,
Was wond'rous grateful to the Doctor's gums.
Though us'd from morn to night on fruit to ſtuff,
He vow'd his belly never had enough.

BOZZY.*

One Thurſday morn did Doctor JOHNSON wake,
And call out "Lanky, Lanky," by miſtake—
But recollecting—"Bozzy, Bozzy," cry'd—
For in *contractions* JOHNSON took a pride!

MADAME PIOZZI.†

Whene'er our friend would read in bed by night,
Poor Miſter THRALE and I were in a fright;
For, blinking on his book too near the flame,
Lo! to the fore-top of his wig it came;
Burnt all the hairs away, both great and ſmall,
Down to the very net-work, nam'd the caul.

BOZZY.‡

At Corrachatachin's, in hoggiſm ſunk,
I got with punch, alas! confounded drunk:

* Page 384. † Page 237. ‡ Page 317.

Much was I vex'd that I could not be quiet,
But, like a ſtupid blockhead, breed a riot—
I ſcarcely knew how 'twas I reel'd to bed.
Next morn I wak'd with dreadful pains of head,
And terrors too, that of my peace did rob me;
For much I fear'd the Moraliſt would mob me.
But as I lay along, a heavy log,
The Doctor, ent'ring, call'd me drunken dog.
Then up roſe I with apoſtolic air,
And read in Dame M'KINNON's book of pray'r,
In hopes for ſuch a ſin to be forgiv'n,
And make, if poſſible, my peace with heav'n.
'Twas ſtrange that, in that volume of divinity,
I op'd the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity,
And read theſe words—'Pray be not drunk with wine,
'Since drunkenneſs doth make a man a ſwine.'
"Alas!" ſays I, "the ſinner that I am!"
And having made my ſpeech, I took a dram.

MADAME PIOZZI.*

One day, with ſpirits low, and ſorrow fill'd,
I told him that I had a couſin kill'd:

"My

* Page 63.

"My dear," quoth he, "for heav'n's ſake hold your
"canting;
"Were all your couſins kill'd, they'd not be wanting:
"Though Death on each of them ſhould ſet his mark,
"Though ev'ry one were ſpitted like a lark,
"Roaſted, and giv'n that dog there for a meal,
"The loſs of them the world would never feel:
"Truſt me, dear Madam, all your dear relations
"Are nits—are nothings in the eye of nations."

Again,* ſays I, one day, "I do believe,
"A good acquaintance that I have will grieve
"To hear her friend hath loſt a large eſtate."—
"Yes," anſwer'd he, "lament *as much* her fate,
"As did your *horſe* (I freely will allow)
"To hear of the *miſcarriage* of your *cow*."

BOZZY.*

At Enoch, at M'Queen's, we went to bed;
A colour'd handkerchief wrapp'd JOHNSON's head:
He ſaid, "God bleſs us *both*—good night;" and then,
I,† like a pariſh clerk, pronounc'd Amen!
My good companion ſoon by ſleep was ſeiz'd;
But I, by blice and fleas, was ſadly teaz'd;

* Page 189. † Page 103.

Methought a ſpider, with terrific claws,
Was ſtriding from the wainſcot to my jaws;
But ſlumber ſoon did every ſenſe entrap,
And ſo I ſunk into the ſweeteſt nap.

MADAME PIOZZI.*

Trav'ling in Wales, at dinner-time we got on
Where, at Leweny, lives Sir ROBERT COTTON.
At table, our great Moraliſt to pleaſe,
Says I, "Dear Doctor, arn't thoſe charming peas?"
Quoth he, to contradict, and run his rig,
"Madam, they poſſibly might pleaſe a *pig*."

BOZZY.†

Of thatching, well the Doctor knew the art;
And with his threſhing wiſdom made us ſtart:
Deſcrib'd the greateſt ſecrets of the Mint,
And made folks fancy that he had been in't.
Of hops and malt 'tis wond'rous what he knew;
And well as any brewer he could brew.

MADAME PIOZZI.‡

In ghoſts the Doctor ſtrongly did believe,
And pinn'd his faith on many a liar's ſleeve.

He

* Page 70. † Page 324. ‡ Page 192.

He ſaid to Doctor LAWRENCE, "Sure I am,
"I heard my poor dear mother call out 'SAM.'
"I'm ſure," ſaid he, "that I can truſt my ears;
"And yet, my mother had been dead for years."

BOZZY.*

When young, ('twas rather ſilly I allow)
Much was I pleas'd to imitate a cow.
One time, at Drury Lane, with Doctor BLAIR,
My imitations made the playhouſe ſtare!
So very charming was I in my roar,
That both the galleries clapp'd, and cried "*Encore.*"
Bleſt by the general plaudit and the laugh,
I try'd to be a jackaſs and a calf;
But who, alas! in all things can be great?
In ſhort, I met a *terrible* defeat;
So vile I bray'd and bellow'd, I was hiſs'd;
Yet all who knew me, wonder'd that I miſs'd.
BLAIR whiſper'd me, "You've loſt your credit now;
"Stick, BOSWELL, for the future, to the *Cow.*"

MADAME PIOZZI.†

Th' affair of *Blacks* when JOHNSON would diſcuſs,
He always thought they had not ſouls like *us*;

* Page 499 † Page 212.

And yet, whene'er his family would fight,
He always ſaid black FRANK * was in the right.

BOZZY.†

I muſt confeſs that I enjoy'd a pleaſure
In bearing to the North ſo great a treaſure:
Thinks I, I'm like a bulldog or a hound,
Who, when a lump of liver he hath found,
Runs to ſome corner, to avoid a riot,
To gobble down his piece of meat in quiet:
I thought this good as all JOE MILLAR's jokes;
And ſo I *up*, and told it to the folks.

MADAME PIOZZI.‡

Some of our friends wiſh'd JOHNSON would compoſe
The lives of authors who had ſhone in proſe:
As for his *pow'r*, no mortal man could doubt it—
Sir RICHARD MUSGRAVE, he was warm about it;
Got up, and ſooth'd, intreated, begg'd and pray'd,
Poor man! as if he had implor'd for *bread*.
"Sir RICHARD," cry'd the Doctor, with a frown,
"Since you're *got up*, I pray you, Sir, *ſit down*."

BOZZY.

* The Doctor's man-ſervant.

† Page 259. ‡ Page 295.

BOZZY.

Of Doctor JOHNSON having giv'n a ſketch,
Permit me, Reader, of *myſelf* to preach:
The world will certainly receive with glee
The ſlighteſt bit of hiſtory of *me*.
Think of a *gentleman* of ancient blood!
Prouder of title than of being *good*;
A *gentleman* juſt thirty-three years old*;
Married four years, and as a tiger bold;
Whoſe bowels yearn'd Great Britain's foes to tame,
And from the cannon's mouth to ſwallow flame;
To get his limbs by broad ſwords carv'd in wars,
Like ſome old bedſtead, and to boaſt his ſcars;
And, proud immortal actions to achieve,
See his hide bor'd by bullets like a ſieve.
But lo! his father, a *well-judging* Judge,
Forbade his *ſon* from Edinburgh to budge;
Reſolv'd the French ſhould not his b—ſide claw;
So bound his *ſon* apprentice to the law.
This gentleman had been in foreign parts,
And, like ULYSSES, learnt a world of arts:
Much wiſdom his vaſt travels having brought him,
He was not *half* the fool the people *thought* him:

Of prudence, *this ſame gentleman* was *ſuch*,
He rather had *too little* than *too much*.
Bright was *this gentleman*'s imagination,
Well calculated for the higheſt ſtation:
Indeed ſo lively, give the Dev'l his due,
He ten times more would utter than was *true*;
Which forc'd him frequently, againſt his will,
Poor man! to ſwallow many a bitter pill:
One bitter pill among the reſt he took,
Which was, to cut ſome ſcandal from his book.
By Doctor JOHNSON he is well portray'd:
Quoth SAM, "Of BOZZY it may well be ſaid,
"That, through the moſt inhoſpitable ſcene,
"One never can be troubled with the ſpleen,
"Nor ev'n the greateſt difficulties chafe at,
"Whilſt ſuch an animal is near to laugh at."

MADAME PIOZZI.*

For *me*, in Latin, Doctor JOHNSON wrote
Two lines upon Sir JOSEPH BANKS's goat;
A *goat!* that round the world ſo *curious* went;
A *goat!* that now eats graſs that grows in Kent!

BOZZY.

* Page 72.

BOZZY.*

To Lord MONBODDO a few lines I wrote,
And by the servant, Joseph, sent this note:

"Thus far, my Lord, from Edinburgh, my home,
"With Mister SAMUEL JOHNSON, I am come;
"This night, by us, must certainly be seen
"The very handsome town of ABERDEEN.
"For *thoughts* of JOHNSON, you'll be not apply'd to;
"I know your Lordship likes him *less* than *I do*.
"So near we are—to part, I can't tell how,
"Without so much as making him a *bow*:
"Besides, the RAMBLER says, to see MONBODD,
"He'd go at least two miles out of his road;
"Which shows that *he admires* (whoever *rails*)
"The pen which proves that men are born with *tails*.
"Hoping that as to health your Lordship does well,
"I am your servant at command,
"JAMES BOSWELL."

MADAME PIOZZI.†

On Mister THRALE's old *hunter* JOHNSON rode,
Who with prodigious pride the beast bestrode;
And

* Page 207. † Ibid.

And as on BRIGHTON DOWNS he *dafh'd away*,
Much was he pleas'd to hear a fportfman fay,
That at a chafe he was as *tight a hand*
As e'er a fporting lubber in the land.

BOZZY.*

One morning, JOHNSON, on the Ifle of MULL,
Was of his politics exceffive full:
Quoth he, "That PULTENEY was a rogue, 'tis plain;
"Befides, the fellow was a *Whig in grain*."
Then to his principles he gave a banging,
And fwore no *Whig* was ever worth a *hanging*.
"'Tis wonderful," fays he, "and makes one ftare,
"To think the Livery chofe JOHN WILKES Lord May'r;
"A dog, of whom the world could nurfe no hopes;
"Prompt to debauch their girls, and rob their fhops."

MADAME PIOZZI.

Sir, I believe that anecdote a lie;
But grant that JOHNSON faid it—*by the bye*,
As WILKES unhappily your *friendfhip* fhar'd,
The dirty anecdote might well be *fpar'd*.

BOZZY.

* Page 124.

BOZZY.

Madam, I ſtick to truth as much as *you*,
And damme if the ſtory be not *true*.
What you have ſaid of JOHNSON and the *larks*,
As much the RAMBLER for a *ſavage* marks.
'Twas ſcandalous, ev'n CANDOUR muſt allow,
To give the hiſt'ry of the *horſe* and *cow*.
What but an enemy to JOHNSON's fame,
Dar'd his vile prank at LITCHFIELD playhouſe name—
Where, without ceremony, he thought fit
To fling the man and chair into the pit?
Who would have regiſter'd a ſpeech ſo odd
On the dead STAY-MAKER * and Doctor DODD?

MADAME PIOZZI.

SAM JOHNSON's threſhing knowledge and his thatch-
May be your own inimitable hatching: [ing,
Pray of his wiſdom can't you tell *more* news?
Could not he make a ſhirt, and cobble ſhoes,
Knit ſtockings, or, ingenious, take up ſtitches;
Draw teeth, dreſs wigs, or make a pair of breeches?
You prate too of his knowledge of the MINT,
As if the RAMBLER really had been in't.

Who

* Piozzi's Anecdotes, page 51, firſt edition.

Who knows, but you will tell us, (truth forſaking)
That each bad ſhilling is of JOHNSON's *making*;
His, each vile ſixpence that the world hath cheated;
And *his*, the art that ev'ry guinea ſweated?
About his brewing knowledge you will prate too,
Who ſcarcely knew a hop from a potatoe:
And though of beer he joy'd in hearty ſwigs,
I'd pit againſt his taſte my huſband's *pigs*.

BOZZY.

How could your folly tell, ſo void of truth,
That miſerable ſtory of the youth,
Who, in your book, of Doctor JOHNSON begs
Moſt ſeriouſly to know if cats laid eggs!

MADAME PIOZZI.

Who told of Miſtreſs Montague the lie—
So palpable a falſehood?—Bozzy, fie!

BOZZY.

Who, madd'ning with an anecdotic itch,
Declar'd that JOHNSON call'd his mother *b-tch*?

MADAME PIOZZI.

Who, from M'Donald's rage to ſave his ſnout,
Cut twenty lines of defamation out?

BOZZY.

BOZZY.

Who would have ſaid a word about SAM's wig,
Or told the ſtory of the peas and pig?
Who would have told a tale ſo very flat,
Of FRANK the Black, and HODGE the mangy cat?

MADAME PIOZZI.

Good me! you're grown at once confounded *tender*;
Of Doctor JOHNSON's fame a *fierce* defender:
I'm ſure you've mention'd many a pretty ſtory
Not much redounding to the Doctor's glory.
Now for a *ſaint* upon us you would palm him—
Firſt *murder* the poor man, and then *embalm him!*

BOZZY.

Why truly, Madam, JOHNSON cannot *boaſt*—
By your acquaintance, he hath *rather loſt*.
His character ſo ſhockingly you handle,
You've ſunk your *comet* to a *farthing candle*.
Your vanities contriv'd the ſage to hitch in,
And brib'd him with your cellar and your kitchen:
But luckleſs JOHNSON play'd a loſing game;
Though *beef* and *beer* he won, he loſt his *fame*.

MADAME

MADAME PIOZZI.

One quarter of your book had JOHNSON read,
Fiſt-criticiſm had rattled round your head.
Yet let my ſatire not *too far* purſue—
Your book *has merit*, give the Dev'l his due.
Where *Grocers* and where *Paſtry-cooks* reſide,
Thy book, with triumph, may indulge its pride;
Preach to the patty-pans ſententious ſtuff,
And hug that idol of the noſe, call'd ſnuff;
With all its ſtories cloves and ginger pleaſe,
And pour its wonders to a pound of cheeſe!

BOZZY.

Madam, your irony is wond'rous fine!
Senſe in each thought, and wit in ev'ry line;
Yet, Madam, when the leaves of my poor book
Viſit the Grocer, or the Paſtry-cook,
Yours, to enjoy of Fame the *juſt* reward,
May aid the trunk-maker of Paul's Church-Yard;
In the ſame alehouſes together us'd,
By the ſame fingers they may be amus'd;
The greaſy ſnuffers *yours*, perchance, may wipe,
Whilſt *mine*, high honour'd, lights a toper's pipe.

The

The praiſe of COURTENAY* my book's fame ſecures—
Now, who the devil, Madam, praiſes *yours?*

MADAME PIOZZI.

Thouſands, you blockhead—no one now can doubt [it;
For not a ſoul in London is without it.
The folks were ready CADELL to devour,
Who ſold the firſt edition in an hour.
So!—COURTENAY'S praiſes ſave you!—ah! that 'Squire
Deals, let me tell you, more in ſmoke than fire.

BOZZY.

Zounds! he has prais'd me in the *ſweeteſt* line—

MADAME PIOZZI.

Aye! aye! the verſe and ſubject *equal* ſhine.
Few are the mouths that COURTENAY'S wit rehearſe—
Mere cork in politics, and lead in verſe.

BOZZY.

* The lively *rattle* of the Houſe of Commons—indeed its MOMUS; who ſeems to have been ſelected by his conſtituents more for the purpoſes of *laughing* at the misfortunes of his country, than *healing the wounds*. He is the author of a poem lately publiſhed, that endeavours, *totis viribus*, to *prove* that Doctor JOHNSON was a *brute* as well as a *moraliſt!*

BOZZY.

Well, Ma'am! ſince all that JOHNSON ſaid or wrote,
You hold ſo ſacred, how have you forgot
To grant the wonder-hunting world a reading
Of SAM's Epiſtle, juſt before your *wedding*;
Beginning thus, (in ſtrains not form'd to flatter)
" MADAM,
" *If that moſt ignominious matter*
" *Be not concluded*"—
Farther ſhall I ſay?
No—we ſhall have it from *yourſelf* ſome day,
To juſtify your paſſion for the *Youth*,
With all the charms of eloquence and truth.

MADAME PIOZZI.

What was my marriage, Sir, to *you* or *him*?
He tell me what to do!—a pretty whim!
He, to *propriety*, (the beaſt) *reſort!*
As well might *elephants preſide* at *court*.
Lord! let the world to *damn* my match *agree*;
Good God! JAMES BOSWELL, what's *that world* to *me*?
The folks who paid reſpects to Miſtreſs THRALE,
Fed on her pork, poor ſouls! and ſwill'd her ale,

May

May *ficken* at PIOZZI, nine in ten—
Turn up the nofe of fcorn—good God! what then?
For *me*, the Dev'l may fetch their fouls fo *great*;
They keep their homes, and *I*, thank God, my meat.
When they, poor owls! fhall beat their cage, a jail,
I, unconfin'd, fhall fpread my peacock tail;
Free as the birds of air, enjoy my eafe,
Choofe my own food, and fee what climes I pleafe.
I fuffer only—if I'm in the wrong:
So, now, you prating puppy, hold your tongue.

SIR JOHN.

For fhame! for fhame! for Heav'n's fake *both* be quiet—
Not BILLINGSGATE exhibits fuch a riot.
Behold, for SCANDAL, you have made a feaft,
And turn'd your idol, JOHNSON, to a beaft:
'Tis plain that tales of ghofts are arrant lies,
Or inftantaneoufly would JOHNSON rife;
Make you both eat your paragraphs fo evil,
And for your treatment of him, play the devil.
Juft like two Mohawks on the man you fall;
No murd'rer is worfe ferv'd at SURGEONS HALL.
Inftead of adding *fplendour* to his name;
Your books are downright *gibbets* to his fame.
Of thofe, your anecdotes—may I be curft,
If I can tell you *which* of them is worft.

You never with poſterity can thrive—
'Tis by the RAMBLER's death alone you *live*;
Like wrens (that in ſome volume I have read)
Hatch'd by ſtrange fortune in a horſe's head.
Poor Sam was rather fainting in his glory,
But now his fame lies foully dead before ye:
Thus to ſome dying man, (a frequent caſe)
Two doctors come, and give the *coup de grace.*
Zounds, Madam! mind the duties of a wiſe,
And dream no more of Doctor JOHNSON's Life;
A happy knowledge in a pye or pudding
Will more delight your friends than all your ſtudying;
One cut from ven'ſon to the heart can ſpeak
Stronger than ten quotations from the Greek;
One fat Sir Loin poſſeſſes more ſublime
Than all the airy caſtles built by rhyme.
One nipperkin of *ſtingo* with a toaſt
Beats all the ſtreams the Muſes Fount can boaſt;
Bleſt, in one pint of porter, lo! my belly can
Find raptures, not in all the floods of Helicon.
Enough thoſe anecdotes your pow'rs have ſhown;
SAM's Life, dear Ma'am, will only *damn your own.*

For thee, JAMES BOSWELL, may the hand of Fate
Arreſt thy gooſe-quill, and confine thy prate!

Thine

Thine egotiſms the world diſguſted hears—
Then load with vanities no more our ears,
Like ſome lone puppy, yelping all night long,
That tires the very echoes with his tongue.
Yet, ſhould it lie beyond the pow'rs of Fate
To ſtop thy pen, and ſtill thy darling prate;
To live in ſolitude, oh! be thy luck,
A chattering magpie on the Iſle of MUCK.

Thus ſpoke the Judge; then leaping from the chair,
He left, in conſternation loſt, the Fair:
Black FRANK * he ſought on anecdote to cram,
And vomit *firſt* † a life of ſurly SAM.
Shock'd at the little manners of the Knight,
The rivals marv'ling mark'd his ſudden flight;
Then to their pens and paper ruſh'd the twain
To kill the mangled RAMBLER o'er again.

* Doctor JOHNSON's Negro ſervant.

† The KNIGHT's volume is reported to be in great forwardneſs, and likely to *diſtance* his formidable competitors.

N. B. The quotations from Mr. Boſwell are made from the ſecond edition of his Journal; thoſe from Mrs. Piozzi, from the firſt edition of her Anecdotes.

ODE UPON ODE;

OR,

A PEEP AT ST. JAMES'S;

OR,

NEW-YEAR'S DAY;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes. HORACE.

Just as the maggot bites, I take my way—
To Painters now my court respectful pay;
Now (ever welcome!) on the Muse's wings,
Drop in at Windsor, on the Best of Kings;
Now at St. James's, about Handel prate,
Hear Odes, see Lords and 'Squires, and smile at State.

ADVERTISEMENT.

READER,

I THINK it neceſſary to inform thee, if thou haſt not read Mr. Warton's Ode, that I mean not to ſay that he hath, TOTIDEM VERBIS, ſung what I have aſſerted of him; I therefore beg that my Ode may be conſidered as an amplification of the ingenious Laureat's idea.

P R O Ë M I U M.

KNOW, Reader, that the LAUREAT's poſt ſublime
Is deſtin'd to record, in handſome rhyme,
The deeds of Britiſh Monarchs, twice a year:
If *great*—how happy is the tuneful tongue!
If *pitiful*—(as Shakeſpeare ſays) the ſong
" Muſt ſuckle fools, and chronicle ſmall beer."

But Bards muſt take the *up-hill* with the *down*;
Kings cannot always oracles be hatching:
Maggots are oft the tenants of a crown—
Therefore, like thoſe in cheeſe, not worth the catching.

O gentle Reader! if, by God's good grace,
Or (what's more ſought) good intereſt at Court,
Thou gett'ſt, of Lyric Trumpeter, the place,
And hundreds are, like gudgeons, gaping for't;
Hear! (at a palace if thou mean'ſt to thrive)
And of a ſteady coachman learn to drive.

Whene'er

Whene'er employ'd to celebrate a King,
Let FANCY lend thy Muſe her loftieſt wing—
  Stun with thy minſtrelſy th' affrighted ſphere;
Bid thy voice thunder like a hundred batteries;
For common ſounds, conveying common flatteries,
  Are zephyrs whiſp'ring to the Royal ear.

Know—glutton-like, on praiſe each Monarch crams:
  Hot ſpices ſuit alone their pamper'd nature:
Alas! the ſtomach, parch'd by burning drams,
  With mad-dog terror ſtarts at ſimple water.

Fierce is each royal *mania* for applauſe;
And, as a horſe-pond wide, are Monarch maws—
  Form'd therefore on a pretty ample ſcale:
To ſound the *decent* panegyric note,
To pour the *modeſt* flatt'ries down their throat,
  Were offering ſhrimps for dinner to a whale.

And mind, whene'er thou ſtrik'ſt the lyre to Kings,
To touch to Abigails of Courts, the ſtrings;
  Give the Queen's Toad-eater a handſome ſop,
And ſwear ſhe always has more grace
Than ev'n to ſell the *meaneſt* place—
  Swear too, the woman keeps no Title-ſhop;

Sells

Sells not, like Jews in Paul's Church-yard their ware,
Who on each paſſenger for cuſtom ſtare,
And, in the happy tones of traffic, cry,
" *Sher! vat you buy, Sher?—Madam! vat you buy?*"

Thus, Reader, ends the Prologue to my Ode!
The true-bred Courtiers wonder whilſt I preach—
And, with grave vizards, and ſtretch'd eyes to God,
Pronounce my Sermon a moſt impious ſpeech:
With all my ſpirit—let them damn my lays—
A Courtier's curſes are exalted praiſe.

I HEAR a ſtartled Moraliſt exclaim,
" Fie, PETER, PETER! fie for ſhame!
" Such counſel diſagrees with my digeſtion."
Well! well! then, my old SOCRATES, to pleaſe thee,
For much I'm willing of thy qualms to eaſe thee,
I'll nobly take the other ſide the queſtion.

Par Exemple:

FAIR Praiſe is ſterling gold—all ſhould deſire it—
Flatt'ry, baſe coin—a cheat upon the nation;
And yet, our vanity doth much admire it,
And really gives it all its circulation.

FLATT'RY'S

FLATT'RY's a ſly inſinuating ſcrew;
The World—a bottle of Tokay ſo fine—
The engine always can its cork ſubdue,
And make an eaſy conqueſt of the wine.

FLATT'RY's an ivy wriggling round an oak;
  This oak is often honeſt blunt JOHN BULL—
Which ivy would its great ſupporter choak,
  Whilſt JOHN (ſo thick the walls of his dark ſcull)
Deems it a pretty ornament, and ſtruts—
Till Maſter IVY creeps into JOHN's guts,
And gives poor thoughtleſs JOHN a ſet of gripes:
Then, like an organ, opening all his pipes,
JOHN roars; and, when to a conſumption drain'd,
Finds out the knave his folly entertain'd.

PRAISE is a modeſt, unaſſuming maid,
  As ſimply as a Quaker beauty dreſt:
No oſtentation hers—no vain parade;
  Sweet nymph! and [illegible]ew words poſſeſt;
Yet, heard with rev'r[illegible] when ſhe ſilence breaks,
And dignifies the man[illegible] whom ſhe ſpeaks.

FLATT'RY's a pert French Milliner—a jade
Cover'd with *rouge*, and flauntingly array'd—

Makes faucy love to ev'ry man fhe meets,
And offers ev'n her favours in the ftreets.

And yet, inftead of heeding public hiffes,
  Divines fo grave—Philofophers can bear her;
  What's ftranger ftill, with childifh rapture hear her;
Nay, court the fmiling harlot's *very kiffes.*

O D E.

RICH as Dutch cargoes from the fragrant Eaſt,
Or cuſtard pudding at a city feaſt,
Tom's incenſe greets his Sovereign's hungry noſe:
For, bating Birth-day torrents from Parnaſſus,
And New-year's ſpring-tide of divine molaſſes,
Fame in a ſcanty rill to Windſor flows!

Poets (quoth tuneful Tom) in ancient times,
Delighted all the country with their rhymes;
Sung Knights and barbed ſteeds with valour big:
Knights who encounter'd witches—murder'd wizards,
Flogg'd Pagans, till they grumbled in their gizzards;
Rogues! with no more religion than a pig:

Knights who illumin'd poor dark ſouls,
Through pretty little well-form'd eyelet-holes,
By pious pikes and godly lances made—
Tools! that work'd wonders in the holy trade;

With

With battle-axes fit to knock down bulls,
And therefore qualified (I wot) full well,
With force the facred Oracles to tell
Unto the thickeft unbelieving fculls:

Knights, who, fo famous at the game of Tourney,
Took boldly to the Holy Land a journey,
To plant, with fwords, in hearts, the Gofpel feeds;
Juft as we hole, for cucumbers, hot-beds,
Or pierce the bofom of the fullen earth,
To give to radifhes or onions birth:

Knights, who, when tumbled on the hoftile field,
And to an enemy oblig'd to yield,
Could neither leg, nor arm, nor neck, nor nob ftir:
Poor devils! who, like alligators hack'd,
At length by hammers, hatchets, fledges, crack'd,
Were dragg'd from coats of armour—like a lobfter.

Great (fays the Laureat) were the Poet's puffings
On idle daring red-crofs raggamuffins,
Who, for their childifhnefs, deferv'd a birch:
Quoth Tom, a worthier fubject now, thank God!
Infpires the lofty Dealer in the Ode,
Than blockheads battling for old Mother Church.

Times

Times (quoth our courtly Bard) are alter'd quite;
The Poet ſcorns what charm'd of yore the ſight;
  Goths, Vandals, caſtles, horſes, mares:
The poliſh'd Poet of the preſent day
Doth in his taſty ſhop diſplay,
  Ah! vaſtly prettier-colour'd wares.

The Poet moulds his harp to manners mild,
Quoth Tom—to Monarchs, who, with rapture wild,
Hear their own praiſe with mouths of gaping wonder,
And catch each crotchet of the Birth-day thunder:
Crotchets that ſcorn the praiſe of *common* folly—
Though not moſt *muſical*—moſt *melancholy*;
Ah! crotchets doom'd to charm our ears no more,
Although by Miſter Parsons ſet in *ſcore*;
Drear and eternal ſilence doom'd to keep,
Where the dark waters of oblivion ſleep:
To ſpeak in humbler Engliſh—doom'd to reſt,
With Court addreſſes, in a muſty cheſt.
  Yet all the Lady *Amateurs* declar'd,
  They were the *charming'ſt* things they ever heard:
As for example—all the angel Gideons—
  That is, my Lady, and her daughters fair,
  With coal-black eyebrows, and ſweet Hebrew air—
The lovely produce of the two religions:

Thus,

Thus, in their virtues, fox-hounds beſt ſucceed,
When ſportſmen very wiſely croſs the breed:
And thus with nobler luſtre ſhines the fowl
Begot between a game-hen and an owl.

Sir Sampſon too declar'd, with voice divine,
" *Dat ſhince he haf turn Chreeſtian, and eat hog,*
" *He nebber did hear mooſhic half ſho fine;*
" *No! nebber ſhince he lefs de Shinnygogue.*"

His Grace of Queenſb'rry too, with eyes though dim,
And one deaf ear, was there in wonder drown'd!
Liſt'ning, in attitude of Corp'ral Trim,
He rais'd his thin grey curl to catch the ſound:

Then ſwore the airs would never meet their matches,
But in his own immortal glees and catches.*
Yet were thoſe crotchets all condemn'd to reſt
In the dark boſom of a muſty cheſt!

Crotchets that form'd into ſo ſweet an air,
As charm'd my Lady Mayoreſs and Lord Mayor;
Who thought (and really they were true believers)
The muſic equall'd marrow-bones and cleavers.

 Strains!

* Though not a PURCELL, his Grace is allowed, by many of his muſical gueſts, to be a very pretty catch-maker.

Strains! that the Reverend Biſhops had no qualms
In ſaying, that they equall'd David's Pſalms;
But not ſurpaſs'd in melody the bell
That mournful ſoundeth an Archbiſhop's knell;
Strains! that Sir Joſeph Mawbey deem'd divine,
Sweet as the quavers of his fatteſt ſwine.

E'en bluff Lord Brudenell's ſelf* admir'd the ſtrain,
In all the tuneful agonies of pain;
Who, winking, beat with duck-like nods the time,
And call'd the muſic and the words ſublime.

Yes, this moſt lofty Lord admir'd the Ode;
A Lord who, too, delights in Opera-dancing;
Thus ſagely both thoſe uſeful arts advancing,
Moſt nobly ſpreading Britain's fame abroad.

So much by dancing is his Lordſhip won,
Behind the Op'ra ſcenes he conſtant goes,
To kiſs the little finger of COULON,†
To mark her knees, and many-twinkling toes.

Too,

* A prodigious *Amateur*:—without his Lordſhip there can be no rehearſal.

† A firſt dancer at the Opera.

Too, all the other Lords, with whiſpers ſwarming,
Cry'd *bravo! bravo!* charming! *bravo!* charming!
And Majeſty itſelf, to muſic bred,
Pronounc'd it "Very, very good, indeed!"
Indulging, p'rhaps, the *very* nat'ral dream,
That all its charms were owing to the *theme*.

Not but ſome ſmall degree of harmleſs pleaſure
Might in the brace of R-y-l boſoms riſe,
To think they heard it without waſte of treaſure;
As ſixpences are lovely in their eyes.

For, not long ſince, I heard a forward dame
Thus, in a tone of impudence, exclaim—
"Good God! how Kings and Queens a ſong adore!
"With what delight they order an *encore!*
"When that ſame ſong, *encor'd*, for *nothing* flows!
"This MADAM MARA to her ſorrow knows.
"To Windſor, oft, and *eke* to Kew,
"The R-y-l mandate MARA drew.
"No cheering drop the Dame was aſk'd to ſip;
"No bread was offer'd to her quiv'ring lip;
"Though faint, ſhe was not ſuffer'd to ſit down:
"Such was the *goodneſs*—*grandeur* of the Cr—n!

" Now tell me, will it ever be believ'd,
" How much for ſong and chaiſe-hire ſhe receiv'd?
" How much pray, think ye?"—Fifty guineas—
" No."
Moſt ſurely forty.—" No, no."—Thirty.—" Poh!
" Pray, gueſs in reaſon—come, again."—
Alas! you jeer us—Twenty at the leaſt;
No man cou'd ever be ſo great a b—ſt
As not to give her twenty for her pain.—
" To keep you, then, no longer in ſuſpenſe,
" For MARA's chaiſe-hire and unrivall'd note,
" Out of their *wonderful* benevolence,
" Their bounteous M—ies gave—not a groat."
" Aye!" cry'd a ſecond ſland'rer, with a ſneer,
" I know a ſtory like it—You ſhall hear.—
" Poor Miſtreſs SIDDONS, *ſhe* was order'd out
" To wait too upon MAJESTY, to *ſpout*—
" To read old Shakeſpeare's *As you like it* to 'em;
" And how to mind their ſtops, and commas, ſhew 'em:
" She read—was told 'twas very, very fine,
" Excepting *here* and *there* a line—
" To which the Royal wiſdom did object—
" And which, in all the pride of emendation,
" And partly to improve her reputation,
" His M-j—y thought proper to correct:

" Then

" Then turning to the Partner of his Bed,
" On tiptoe mounted by ſelf-approbation,
" A very modeſt elevation,
" He cry'd, 'Mind, CHARLY, *that*'s the way to read.'

" The Actreſs reading, ſpouting—out of breath,
" *Stood* all the time—was nearly tir'd to death;
" Whilſt their great M-j—ies, in Royal ſtyle,
" At perfect eaſe were *ſitting* all the while.
" Nor offer'd to her was one drop of beer,
" Nor wine, nor chocolate, her heart to cheer:
" Ready to drop to earth, ſhe muſt have ſunk,
" But for a child, that at the hardſhip ſhrunk—
" A little PRINCE, who mark'd her ſituation,
" Thus, pitying, pour'd a tender exclamation:

' La! Miſtreſs SIDDONS is quite faint indeed,
' How pale! I'm ſure ſhe cannot longer read:
' She ſomewhat wants, her ſpirits to repair,
' And would, I'm ſure, be happy in a *chair*.'

" What follow'd?—Why, the R-y-l pair aroſe
" Surly enough, one fairly may ſuppoſe!
" And to a room adjoining made retreat,
" To let her, for one minute, *ſteal* a ſeat.

"At length the Actress ceas'd to read and spout
"Where generosity's a crying sin:
"Her curt'sy dropp'd—was nodded to—came out—
"So rich!"—How rich?—"as rich as she *went in*."
Such are the stories twain!—Why, grant the fact,
Are PRINCES, pray, like *common folks* to act?

Should MARA call it *cruelty*, and blame
Such R-y-l conduct, I'd cry, Fie upon her!
To Mistress SIDDONS freely say the same—
Sufficient for *such people* is the *honour!*

E'en I, the BARD, expect no gifts from KINGS,
Although I've said of them such *handsome* things;
Nay, not their eye's attention, whose bright ray
Would, like the SUN, illumine my poor lay,
And, like the SUN, so kind to procreation,
Increase within my brain the maggot nation.
So much for idle tales.—Now, MUSE, thy strain
Digressive, turn to Drawing-Rooms again.

There too was PITT, who scrap'd and bow'd to ground,
And whisper'd Majesty, 'twas vastly fine;
Then wish'd such harmony could once be found
Where *he*, each day, was treated like a swine

By

By that arch-fiend CHARLES FOX, and his vile party;
Villains! in nought but black rebellion hearty;
Fellows! who had the impudence to place
The *facred fceptre* underneath the *mace*,
And twifted ropes, with malice difappointed,
To hamper or to hang the LORD'S ANOINTED.

To whom a certain SAGE fo earneft cry'd,
"Don't mind—don't mind—the rogues their aim have mifs'd—
"Don't fear your place, whilft I am well fupply'd—
"But mind, mind poverty of Civil Lift.

"Swear that no K—g's fo poor upon the globe;
"Compare me—yes, compare me to poor JOB.
"What, what, PITT—hæ? We muft have t'other "grant—
"What, what? You know, PITT, that my old dead "AUNT *
"Left not a fixpence, PITT, thefe eyes to blefs,
"But from the parifh fav'd that fool at *Heffe*.

* The late PRINCESS AMELIA fent nearly four hundred thoufand pounds out of the kingdom; yet what is that fum to ten or twelve millions, which may one day travel from the nation? This is a ferious affair, and which ought to be looked to.

" But mind me—hæ, to plague her heart when dying,
" I was a conſtant hunter—Nimrod ſtill;
" And when in ſtate as dead's a mack'rel lying,
" I car'd not, for I knew the Woman's *Will*.

" And three days after ſhe was dead,
" Which ſome folks thought prodigiouſly profane,
" I took it—yes—I took it in my head,
" To order *Sir John Brute* at Drury-Lane:
" Had ſhe reſpected *me*, I do aver,
" I ſhould have ſtay'd at home, and thought of *her*.

" And mind—keep GEORGE as poor as a church mouſe;
" Vote not a halfpenny for Carleton Houſe:
" This may appear like wonderful barbarity—
" But mind, PITT, mind—he gains in popularity.

" I ſee him o'er his Father try to riſe,
" And mount an eagle to the ſkies;
" But poverty will check his daring flight—
" Beſides, ſhould GEORGE receive a grant,
" He gets the golden orbs I want—
" Then Civil-Liſt deficiencies, good night!

"And hæ! that wicked ſon-in-law of BROWN,*
"Loſing all ſort of rev'rence for a Crown,
"Hath ſent me in a bill ſo dread—
"What's very ſtrange too, PITT, I'll tell ye more—
"The raſcal came into my houſe, and ſwore
"'Twas a juſt bill, and that he *muſt* be paid;
"Yes, that he would, he ſwore—(how ſaucy! PITT)—
"Or ſend a lawyer to me with a *writ*.

"Down ſent I RAMUS to him o'er and o'er,
"To ſay that BROWN had had enough—
"And bid him to the Palace come no more
"To peſter Majeſty with bills and ſtuff.

"What, PITT, pray don't you think I'm right—
"quite right?"
On which the Premier, with a fault'ring bow,
Star'd in the face by TRUTH—looking I don't know how,
Hem'd out a faint aſſent—Heav'ns! how polite!
How pretty 'twas in PITT, what great good ſenſe,
Not to give Majeſty the leaſt offence!

Whereas,

* Mr. Holland, the architect, who married a daughter of the late *Capability* Brown, and who hath ſeveral times *impertinently* troubled the Palace with a bill of two thouſand pounds, due for work done by his father-in-law in the Royal gardens.

Whereas, the Chancellor, had *he* been there,
Whofe tutor, one would think, had been a bear,
Thinking a Briton to no forms confin'd,
But born with privilege to fpeak his mind,
Had anfwer'd with a thund'ring tongue,
" I think your Majefty d-mn-tion wrong:—
" I know no *moral* or *prefcriptive* right
" In Kings to * * * a fubject of a mite:
  " Give him his juft demand—it is but fit—
" Such littleneffes look extremely odd—
" Before *me* fhould the matter come, by G-d
  " Your Majefty will curfedly be *bit*:—
" Kings by a fenfe of honour fhould be fway'd—
" Holland *muft*, *will*, by G-d he *fhall*, be paid."

Lord Rochford, too, the gentle youth! was there,
  Whofe fweet *falfetto* voice is often fported
In glees and catches; fo that all who hear,
  Believe a pretty *femi-vir* imported.

  Anxious to pleafe the royal pair
  Lord Salisbury prais'd the words and air;
My Lord—who boafts a pretty tuneful palate,

Who

Who kindly teaches cobblers how to ſing,
Inſtructs his butler, baker, on the ſtring,
And with Apollo's laurel crowns his valet.*

" A cobbler, baker, chang'd to a muſician,
" Butlers, and lick-trenchers!" my reader roars;
" The ſacred art is in a ſweet condition—
" A pretty way of rubbing out old ſcores!

" God bleſs his generoſity and purſe:
" Soon probably his grandmother, or nurſe,
" May to the happy band unite their notes—
" Perchance, the liſt reſpectable to grace,
" His Lordſhip's fav'rite *horſe* may ſhew his face,
" And earn, as chorus ſinger, all his oats."

There too, that cloſe attendant on the KING,
Sir CHARLES,† the active, elegant, and ſupple,
Join'd with the happy *Beings* of the ring,
And bow'd and ſcrap'd before the ſceptred couple;
Pour'd

* His Lordſhip made ſome *ſad* appointments to his Majeſty's band—ignorant, unmuſical rogues, who receive the ſalary, and thrum by proxy: however he hath behaved better *lately*, and made atonement, by giving SHIELD, DANCE, BLAKE, PARKE, and HACKWOOD, to the band.

† Sir Charles Thompſon.

Pour'd high *encomium* on the birth-day din,
And won the *meed* of many a royal grin.

Sir CHARLES! the moſt polite, devoted man,
Form'd perfectly upon the Courtier plan,
Watches each motion of the royal lips,
And round His Majeſty ſo lively ſkips:

Keen as a hawk, obſerves his Sovereign's eye,
  Explores its wants, and dwells upon its ſtare,
As if he really was to live or die
  According to th' appearance of the glare:
Hops, dances, of true courtlineſs the type,
Juſt like a pea on a tobacco-pipe.

Oft will his ſacred M———y look down,
With aſpect conſcious of a glorious Crown;
Look down with ſurly grandeur on the Knight,
As if ſuch ſervile homage was his *right*;
And, by a *ſtare*, inform the fearful thing,
The diff'rence 'twixt a ſubject and a King.

Thus when a little fearful puppy meets
A noble Newfoundland dog in the ſtreets,

He creeps, and whines, and licks the lofty brute;
Curls round him, falls upon his back, and then
Springs up and gambols—frifks it back agen,
And crawls in dread fubmiffion to his foot;
Looks up, and hugs his neck, and feems t'intreat him,
With ev'ry mark of terror, not to eat him.

The Newfoundland dog, confcious of his might,
Cocks high his tail and ears, his ftate to fhow;
Then lifts his leg (a little unpolite)
And almoft drowns the fupplicant below;

Then feems, in full-blown majefty, to fay,
"Great is my power—but, lo! I'll not abufe it;
"I'm CÆSAR! paltry creature, go thy way;
"But mind, I can *devour* thee, if I chufe it."

Sir CHARLES at theatres oft fhows his mien,
Skips from his Majefty behind the fcene,
To make a famous actrefs bleft, by faying,
How pleas'd the Monarch is—how oft he clapp'd,
How oft the Queen her fan fo gracious tapp'd,
In approbation of her charming playing!

Th n will the Knight, with motions all ſo quick,
Ruſh back again, o'erjoy'd, through thin and thick,
And to their *Sacred* Majeſties repair,
Loaded with curtſies, ſpeeches, thanks, fine things!
Proud as ſome old dame's nag with queens and kings
Of gingerbread, to grace a country fair.

Then will Sir CHARLES race back, with bold career,
With ſomething *new*, the Royal mouths ſhall utter,
Sweet to the Actreſs's aſtoniſh'd ear,
As ſugar-plumbs to brats—or bread and butter;

Then back to Majeſty Sir CHARLES will fly
With the great Actreſs's *ſublime* reply;
As for example—" Dear Sir CHARLES, dear friend,
" Pray thank their Majeſties' extreme good nature,
" Who in their goodneſſes can condeſcend
" To honour thus their poor devoted creature:
" Whoſe patronage gives glory to a name;
" Whoſe ſmiles *alone* confer immortal fame.—
" I beg, Sir CHARLES, you'll ſay the *humbleſt* things—
" Commend me to the beſt of *Queens* and *Kings*."

Back with the meſſages Sir CHARLES will run,
And with them charm of Majeſty the Sun,

And

And bid him, like his brother in the ſkies,
Dart ſmiling radiance from his mouth and eyes!
Thrice happy Knight! all parties form'd to pleaſe!
Bleſt porter of ſuch meſſages as theſe!

Thus midſt the battle's rage, like lightning, ſcours
An Aide-de-camp, his General's orders carrying;
Bravely he gallops through the bullet ſhow'rs,
But ſcarce a ſingle minute tarrying;
Then to the General back with anſwer comes,
'Midſt the deep thunder of great guns and drums;

Now forth again with more command he ſallies,
Then back, then forth again behold him hurry;
To *this* which runs away, to *that* which rallies,
All buſtle, uproar wild, and hurry ſcurry!

Yet was there *one* who much the day decry'd—
Old Lady MARY DUNCAN (ſays report).
" What, no dear, dear *Caſtrato* here!" ſhe ſigh'd;
" Why then, p-x take the roarings and the Court;
" Then Lord have mercy on my tortur'd ears,
" And ſhield me from the ſhouts of ſuch He Bears.

Are

"Are ſuch the pretty notes to pleaſe?
"Then may I never more hear ſounds like theſe!
"In days of yore they might have had their merit,
"Amongſt the rams-horns to have borne a bob,
"That did at Jericho the wond'rous job—
"Knock'd down the wall with ſo much ſpirit.

"The ſounds may anſwer to play tricks
"Amongſt a pack of drunken aſſes;
"To break, as if it were with ſticks,
"The bones of bottles and poor glaſſes.

"Where, where is Pacchierotti's *heart-felt ſtrain?*
"Where Rubinelli's *ſoſtenuto* note?
"That tickled oft my ſighing ſoul to pain?
"That bade my ſenſes in Elyſium float?
"Avaunt! you vile black-bearded rogues—avaunt!
"'Tis ſmoother chins, and ſweeter tones, *I want.*"

My Lord of EXETER was alſo there,
Who, marv'ling, cock'd his time-diſcerning ear
To ſtrains that did ſuch honour to a Throne:
There UXBRIDGE taught the audience how to *think,*
With much ſignificant and knowing wink,
And ſpeeches clad in Wiſdom's critic tone;

Who

Who look'd muſicians *through* with half-ſhut eyes;
Moſt ſolemn, moſt *chromatically* wiſe!

SANDWICH, the glory of each jovial meeting,
This fiddler now—now *that*, ſo kindly greeting,
Appear'd, and ſhrewdly pour'd his *bahs* and *bums*:
Great in tattoo, my Lord, and croſs-hand roll;
Great in the dead-march ſtroke ſublime of Saul,
He beats Old Aſsbridge* on the kettle-drums.

What pity, to our *military* hoſt
That ſuch a charming drummer ſhould be loſt!
And feel through life his glories overcaſt
At that dull Board †, where, never could he learn,
Of ſhips, the diff'rence between *ſtem* and *ſtern*,
Hen-coops and boats, the rudder and the maſt.

Say—'midſt the tuneful tribe was EDMUND BURKE?
NO! MUN was cutting out for HASTINGS, work;
Writing to Couſin WILL ‡ and Co. to league 'em
Againſt that rogue, who like a ruffian roſe,
And tweak'd a bulſe of jewels from the noſe
Of Dames in India, chriſten'd *Munny Begum*.

* A kettle-drummer of great celebrity.

† The Admiralty. ‡ In India.

EDMUND! who formerly look'd fierce as Grimbald
On that moſt horrid imp, Sir Thomas Rumbold;
Vow'd, like a ſheep, to flay that Eaſtern thief;
Till *ſtrange good fortune* open'd EDMUND's eyes:
Oh! then he heard of Innocence the cries,
And, like Jew converts, damn'd his old belief.
Yet, let *ſome* praiſe for MUN's converſion paſs
To that great wonder-worker, Saint Dundas.

EDMUND! who battled hard for POWELL's life,
And ſwore no man, in virtue, e'er went further:
To prove which oath, this POWELL took a knife,
And made the world believe it, by *ſelf-murther*.

Reader, ſuppoſe I give thee a ſmall Ode,
Made when vile TIPPOO SAIB in triumph rode,
And play'd the devil on our Indian Borders,
In perſon, or by vile Satanic orders:

When Edmund Burke, ſo famous for fine ſpeeches,
From *trope* to *trope*, a downright rabbit, ſkipping,
Meant, ſchool-boy like, to take down HASTINGS' *breeches*,
And give the noble GOVERNOR a whipping?

If rightly, Reader, I tranſlate thy phiz,
Thou ſmil'ſt conſent—I thank thee—Here it is.

But mark my cleanlineſs ere I begin:
Know, I've not caught the *itch* of party ſin;
To PITT, or FOX, I never did belong;
TRUTH, TRUTH I ſeek—ſo help me GOD OF SONG!

P'rhaps to a *Heathen oath* thou may'ſt *demur:*
Well then—Suſpicion that I mayn't incur,
  But, like a *Chriſtian*, ſwear *I do not ſham*—
By all the angels of yon lofty ſky,
Where burning ſeraphims and cherubs cry,
  I'm of no party—curſe me if I am!

By all thoſe wonder-monger ſaints and martyrs,
Cut for the love of God in halves and quarters;
  By each black ſoul in purgatory frying;
By all thoſe whiter ſouls, though we can't ſee 'em,
Singing their *Ave-Mary* and *Te Deum*
  On yon bright cloud—I ſwear I am not lying.

No! free as air the Muſe ſhall ſpread her wing,
Of *whom*, and *when*, and *what* ſhe pleaſes, ſing;

Though Privy-Councils,* jealous of her note,
Prefcrib'd, of late, a halter for her throat.

Let Folly fpring—my eagle, falcon, kite,
Hawk—fatire—what you will—fhall mark her flight;
Through huts or palaces ('tis juft the fame),
With equal rage, purfue the panting game;
And lay (by princes, or by peafants, bred)
Low at the OWNER's feet, the CUCKOO, dead.

ODE TO EDMUND.

MUCH edified am I by EDMUND BURKE!
Well pleas'd I fee his mill-like mouth at work,
Grinding away for poor Old England's good:
He gives of elocution fuch a feaft!
He tells of fuch dread doings in the Eaft!
And fighs, as t'were, for his own flefh and blood.

Shroff, Chout, Lack, Omra, Dufluck, Nabob, Bunder,
Crore, Choultry, Begum, leave his lips in thunder.

With

* This is a piece of fecret hiftory.

With matchlefs *pathos*, Mun defcribes the gag
Employ'd by that damn'd fon of HYDER NAIG,
Nam'd TIPPOO—Gags! that Britifh mouths deteft!
Occafion'd partly by that man fo fad,
That HASTINGS!—oh! deferving all that's bad—
That villain, murd'rer, tyrant, dog, wild beaft!

Poor EDMUND fees poor Britain's fetting fun;
Poor EDMUND *groans*—and Britain is *undone!*

Reader! thou haft, I do prefume,
(God knows though) been in a fnug room,
By coals or wood made comfortably warm;
And often fancy'd that a ftorm *without*
Hath made a diabolic rout—
Sunk fhips—tore trees up—done a world of harm.

Yes! thou haft lifted up thy tearful eyes,
Fancying thou heardft of mariners the cries;
And figh'd, "How wretched now muft thoufands be!
"Oh! how I pity the poor fouls at fea!"
When, lo! this dreadful tempeft, and his roar,
A *zephyr*—in the key-hole of the door!

Now, may not EDMNND's howlings be a ſigh
  Preſſing through EDMUND's lungs for loaves and
    fiſhes,
On which he long hath look'd with *longing* eye,
  To fill poor EDMUND's not o'er-burden'd diſhes?

Give MUN a ſop—forgot will be complaint;
BRITAIN be ſafe, and HASTINGS prove a *Saint*.



NOW for the Drawing-room—O Muſe, ſo madding,
Delighted in digreſſion to be gadding.

Hampden andHarteſcue (brave names!) attended—
The *laſt* in Catches wonderfully mended.
The lovely Lady Clarges too was there,
  To all the graces as to muſic born;
Whoſe notes ſo ſweetly melting ſoothe the ear!
  Soft as the robin's to the bluſh of morn!

There too the rare *Viol-di-Gamba* Pratt,
Whoſe fingers fair the ſtrings ſo nicely pat,
An[illegible]ow that brings out ſounds unknown at Babel—
[illegible]ough not ſo ſweet as thoſe of Miſter Abel.

Dear

Dear Maid! the daughter of that Prince of Pratts,
Who music *cons* as well as law; and swears
The girl shall *scrub* no soul's but Handel's airs,
To whom he thinks our great composers, cats:

Id est, Sacchini, Haydn, Bach, and Gluck,
And twenty more, who never had the luck
To please the nicer ears of *some crown'd* FOLK;
Ears that, like other people's though they grow,
Poor creatures! really want the sense to know
Psalm tunes so mournful from the old Black Joke.

That musty music-hunter too—*Mus. D.*
Much-travel'd Burney, came to hear and see;
HE, in his tour, who found such great protectors—
Kings, Queens, Dukes, Margraves, Margravines, Electors,
Who ask'd the Doctor many a gracious question,
And treated him with marv'lous hospitality;
Guessing he had as clever a digestion
For meat and drink, as music of rare quality.

Not with much glee the Doctor heard the Ode,
But turn'd his disappointed eyes to GOD;

And wiſh'd it his own ſetting, with a ſigh;
For, ere to Sal'ſbury's houſe the Doctor came,
To get, as ODE-SETTER, enroll'd his name,
Behold! behold the *wedding was gone by*.

Ah! how unlucky that the prize was loſt!
Parſons, who, daring, daſh'd through thick and thin-
Eclipſe the ſecond!—got like lightning *in*,
When Burney juſt had reach'd the *diſtant poſt*.

Yet, gentle Muſe, let candour *this* allow,
That, though his heart was mortified enow,
The Doctor did his rival's art admire,
And own'd his *maiden* crotchets full of fire;
Crotchets! though ſweet, alas! condemn'd to lie,
Like Royal virtues, hid from mortal eye!

Crotchets that ſongful Miſter Parſons ties
To Tom's big phraſe, to make ſublimer cries;
Thrice happy union to entrance the ſoul!
How like the notes of cats, a vocal pair,
By boys (to catch their wild and mingled air)
Ty'd tail to tail, and thrown acroſs a pole!

But

But where was great Sir Watkyn all this time?
Why heard he not the air and lofty rhyme?
The ſleek Welſh Deity, who muſic knows;
The ALEXANDER of the Tot'n'am* troops,
Who, tutor'd by his ſtampings, nods, grunts, whoops,
Do wond'rous execution with their bows?

Sir Watkyn, deep in diſmal dudgeon gone,
Far in his Cambrian villa † ſat alone;
To Miſtreſs Walſingham ‡ he ſcrubb'd his baſe,
Whilſt anger ſwell'd the volume of his face,
Flaming, like ſuns of London in a fog;
Of Miſtreſs Walſingham he ſung with ire;
His eyes as red as ferret's eyes, with fire;
His mighty ſoul for vengeance all agog.

ACHILLES thus, affronted to the beard,
His ſledge-like fiſt o'er Agamemnon rear'd,

And

* Sir Watkyn is a Member of the Ancient Muſic Concert in Tottenham-Street, and much attended to, both for his art and ſcience.

† Wynneſtay.

‡ The quarrel between the Knight and the Lady was a wonderful one—*Tantæne animis cœleſtibus iræ?*

And down his throat would fain his words have ramm'd;
Who, after oaths (a pretty decent volley,)
And rating the long Monarch for his folly,
Inform'd the King of Men he might be d-mn'd;
Then to his tent majeſtic ſtrode, to ſtrum,
And ſcrape his anger out on tweedle-dum.

Yet Miſtreſs Walſingham the Ode attended;
From 'Squire Apollo lineally deſcended—
A dame who dances, paints, and plays, and ſings;
The Saint Cecilia—Queen of wind and ſtrings!
Though ſcarcely bigger than a cat—a dame,
'Midſt the *Bas Bleus*, a giant as to *fame*.

When fiddle, hautboy, clarinet, baſſoon,
On Sunday (deem'd by *us* good Chriſtians, *odd*)
Unite their clang, and pour their merry tune
In jiggiſh gratitude to God;
Lo! if a witleſs Member ſhould deſire,
Inſtead of Handel, ſtrains *perchance* of Haydn,
A fierce Semiramis ſhe flames with fire—
This Amazonian, crotchet-loving maiden!
She looks at him with ſuch a pair of eyes!
Reader, by way of *ſimile*-digreſſion,
Which to my ſubject happily applies—
Didſt ever ſee *Grimalkin* in a paſſion,

Lifting

Lifting her back, and ears, and tail, and hair;
Giving her two expreffive gogglers,
(Not in the fweet and tender ftyle of oglers)
A fierce, broad, wild, fix'd, furious, threat'ning ftare?

If fo—thou may'ft fome faint idea have
Of this great Lady at her tuneful club—
Who very often hath been heard to rave,
And with much eloquence the Members fnub.

Some people by their fouls will fwear,
That if Muficians mifs but half a bar,
Juft like an Irifhman fhe ftarts to *bother*;
And, in the violence of quaver madnefs,
Where nought fhould reign but harmony and gladnefs,
She knocks one tuneful head againft another;
Then fcreams in fuch chromatic tones
Upon Apollo's poor affrighted fons,
Whofe trembling tongues, when hers begins to found,
Are, in the dire vociferation, drown'd!

Thus when old Oxford's bell, baptiz'd *Great Tom*,
Shakes all the city with his iron tongue,

The

The little tinklers might as well be dumb
  As aſk attention to their puny ſong,
So much the Lilliputians are o'ercome
  By the deep thunder of the *Mighty Tom*.

Handel, as fam'd for manners as a pig,
Enrag'd, upon a time pull'd off his wig,
And flung it plump in poor Cuzzoni's face,
Becauſe the little Syren miſs'd a *grace*:
Muſicians, therefore, ſhould beware;
  Or in the face of ſome unlucky chap,
Although ſhe cannot fling a load of hair,
  She probably may dart her cap.

Oft when a youth to ſome ſweet bluſhing maid
  Hath ſlily whiſper'd amatory things,
And, more by paſſion than by muſic ſway'd,
  Broke on the tuneful dialogue of ſtrings;
Rous'd like a tigreſs from a fav'rite feaſt,
  Up hath the valiant Gentlewoman ſprung,
  With lightning look, and thund'ring tongue,
Ready with out-ſtretch'd neck to eat the beaſt
  That boldly dar'd—ſo blaſphemouſly raſh—
Mix with the air divine his love-ſick traſh,

Reader,

Reader, attend her—ſhe will ſo enrich ye
  With muſic knowledges of every kind,
From that poor nothing-monger, old Quilici,
  To Handel's lofty and capacious mind;
Run wild diviſions on the various merit
Of *this* and *that* compoſer's ſpirit—
  On GLUCK's ſublimities be all ſo chatty;
Talk of the *ſerio-comic* of Piccini,
Compare the elegance of ſweet Sacchini,
  And iron melodies of old Scarlatti!

  But not one word on Britiſh worth, I ween;
  Their very mention gives the Dame the ſpleen:
'Twere e'en diſgrace to tell their mawkiſh names:
  Mere cart-horſes—poor uninventive fools,
  Who neither muſic make, nor know its rules;
Whoſe works ſhould only come to light in *flames*.

To depths of muſic doth this Dame pretend,
Nought can her ſcience well tranſcend,—
  If you the Lady's own opinion aſk;
And when ſhe talks of muſical enditers,
She ſhows a *vaſt* acquaintance with all writers,
  And takes them critically all to taſk.

Dear Gentlewoman! who, ſo great, ſo chaſte,
So *foreign* in her *tweedle-dummiſh* taſte,
Faints at the name of that enchanting fellow,
The melting *Amoroſo*, Paiſiello!
With notes on Tarchi, Sarti, will o'erwhelm ye;
Giordani, ſweeter than the Hybla honey;
Anfoſſi, Cimeroſa, Bach, Bertoni,
Rauzzini, Abel, Pleyel, Guglielmi!
Can tell you, that th' Italian ſchool is airy,
Expreſſive, elegant, light as a fairy;
The German, heavy, deep, ſcholaſtic;
The French, moſt miſerably whining, moaning,
Oft like poor devils in the colic groaning,
Noiſy and ſcreaming, hideous, Hudibraſtic.

The female viſitors around her gaze,
With wond'ring eyes; and mouths of wide amaze,
To hear her pompouſly demand the key
Of ev'ry piece muſicians play;
Aſtoniſh'd ſee this Petticoat-Apollo,
With ſtamping foot, and beck'ning hands
And head, time-nodding, iſſue high commands,
Beating the Tot'n'am-road Director * hollow.

Yes—

* Joah Bate, Eſquire.

Yes—they behold, amaz'd, this tuneful whale,
And catch each crotchet of her rich difcourfe,
Utter'd with claffic elegance and force,
On *Diatonic* and *Chromatic* fcale:
Then ftare to fee the Lady wifely pore
On fcientific zig-zag fcore.

Reader, at this great Lady's Sunday meeting,
'Midft tuning inftruments, each other greeting,
Screaming as if they had not met for years,
So joyous, and fo great their clatter!—fay,
Didft ever fee this Lady ftriking *A*
Upon her harpfichord, with bending ears?
With open mouth, and ftare profound,
Attention nail'd, and head awry,
Watching each atom of the tuneful cry,
Till *Alamire* unifon goes round?

Didft ever fee her hands outftretch'd like wings,
Towards the Band, though led by CRAMER,
Wide fwimming for *pianos* on the ftrings—
Now fudden rais'd, like Mifter Chriftie's hammer,
To bid the *forte* * roar in fudden thunder,
And fill the gaping multitude with wonder?

Thou

* Motions eftablifhed by the *Cognofcenti* for fhowing the light and fhade of mufic.

Thou never didſt?—then, friend, without a hum,
I envy thee a happineſs to come!

"He moulds his harp," quoth Tom, "to manners
mild;"
To Kings, for babe-like manners *ſimple* ſtyl'd,
And grac'd with virtues that would fill a tun;
To *him* the Poet humbly makes a leg,
Who, gooſe-like, brooding o'er the fav'rite egg
Of Genius, gives the Phœnix to the ſun.

To *him*, who for ſuch eggs is always watching,
And never more delighted than when hatching;
Which makes the number offer'd to the ſun,
So vaſt!—why, verily as thick as peas,
That people may collect, with equal eaſe,
A *thouſand* noble inſtances, as *one*.

What numbers, Wisdom to his care hath giv'n!
All hatch'd—ſome living—others gone to Heav'n:
Thus in the pinnick's* neſt the cuckoo lays,
Then, eaſy as a Frenchman, takes her flight:
Due homage to the eggs the pinnick pays,
And brings the little lubbers into light.

The

* A bird ſo called in ſome countries, that attends the wiſe bird, and feeds him.

The modern poet sings, quoth TOM again,
Of M—chs, who, with economic fury,
Force all the tuneful world to Tot'n'am-lane,
And lock up all the doors of harmless Drury.*

Say, why this curse on Drury's harmless door,
That thus, in anger, M——Y should lock it?
Muse, are the Tot'n'am-street subscribers poor?
Will Drury keep some pence from Tot'n'am's pocket?
Doth threat'ning bankruptcy extend a gloom
O'er the proud walls of Tot'n'am's regal room?

Perchance 'tis Mara's song that gives offence!
Hinc illæ lacrymæ!—I fear:
The song that once could charm the R—l sense,
Delights, alas! no more the Royal ear.
Gods! can a guinea darken ev'ry note,
And make the nightingale's a raven's throat?

* The Oratorios were to have been performed at Drury-lane, this year, under the conduct of Mr. LINLEY and Dr. ARNOLD. —The MARA was to have exhibited her *vocalities*. This would have been a death-stroke to the pigmy performance in Tottenham-court Road. How should the pigmy be saved? By killing the *giant*: and lo! his death-warrant hath been signed.—By what power of the constitution? None!—Can the *Grand Monarque* do more? *Quicquid delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi.*

But let me give his M——y a hint,
Freſh from my brain's prolific mint:
Suppoſe we *amateurs* ſhould, in a fury,
Juſt take it in our John-Bull heads to ſay
(And lo! 'tis very probable we *may*)
" We *will* have Oratorios at Drury?"

How muſt he look? Blank—wonderfully blank;
And think ſuch ſpeech an inſult on his rank:
What could he do?—oppoſe with ire ſo hot?
I think his M——y had better *not!* *

Pity a King ſhould with his ſubjects ſquabble
About an Oratorio or a Play:
It puts him on a footing with the rabble;
And that is moſt *unkingly*, let me ſay.

Suppoſe he comes off conqueror!—alas!
For ſuch a victory he ought to *ſigh*.
But, Lord! ſuppoſe it ſo ſhould come to paſs,
That Majeſty comes off with a black eye?

Whether

* Indeed his M——y hath prudently taken the hint.—DRURY, in ſpite of the Royal frown, hath had her Oratorios performed, to the no ſmall mortification of poor deſerted TOTTENHAM.

Whether he loſe or win the day,
The world will chriſten it a *paltry fray*.

Kings ſhould be never in the *wrong* *—
They never *are*, ſome wiſeacres declare.
Poh! ſuch a ſpeech may do for birth-day ſong;
But makes *us* philoſophic people *ſtare!*

I know a certain owner of a C——n,
Not quite a hundred miles from Windſor town,
Who harbour'd of his neighbour horrid notions—

* Yet let us give an inſtance of wrong proceedings.—A certain K—— and Q———, inſtead of having concerts at their palace, in the ſtyle of other Princes, ſuch as the King of France, the Emperor, the Empreſs of Ruſſia, &c. have entered into a private ſubſcription for a concert in a pitiful ſtreet. They pay their ſix guineas a-piece; and, what is more extraordinary, get in their children, as we are told, *gratis!* What is ſtill more extraordinary, they have entered into a bond for *borrowing* two thouſand pounds for putting the houſe into a decent repair; fit for the reception of the K—— of the firſt empire upon earth. Of whom has this money been borrowed?—Marvelling reader! of the poor muſicians' fund! which money might have been placed out to a much ſuperior advantage. Let me add, that the ſubſcribers order a formal rehearſal previous to every concert; ſo that, in fact, they get a double concert for their money;—undoubtedly to the vaſt ſatisfaction of the fingers of the happy CRAMER, BORGHI, SHIELD, CERVETTO, &c. who, in this inſtance, earn their money not very unlike the patient and laborious animal called a *drayhorſe*.

A widow gentlewoman, who, he ſaid,
Popp'd from her window ev'ry day her head
Impertinent, to watch his Royal motions.

" What? what?" quoth M——y, "I'll teach her
" To take my motions by ſurpriſe: [eyes
" One cannot breakfaſt, dine, drink tea, nor ſup,
" But, whip! the woman's head at once is out,
" To ſee and hear what we are all about:
" I'll cure her of that trick—and block her up."

Mad as his military GRACE *
For fortifying ev'ry place,
From dockyards to a neceſſary houſe,
The M——ch dreamt of nothing but the wall,
The ſaucy ſpy in petticoats to maul,
And make her eagle pride crawl like his louſe.

Now workmen came, with formidable ſtones,
To block up the poor widow JONES,
Who mark'd this dread blockade, and, with a frown,
And to the cauſe of freedom true,
One of the old hen's chicks ſo blue,
Faſt as the K—— built *up*, the dame pull'd *down*.

'Twas

* Duke of Richmond.

'Twas up—'twas down—'twas up again—'twas down—
Much did the country with the battle ring,
Between the valiant Widow and the K——,
That admiration rais'd in Windſor town:
The mighty battl'ing Broughtons, and the Slacks,
Ne'er knew more money betted on their backs.

Sing, heav'nly Muſe, how ended this affray:
Juſt as it happens, faith, nine times in ten,
When dames ſo ſpirited engage with men;
That is—th' heroic Widow won the day:

The K—— could not the woman maul;
But found himſelf moſt ſhamefully defeated;
Then, very wiſely, he retreated,
And, very prudently, gave up the wall.

Now ſing, O Muſe, the warlike ammunition
Us'd by the Dame in her beſieg'd condition,
That on the hoſt of vile invaders flew;
Say, did no God nor Goddeſs cry out, Shame!
And nobly haſten to relieve the Dame
From ſuch a reſolute and hoſtile crew?

Yes—Neptune, like her guardian angel, kind,
  Join'd the poor Widow Jones, and ran up ſtairs;
  Then fiercely caught up certain earthen wares,
And, pleas'd his fav'rite element to find,
  Bid, on their heads, the briny torrents flow,
  And waſh'd, like ſhags, the combatants below.

  The goddeſs Cloacina too, ſo hearty,
  Ruſh'd to the Widow's houſe, and join'd the party:
But ſay, what ammunition fill'd her hand,
    Fame for the Widow to acquire,
    To bid the enemy retire,
And give to public ſcorn the daring band?

What that *ſtrong* ammunition was, the Bard
  Heard as a ſecret—therefore muſt not tell;
Nor would he for a thouſand pounds reward,
  To beaux reveal it, or the ſweeteſt belle.
Yet Nature poſſibly hath made a ſnout,
Bleſt with ſagacity to *ſmell* it out.

Reader, don't ſtand ſo, ſtaring like a calf;
Thy gaping attitude provokes my laugh;
Thou think'ſt that Monarchs never can act ill:
  t thy head ſhav'd, poor fool! or think ſo ſtill.

Whether

Whether thou deem'ſt my ſtory falſe or true,
I value not a ruſh.
Wilt have another?—" No."—Nay, prithee do.—
" I won't."—Thou ſhalt, by Heavens! ſo prithee
huſh!

But ere I give the tale, my tuneful bride,
My Lady Muſe, ſhall talk of Kings and Pride.

Some Kings on thrones are children on the lap;
Children, that all of us ſee ev'ry day;
Brats that kick, ſquall, and quarrel with their pap,
Tearing, and ſwearing they will have their way:
And what, too, their great reputation rifles,
Kings quarrel, juſt like children, about *trifles*.

Moreover—'tis a terrible affair
For kingly worſhip to be kick'd by fellows
Who probably feed half their time on air,
Mending old kettles or old bellows.

My Lady PRIDE's a very lofty BEING,
Much pleas'd with people's ſcraping, bowing, knee-
Fruitful in egotiſms, and full of brags; [ing,

Her Ladyſhip in nought can brook denial;
And, as for inſult, 'tis a killing trial,
And more eſpecially from men of rags.

For Pride, ſuch is her ſtatelineſs, alas!
Rather than feel the kickings of an *aſs*,
Would calmly put up with a leg of *horſe*;
Though pelting her with fifty times the force;
Nay, though her brains came out upon the ground,
Were brains within her head-piece to be found.

A KING and a BRICKMAKER.*

A TALE.

A KING, near Pimlico, with noſe and ſtate,
Did very much a neighbouring brick-kiln hate,
Becauſe the kiln did vomit naſty ſmoke;
Which ſmoke—I can't ſay very nicely bred—
Did very often take it in its head
To blacken the Great Houſe, and try the K— to choak,
His

* A Mr. Scott.

His ſacred Majeſty would, ſputt'ring, ſay,
Upon a windy day,
" I'll make the raſcal and his brick-kiln hop—
" P-x take the ſmoke—the ſulphur!—zounds!—
" It forces down my throat by pounds;
" My belly is a downright blackſmith's ſhop."

One day, he was ſo peſter'd by a cloud—
He could not bear it, and thus bawl'd aloud:
" Go," roar'd his M——y unto a Page,
Work'd, like a lion, to a dev'liſh rage,
" Go, tell the raſcal who the brick-kiln owns,
" That if he dares to burn another brick,
" Black all my houſe like hell, and make me ſick,
I'll tear his kiln to rags, and break his bones."

Off Billy Ramus ſet, his errand told:
On which the Brickmaker, a little bold,
Exclaim'd, " *He* break my bones, good Maſter Page,
" *He* ſay my kiln ſhan't burn another brick,
" Becauſe it blacks his houſe, and makes him ſick!
" Billy, go, give my love to Maſter's rage,
" And ſay, more bricks I am reſolv'd to burn;
" And if the ſmoke his Worſhip's ſtomach turn,
" Tell

" Tell him to ſtop his mouth and ſnout:
" Nay more, good Page; his M—— y ſhall find
" I'll always take th' advantage of the wind,
" And, dam'me, try to ſmoke him *out*."

This was a ſhameful meſſage to a K—
From a poor ragged rogue that dealt in mud;
Yet, though ſo impudent a thing,
The fellow's rhet'rick could not be withſtood.

Stiff as againſt poor Haſtings, Edmund Burke,
This Brickmaker went tooth and nail to work,
And form'd a true Veſuvius on the eye:
The ſmoke in pitchy volumes roll'd along,
Ruſh'd through the Royal dome with ſulphur ſtrong,
And, thick aſcending, darken'd all the ſky.

To give the ſmoke a naſtier ſtink,
Indignant Reader, what doſt think?
The fellow ſcrap'd the filthieſt ſtuff together,
Old wigs, old hats, old woollen caps, old rugs,
Replete with many a colony of bugs,
Old ſhoes, old boots, and all the tribe of leather.

Thus did the cloud of ſtink and darkneſs ſhade
The building for the Lord's Anointed made,
  And blacken it like palls that grace a burying:
Thus was this man of mud and ſtraw employ'd,
And at the thought ſo wicked, overjoy'd,
  Of ſmoking God's Vicegerent like a herring;

Of ſerving him as we do parts of ſwine,
With turkey that to pleaſe our taſte combine:
But lo! this daring baneful rogue of brick
Fell, for his Sov'reign fortunately, ſick,
And, ere the wretch could glut his ſpleen and pride,
By turning Monarchs into bacon—died.

THE modern bard (quoth TOM) ſublimely ſings
  Of ſharp and prudent économic Kings,
Who rams, and ewes, and lambs, and bullocks feed,
  And pigs of every ſort of breed:

Of

Of Kings who pride themſelves on fruitful ſows;
Who ſell ſkim milk, and keep a guard ſo ſtout
To drive the geeſe, the thieviſh raſcals, out,
That ev'ry morning us'd to ſuck the cows:*

Of Kings who cabbages † and carrots plant
For ſuch as wholeſome vegetables want;
Who feed, too, poultry for the people's ſake,
Then ſend it through the villages in carts,
To cheer (how wond'rous kind!) the hungry hearts
Of ſuch as *only pay* for what they take.

The poet now, quoth Tom's rare lucubration,
Singeth commercial treaties—commutation—
Taxes on paint, pomatum, milk of roſes,
Olympian dew, gloves, ſticking-plaſter, hats,
Quack med'cines for ſick Chriſtians, and ſound rats,
And all that charm our eyes, or mouths, or noſes.

The modern bard, ſays Tom, ſublimely ſings
Of virtuous, gracious, good, uxorious Kings,
Who

* Is it poſſible for this ſtory to be true? We would rather give it as *apocryphal.*

† Mr. Wharton ſays in his Ode, "*Who plant the Civic Bay*;" but he aſſuredly meant cabbages and carrots:—the fact proves it.

Who love their wives ſo conſtant from their heart;
  Who down at Windſor daily go a ſhopping,
  Their heads, right royal, into houſes popping,
And doing wonders in the haggling art.

And why, in God's name, ſhould not Queens and Kings
  Purchaſe a comb, or corkſcrew, lace for cloaks,
Edging for caps, or tape for apron-ſtrings,
  Or pins, or bobbin, cheap as other folks?

  Reader! to make thine eyes with wonder ſtare,
  I tell thee, *farthings* claim the Royal care!
Farthings are helpleſs children of a guinea:
  If not well watch'd, they travel to their coſt;
For lo! each copper-viſag'd little ninney
  Is very apt to ſtray, and to be loſt.
Extravagance I never dar'd defend;
The greateſt Kings ſhould ſave a candle end:
Since 'tis an axiom ſure, the more folks *ſave*,
The more, indiſputably, they muſt *have*.
Crown'd heads, of *ſaving* ſhould appear examples;
And Britain really boaſts two *pretty* ſamples!

  The modern poet ſings, quoth Tom again,
  Of ſweet exciſemen, an obliging train;

 Who,

Who, like our guardian angels, watch our houſes,
  And add another civil obligation
  That addeth greatly to our reputation—
Hug, in our abſences, our loving ſpouſes.

Reader! when tir'd, I'm fond of taking breath:
  Now, as thou doſt admire the true ſublime,
  And, conſequently, my immortal rhyme,
'Tis clear thou never canſt deſire my death.

Swans, in their ſongs, muſt muſically die;
If that's the caſe then, Reader, ſo might *I*.
Let me, then, join thy wiſhes—ſtay my rapture,
And nurſe my lungs, to ſing a ſecond chapter.

IN CONTINUATION.

"GRANT me an honeſt fame, or grant me none,"
Says Pope, (I don't know where) a little liar;
Who, if he prais'd a man, 'twas in a tone
That made his praiſe like bunches of ſweetbriar,
Which, while a pleaſing fragrance it beſtows,
Pops out a pretty prickle on your noſe.

Were *ſome folks* to exclaim, who fill a throne,
"Grant me an honeſt fame, or grant me none;"
Such Princes were upon the forlorn hope:
Soon, very ſoon, to reputation dead,
Their idle Laureats, faith, might ſhut up ſhop,
And bid their lofty genius go to bed.

Muſe, this is all well ſaid; but, not t' offend ye,
I beg you will not cultivate digreſſion—
Plead not the poet's *quidlibet audendi*;
For ſurely there are limits to th' expreſſion:
Then ceaſe to wanton thus in epiſode,
And tell the world of Miſter WARTON's Ode.

The

The modern poet, Laureat Thomas, ſays,
To Botany's grand iſland tunes his lays,
Fix'd for the ſwains and damſels of St. Giles,
Whoſe knowledge in the *hocus-pocus* art
Bids them from Britain ſomewhat ſudden ſtart,
To teach to ſouthern climes their miniſterial wiles:

Improve the wiſdom of the commonweal,
And teach the ſimple natives how to ſteal:
The picklock ſciences, ſo dark, explain;
And to ingenious murder turn each brain.

Quoth Tom again—the modern poet ſings
Of ſweet, good-natur'd, inoffenſive Kings;
Who, by a miracle, eſcap'd with life—
Eſcap'd a damſel's moſt tremendous knife;
A knife that had been taught, by toil and art,
To pierce the bowels of a pye or tart.

Thus, having giv'n a full diſplay
Of what our Laureat ſays, or meant to ſay;
I'll beg of Thomas to inſtruct my ears,
Why, in his verſes, he ſhould call
The knights who grac'd the high-arch'd Hall,
A ſet of bears? *

Why

* *Vide* the word *Savage*, in the Laureat's Ode for the new year.

Why the bold ſteel-clad knights of elder days
Are not entitled to a little praiſe,
Who for God's cauſe did palace, houſe, and *but ſell*,
As well as Monarchs of the preſent date,
Whoſe dear religion, of which poets prate,
Might lodge, without much ſqueezing, in a nutſhell?

"What King hath ſmall religion?" thou replieſt.
"If G..... the Th... thou meaneſt—bard, thou lieſt."
Hold, THOMAS—not ſo furious: I know things
That add not to the piety of .....
I've ſeen a K. at chapel, I declare,
Yawn, gape, laugh, in the middle of a pray'r—

When inward his ſad optics ought to roll,
To view the dark condition of his ſoul;
Catch up an opera-glaſs, with curious eye,
Forgetting God, ſome ſtranger's phiz to ſpy,
As though deſirous to obſerve, if Heav'n
Had Chriſtian features to the viſage giv'n;
Then turn (for kind communication, keen)
And tell ſome new-found wonders to the Queen.

Thus have theſe eyes beheld a cock ſo ſtately,
(Indeed theſe lyric eyes beheld one lately).

Lab'ring upon a dunghill with each knuckle;
When, after many a peck, and ſcratch, and ſcrub,
This hunter did unkennel a poor grub,
On which the fellow did ſo ſtrut and chuckle!
He peck'd and ſquinted—peck'd and kenn'd agen,
Hallooing luſtily to *Madam Hen*;
To whom, with airs of triumph, he look'd round,
And told what noble treaſure he had found.

" Ah! Peter, Peter," Laureat THOMAS cries,
" Thou haſt no fear of Kings before thy eyes;
" Great—little—all with thee are equal jokes,
" And mighty Monarchs merely *common* folks.
" Ah! wicked, wicked, wicked Peter, know—"
Know what? " That monarchs are not merely *ſhow*;
" *Souls* they poſſeſs, and on a glorious ſcale."
To this I anſwer, THOMAS, with a *tale*.

A Duke of Burgundy (I know not *which*)
Thus, on a certain time, addreſs'd a poet:—
" I'm much afraid of that ſame ſcribbling itch.
" You've wit—but pray be cautious how you ſhow it;
" Say nothing in your rhymes about a King:
" If praiſe, [illegible]—blame, a dangerous thing."

That

That is, the Duke believ'd the King, uncivil,
Might kick the ſaucy poet to the devil.

T. W.

PETER, there's odds 'twixt ſtaring and ſtark mad—

P. P.

Who dares deny it?—So there is, egad!

T. W.

Thou think'ſt *no Prince* of common ſenſe poſſeſt—

P. P.

THOMAS, thou art miſtaken, I proteſt.
On Staniſlaus the Muſe could pour her ſtrain,
Who, dying, ſunk a Sun upon Lorraine:
Too like the parted Sun, with glory crown'd—
He fill'd with bluſhes deep th' horiſon round.
Fred'rick the Great, who died the other day,
Had for himſelf, indeed, a deal to ſay:
We muſt not touch upon that King's *belief*—
Becauſe I fear he ſeldom ſaid his pray'rs;
Nor dare we ſay the Hero was no thief,
Becauſe he plunder'd ev'ry body's wares.

I'm told the Emperor is vaſtly wiſe—
And hope that Madam Fame hath told no lies;
Yet, in his diſputations with the Dutch,
The Monarch's oratory was not much:
Full many a trope from bayonet and drum
He threaten'd—but, behold! 'twas all a hum.

Wiſe are our gracious Q——'s *ſuperb* relations,
The pride and envy of the German nations;
People of faſhion, worſhip, wealth, and ſtate—
Lo! what demand for them, in heav'n, of late!

Lo! with his knapſack, ev'n juſt now departed,
As fine a ſoldier, faith, as ever ſtarted—
Whom Death did almoſt *dread* to lay his *claws on*—
Old Captain what's his name?—Saxehilberghauſen:*
For whom (with zeal, for *folks of worſhip*, burning)
We once again are blacken'd up by mourning;
To ſhow by glove, cloth, ribband, crape, and fan,
A peck of trouble for th' old gentleman.

Ah me! what dozens, dozens, dozens,
Our Q—— hath got of uncles, aunts, and couſins!

Egad,

* Great Uncle to our moſt gracious Q. He died in the Emperor's ſervice.

Egad, if thus thofe folks continue dying,
Each Briton, doom'd to difmal black,
Muft always bear a hearfe-like back,
And, like Heraclitus, be always *crying*.

Great is the northern Emprefs, I confefs!
Much, in her humour, like our good Queen Befs;
Who keeps her fair court dames from getting drunk:*
And all fo temperate herfelf, folks fay,
She fcarcely drinks a dozen drams a day;
And, in *love matters*, is a Queen of *fpunk*.

Yet like I not fuch woman for a wife—
Such heroines, in a matrimonal ftrife,
Might hammer from one's *tender* head *hard* notes:
I own my delicacy is fo great,
I cannot in difpute, with rapture, meet
Women who look like men in petticoats.

Oft in a learn'd difpute upon a cap,
By way of *anfwer* one might have a *flap*—
P'rhaps

* At an Affembly at Peterfburgh, fome years fince, which was honoured with the prefence of the Emprefs, one of the rules was, that no lady fhould come *drunk* into the room.

P'rhaps on a ſimple petticoat or gown—
  Nay! poſſibly on Madam's being *kiſs'd!*
And really I would rather be knock'd down
  By weight of argument, than weight of fiſt.

  I like not dames whoſe converſation runs
  On battles, ſieges, mortars, and great guns:
The *milder* Beauties win *my* ſoften'd ſoul,
  Who look for faſhions with deſiring eyes;
Pleas'd when on *têtes* the converſations roll,
  Cork rumps, and merry-thoughts, and lovers' ſighs.

LOVE! when I marry, give me not an ox—
I hate a woman like a ſentry-box;
Nor can I deem that dame a charming creature
Whoſe hard face holds an *oath* in ev'ry feature.

In woman, angel ſweetneſs let me ſee:
No galloping horſe-godmothers for *me*.
I own I cannot brook ſuch manly *belles*
As Mademoiſelle d'Eons, and Hannah Snells;
Yet men there are (how ſtrange are Love's decrees!)
Whoſe palates e'en Jack-Gentlewomen pleaſe.

How

How diff'rent, Cynthia, from thy form so fair,
That triumphs in a love-inspiring air;
Superior beaming ev'n where thousands shine—
Thy form!—where all the tender graces play,
And, blushing, seem in ev'ry smile to say,
"Behold we boast an origin divine!"

See too the Queen of France—a gem, I ween!
With rev'rence let me hail that charming Queen,
Bliss to her King, and lustre to her race.
Though Venus gave of beauty half her store,
And all the Graces bid a world adore—
Her smallest beauties are the charms of *face*.

T. W.

Heav'ns! why *abroad* for virtues must you roam?

P. P.

Because I cannot find them, Tom, *at home*.

I beg your pardon—yes—the Prince of Wales
(Whose actions smile contempt on Scandal's tales)
Ranks in the Muse's favour high.
I wish *some folks*, that I could name with ease,
Blest with *his* head—*his* heart—*his* pow'rs to please—
Then Pity's soul would cease from many a sigh!

The

The crouching courtiers, that ſurround a throne,
And learn to ſpeak and grin from *one* alone,
Who watch, like dancing dogs, their maſter's nod—
Are ready now, if horſewhipp'd from their places,
At Carlton Houſe to ſhew their ſupple faces,
And call the Prince they vilify, a God.

T. W.

Think'ſt thou not Cæſar doth the arts poſſeſs?

P. P.

Arts in abundance!—Yes, TOM—yes, TOM—yes!

T. W.

Think'ſt thou not Cæſar would each joy forego,
To make his children happy?

P. P.

No, TOM—no.

T. W.

What! not *one* bag, to bleſs a child, beſtow?—

P. P.

Heav'n help thy folly!—no, TOM—no, TOM—no!
The ſordid ſouls that Avarice enſlaves,
Would gladly graſp their guineas in their *graves:*

Like

Like that old Greek—a miſerable cur,
Who made himſelf his own executor.

A cat is with her kittens much delighted;
She licks ſo lovingly their mouths and chins:
At ev'ry danger, lord! how puſs is frighted!
She curls her back, and ſwells her tail, and grins,
Rolls her wild eyes, and claws the backs of curs
Who ſmell too curious to her children's furs.

This happens whilſt her cats are *young* indeed;
But when *grown up*, alas! how chang'd their luck!
No more ſhe plays at bo-peep with her breed,
Lies down, and, mewing, bids them come and ſuck:

No more ſhe ſports and pats them, friſks and purs;
Plays with their twinkling tails, and licks their furs:
But when they beg her bleſſing and embraces,
Spits, like a dirty vixen, in their faces.

Nay, after making the poor lambkins fly,
She watches the dear babes with ſquinting eye;
And if ſhe ſpies them with a bit of meat,
Springs on their property, and ſteals their treat.

No more a tender love ſhe ſeems to feel;
The dev'l for HER may eat 'em at a meal—
With all HER ſoul; the jade, ſo wond'rous ſaving,
Cries, "Off! you now are at your own beard-ſhaving."

So—to ſome K . . . s this evil doth belong;—
Th' intelligence is good, I make no doubt;
Who ſeem to *like* their offſpring when they're young,
But loſe that fond affection when they're ſtout;
Far off they ſend them—nor a ſixpence give:
I wonder, THOMAS, where ſuch M . . . . . hs live!

Should ſuch a M . . . . . h, THOMAS, croſs thy way,
And for thy flatt'ry offer butts of ſack;
Say plainly that he would diſgrace thy lay;
And, turning on him thy poetic back,
Bid, like a porcupine, thine anger briſtle;
Nor damn thy precious ſoul, to wet thy whiſtle.

CON-

CONCLUSION.

THINK not, friend TOM, I envy thee thy rhyme,
By numbers, I assure thee, deem'd sublime;
Or that thy Laureat's place my spleen provokes:
The King (good man!) and I should never quarrel,
E'en though his royal wisdom gave the laurel
To Mister TOM-A-STILES, or JOHN-A-NOKES.

Old-fashion'd, as if tutor'd in the ark,
I never sigh'd for GLORY's high degrees:
This very instant should our *Grand Monarque*
Say, "PETER, be my Laureat, if you please:"

"No, please your Majesty," should be my answer,
With sweetest diffidence and modest grace;
"The office suits a more ingenious man, Sir;
"In God's name, therefore, let *him* have the place:
"Unlike the poets, 'tis my vast affliction
"To be a miserable hand at *fiction*.

"But, Sir, I'll find some lyric undertaker,
"Acrostic, rebus, or conundrum maker,

"Who oft hath rode on Pegaſus ſo fiery,
"And won the ſweepſtakes in the LADY'S DIARY;
"Such, SIRE, in poetry ſhall hitch your name,
"And do *ſufficient juſtice* to your fame."

END OF VOL. I.

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